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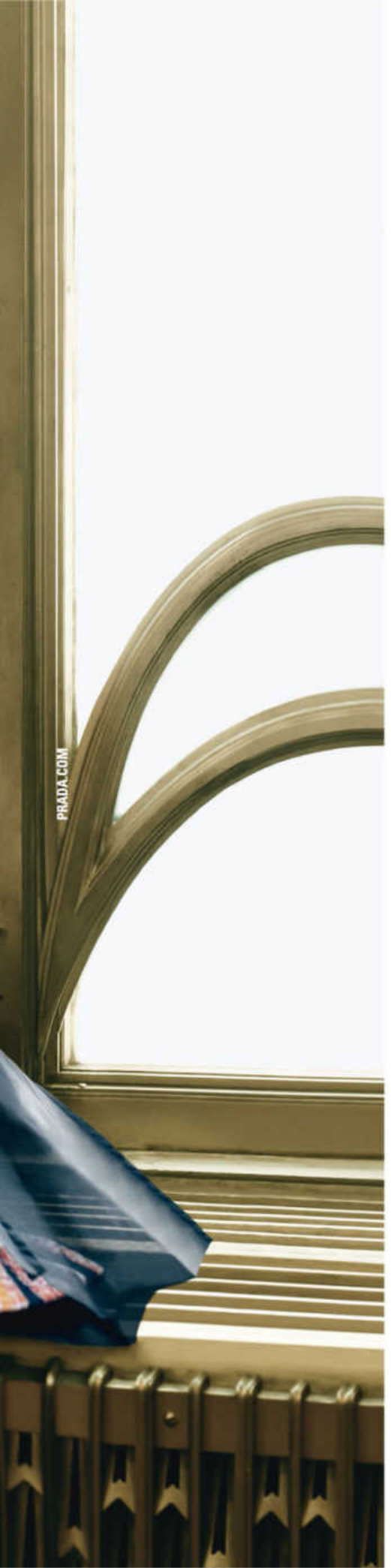
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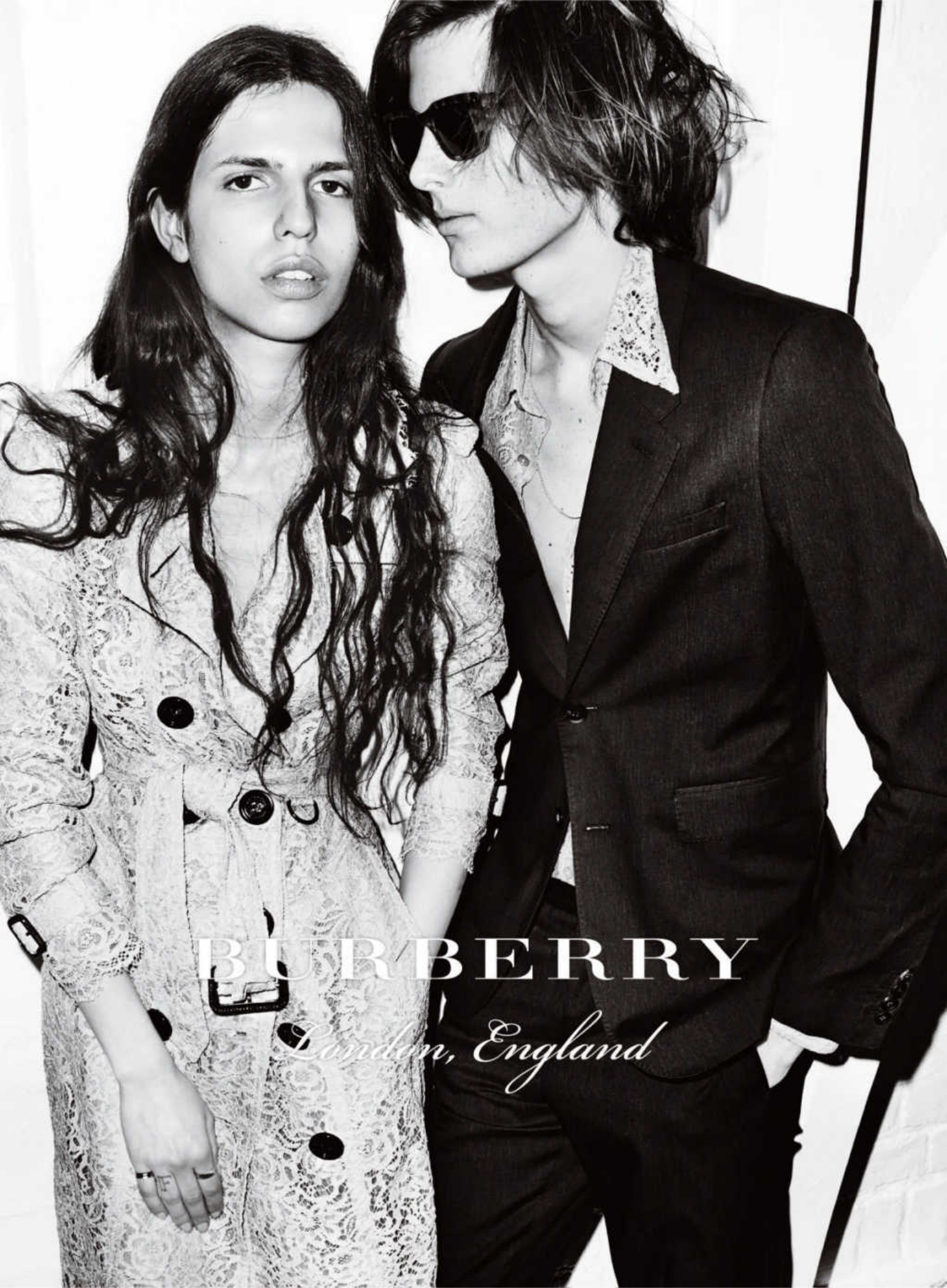


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MARCH 2016 No. 668



*Clockwise from top left:* Liz Garbus and Anderson Cooper at the Sundance Film Festival (page 113); Jennifer Garner (page 170); the Hatton Garden heist (page 186).

# FEATURES


**170** **THE OPEN ROAD** By KRISTA SMITH
The silent center of a tabloid hurricane, **Jennifer Garner** is finally speaking out. With the lead in this month's *Miracles from Heaven,* she talks about breaking up with Ben Affleck, dealing with the pain, and keeping her kids and career in focus. Photographs by Patrick Demarchelier.

**175** **GREAT SCOOT!**
Spotlight on Texan **Scoot McNairy,** star of *Halt and Catch Fire,* whose big-screen gig this month is *Superman v Batman.* By Julie Miller. Photograph by Steve Schofield.

**176** **THE BATTLE FOR PICASSO**
By MILTON ESTEROW A battle between art dealer Larry Gagosian and Qatari royals over a Picasso bust is just one of the disputes facing the art world's richest dynasty. As the Paris-based Picasso Administration defends the legacy of the world's **most famous, forged, and stolen artist,** the multi-million-dollar family business copes with heirs as fractious as a Cubist masterpiece.

**184** ***V.F.* PORTRAIT: TODD STERN** By BO LIDEGAARD
A fellow negotiator salutes America's envoy to the Paris climate-change conference, Todd Stern, for the dogged seven-year slog that helped turn near-certain failure into **global triumph.** Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

**186** **THE OVER THE HILL MOB** By MARK SEAL
The biggest jewel heist in British history, millions in gems and cash taken from a London diamond vault last spring, was assumed to be the work of hard-bodied, tech-savvy master thieves. So the **crime's real surprise** was its perpetrators: a ragtag gang of aging men. Photo illustration by Sean McCabe.

**192** **FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN**
Spotlight on the Roundabout's 50th-birthday revival of ***She Loves Me,*** one of musical theater's overlooked gems. By Jim Kelly. Photograph by Ruven Afanador.




## ON THE COVER

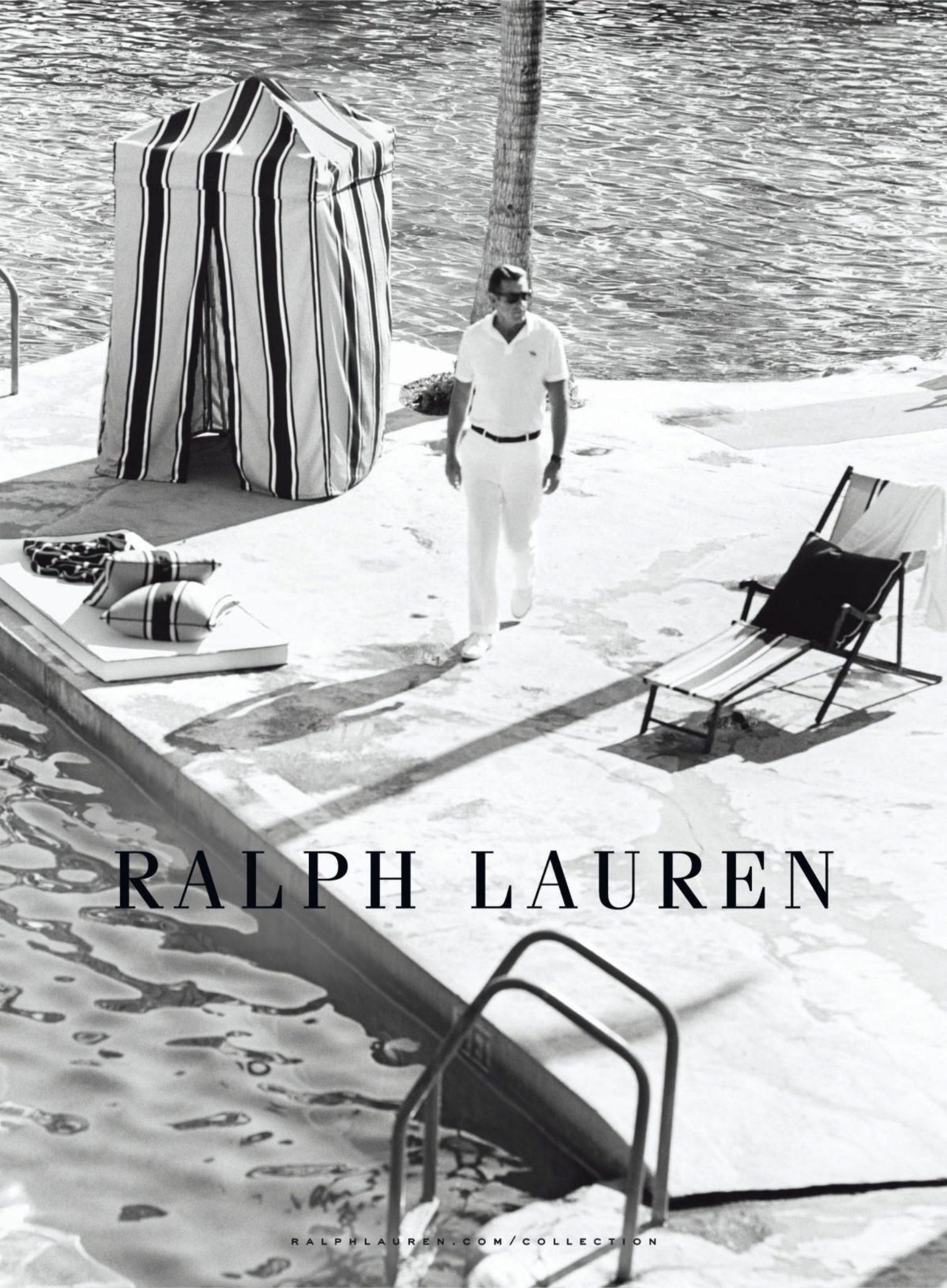
**Jennifer Garner** wears a dress by Ralph Lauren Collection. Hair products by Oribe. Makeup products by Clarins and Neutrogena. Nail enamel by Essie. Hair by Ben Skervin. Makeup by Mark Carrasquillo. Manicure by Michelle Saunders. Set design by Nicholas Des Jardins. Produced on location by Brachfeld/LA. Styled by Jessica Diehl. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Patrick Demarchelier in Los Angeles. For details, go to VF.com/credits.

GARNER PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER; GOWN BY ZAC POSEN; SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO; BRACELET BY CARTIER. GARBUS AND COOPER PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUSTIN BISHOP. PHOTOGRAPH FROM JOHN FROST NEWSPAPERS (HEIST). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS






*CONTINUED ON PAGE 64*


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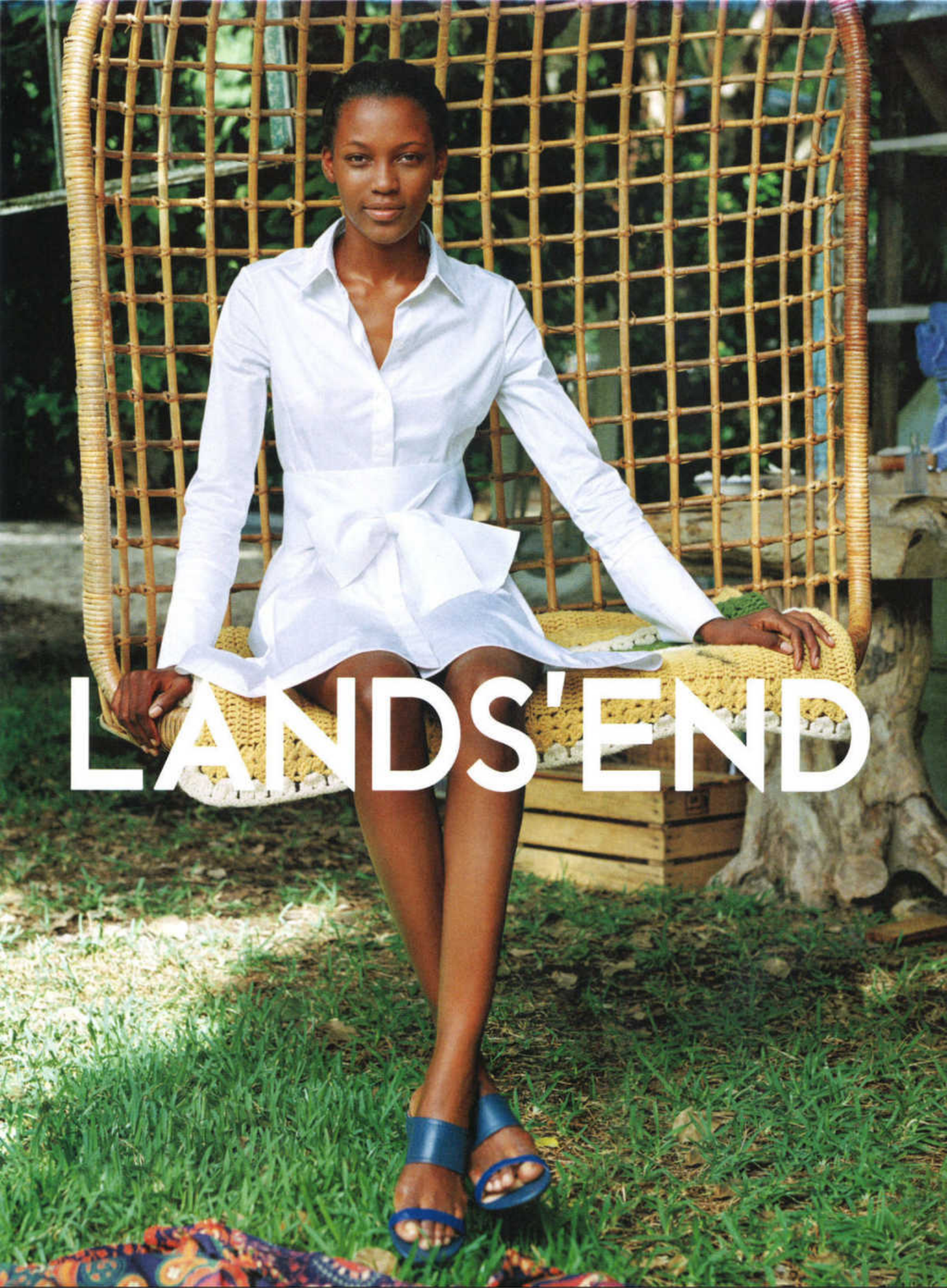
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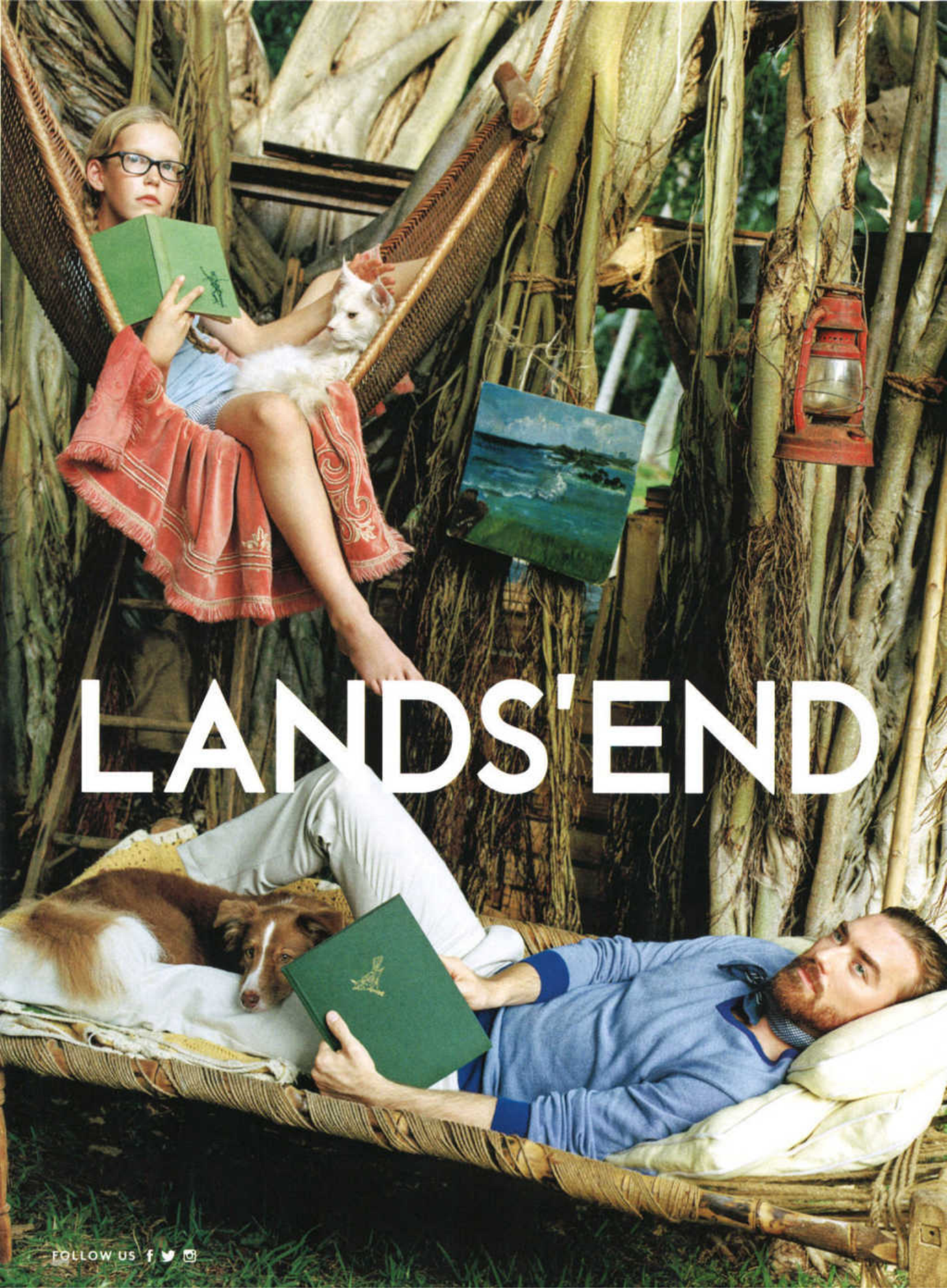

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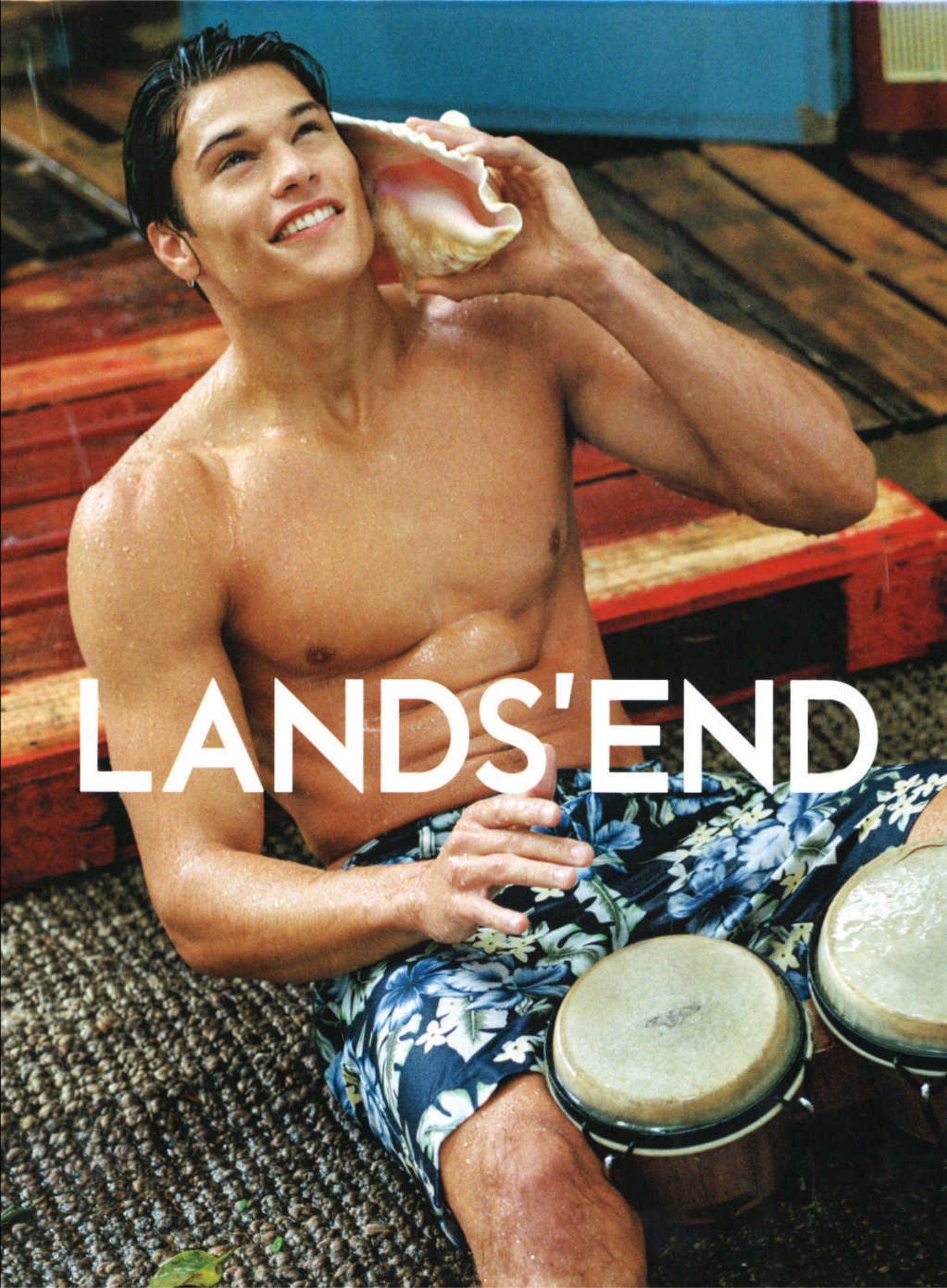

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## Boglioli Online Shopping Experience

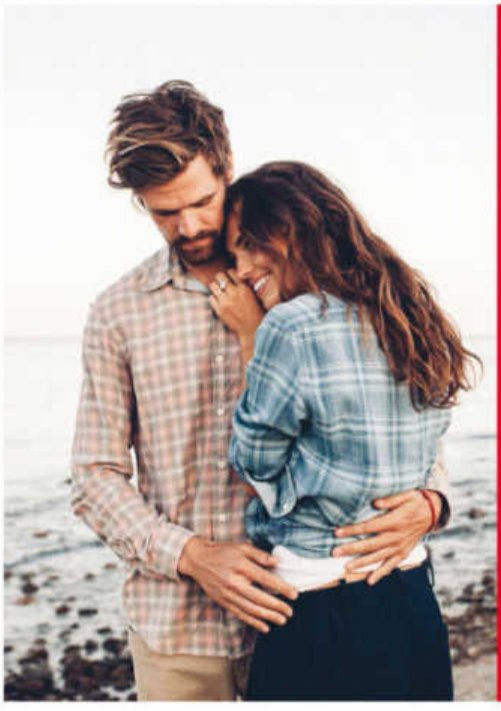
Boglioli has launched its first-ever e-commerce Web site. With a fast-track platform in two languages, English and Italian, consumers can now enjoy a new shopping experience and re-discover the brand's collection of suits, outerwear, knitwear, and accessories. 2016 collection online now. **boglioli.it**



SHOP

## Time Flies

Swiss watch manufacturer Richard Mille relentlessly strives to make its timepieces lighter, stronger, and better, often by incorporating the latest techniques and materials developed in the aerospace industry. Now, thanks to a design partnership with jet manufacturer Airbus, Richard Mille's latest limited edition takes *haute horlogerie* to new heights. The RM 50-02 ACJ Tourbillon Split Seconds Chronograph features a highly skeletonized titanium movement, a case crafted from the same titanium-aluminum alloy used to make jet turbine blades, and a ceramic bezel that mirrors a private-jet traveler's window on the world. **richardmille.com**



EXPERIENCE

## New Store Openings for Faherty

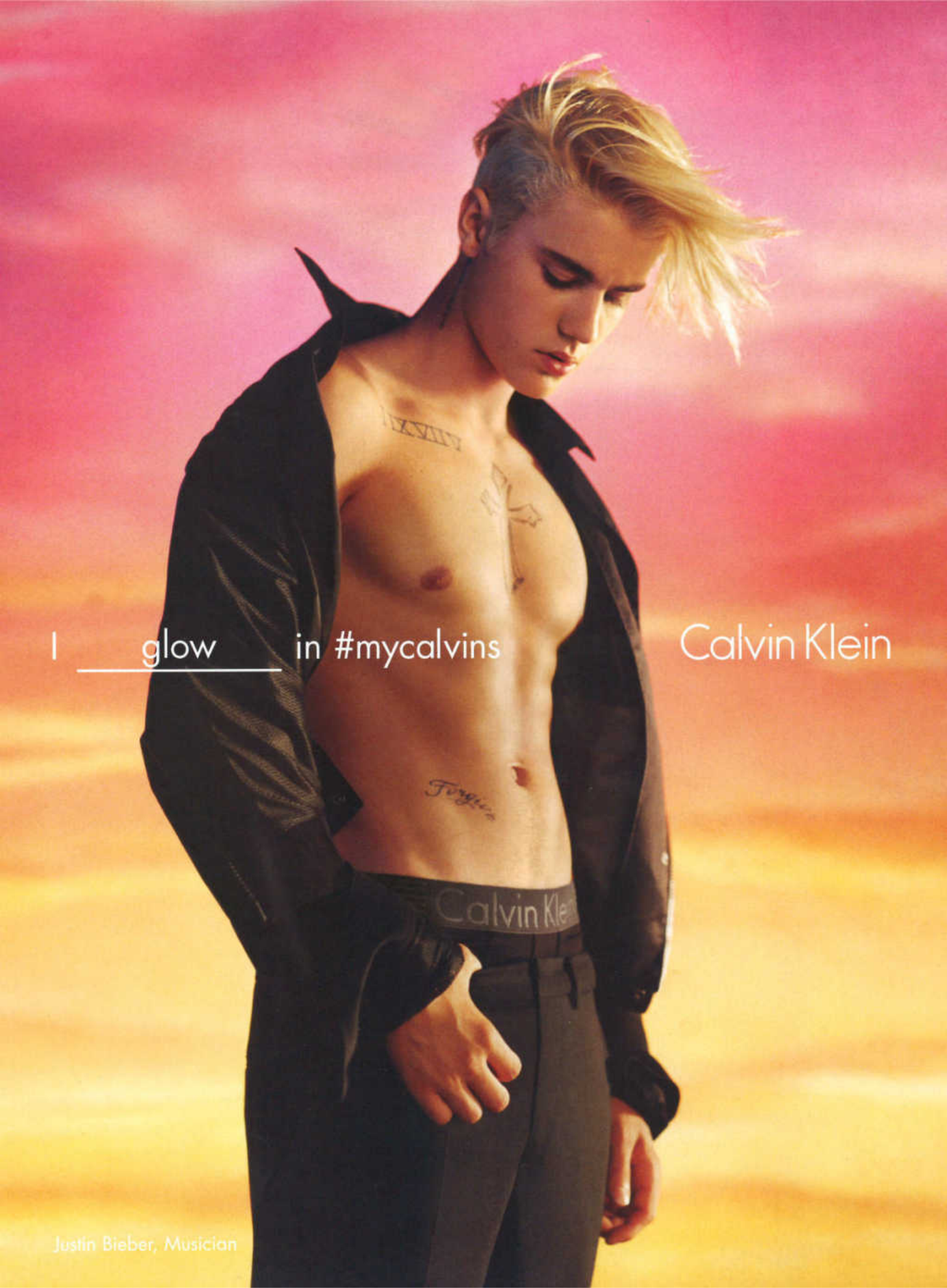
Faherty will celebrate the opening of three new stores this spring, in Malibu and Newport Beach, California, and Nantucket, Massachusetts. Founded in 2013 by twin brothers Alex and Mike Faherty, the clothing brand is acclaimed for encompassing the spirit of the beach, a love of quality craftsmanship, and a focus on sustainability. The new stores will feature Faherty's men's and women's casual contemporary collections, as well as its signature eco-friendly swimwear. Learn more at **fahertybrand.com.**



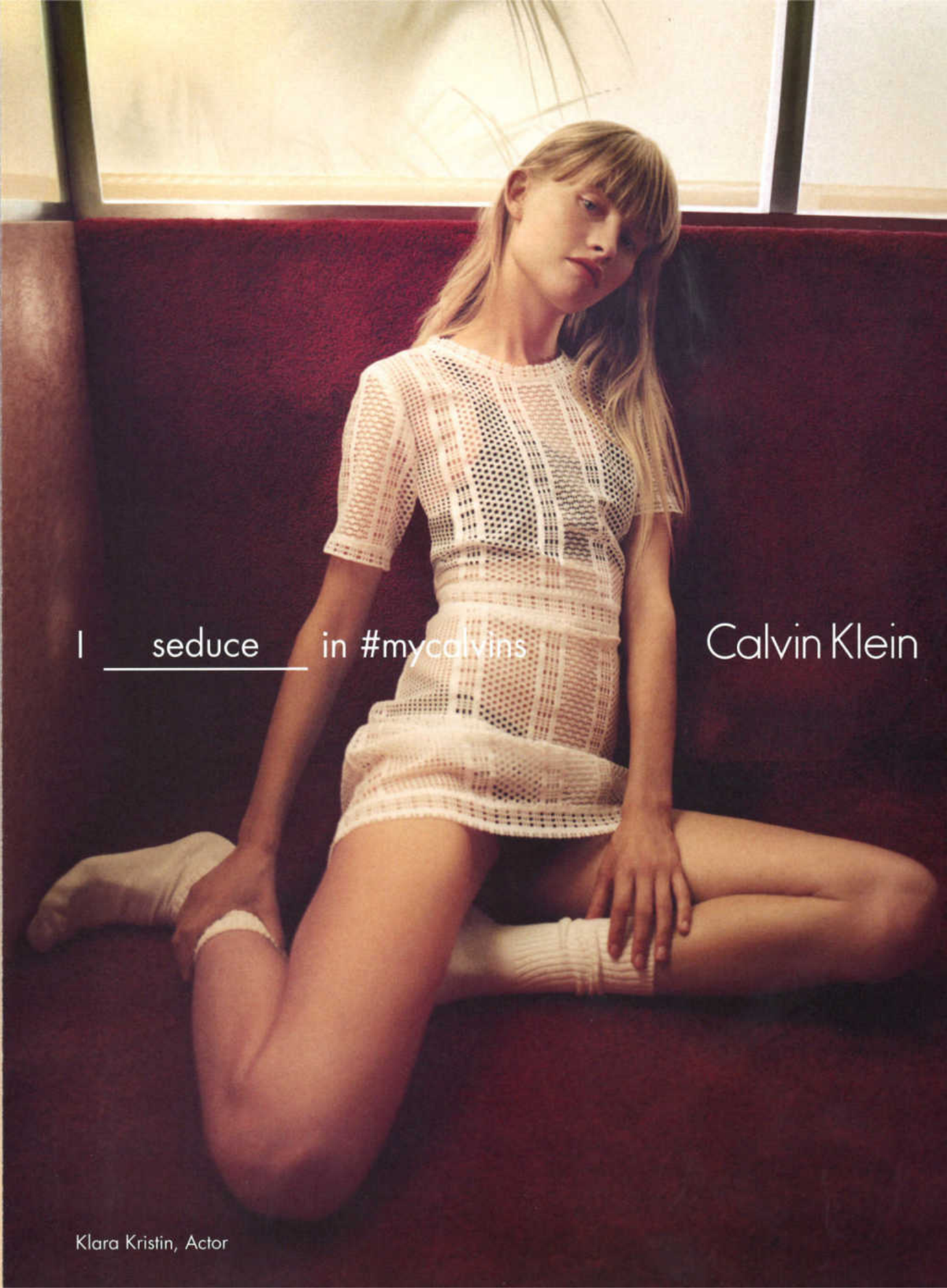

EXPERIENCE

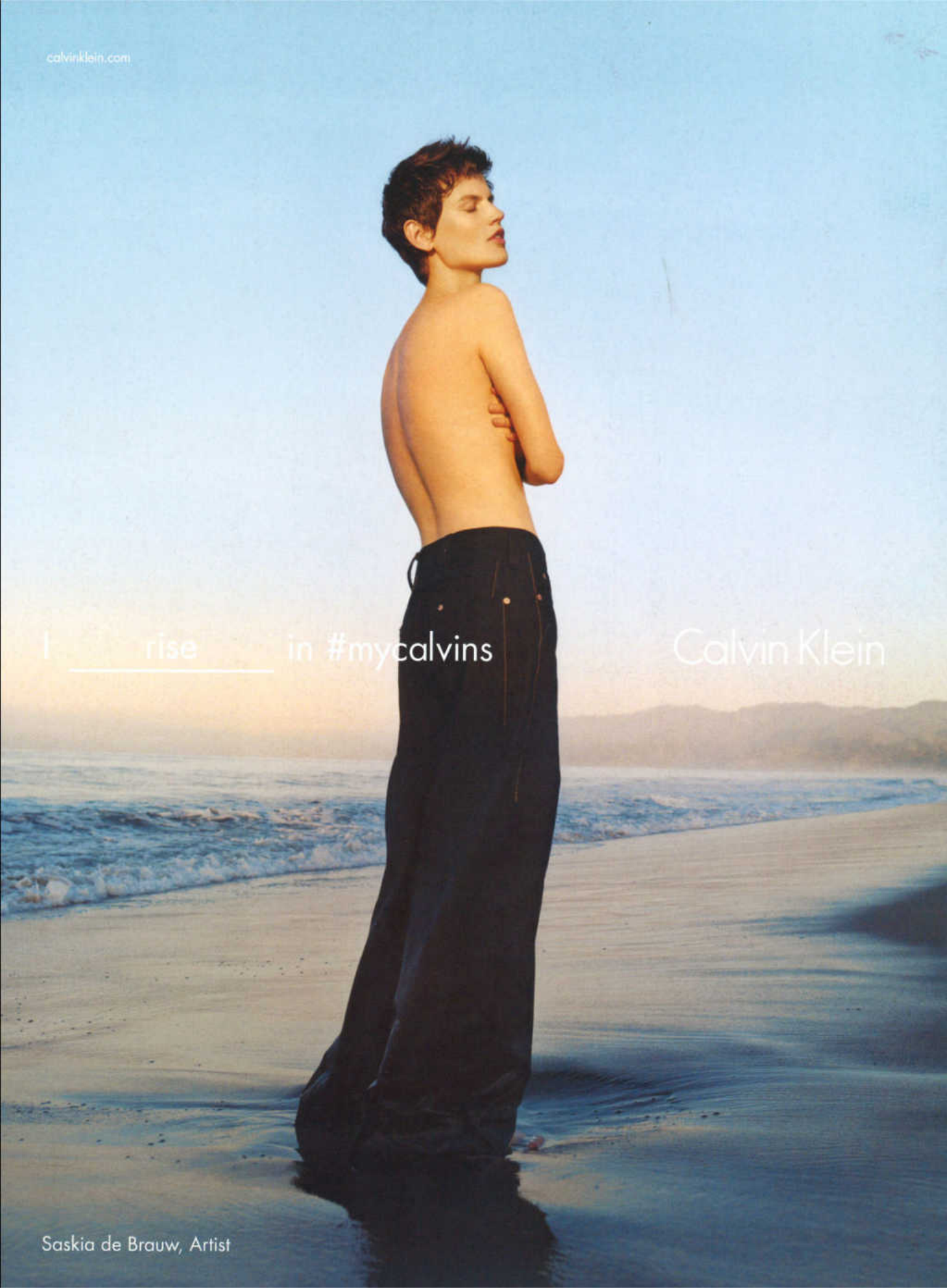
## #CREATIVITYIS

Condé Nast, *Vanity Fair*'s parent company, has launched a celebration of creativity, asking the people behind the world's greatest magazines and Web sites: "What does creativity mean to you?" To see video and text with their responses–plus those of some of the most influential personalities today–explore #creativityis. Create. Connect. Condé Nast.


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Saskia de Brauw, Artist




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Every day women around the world walk millions of hours just to collect the water they need to live. Stella Artois has teamed up with water.org to tackle this problem by creating a series of limited-edition chalices, each adorned with beautiful artwork from local artists in Kenya, Peru, and Haiti. Just one chalice will provide a woman with five years of clean and accessible water. Leave your mark at **BuyaLadyaDrink.com** and purchase your chalice.

EXPERIENCE

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Grocerie is a chef-driven marketplace and café in mid-city in L.A.'s rapidly developing SoLaBrea Arts Corridor. An offshoot of the in-demand, full-service event team foodinkcatering, it offers discerning diners and foodies a seasonal selection of salad and sandwich platters for table-ready lunches along with ready-to-serve gourmet hors d'oeuvres and party bites that can solve any award-season party drama, and heat at home dinners to make post-wrap evenings easy. Menus and info online at **foodinkcatering.com/grocerie.**





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## Alberta Ferretti Limited Edition FW16

Alberta Ferretti unveils the new limited edition fall/winter 2016 collection with a short movie set in Venice, directed by the duo Luigi & Iango, starring Malgosia Bela. Marchesa Luisa Casati's unpredictable and enigmatic elegance is the inspiration for this exclusive eveningwear collection. All pieces are handmade in Italy with original and precious fabrics, embroideries and cuts, which enable a unique, free spirit to be brought to life. **albertaferretti.com**




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## Gigi Burris

As minds drift to seaside vacations, prepare your summer wardrobe with statement sun hats from Gigi Burris Millinery. Handmade in New York City with the finest materials, the feminine yet subversive collection will provide the chicest version of shade. Available to purchase at selected domestic retailers and **gigiburris.com**





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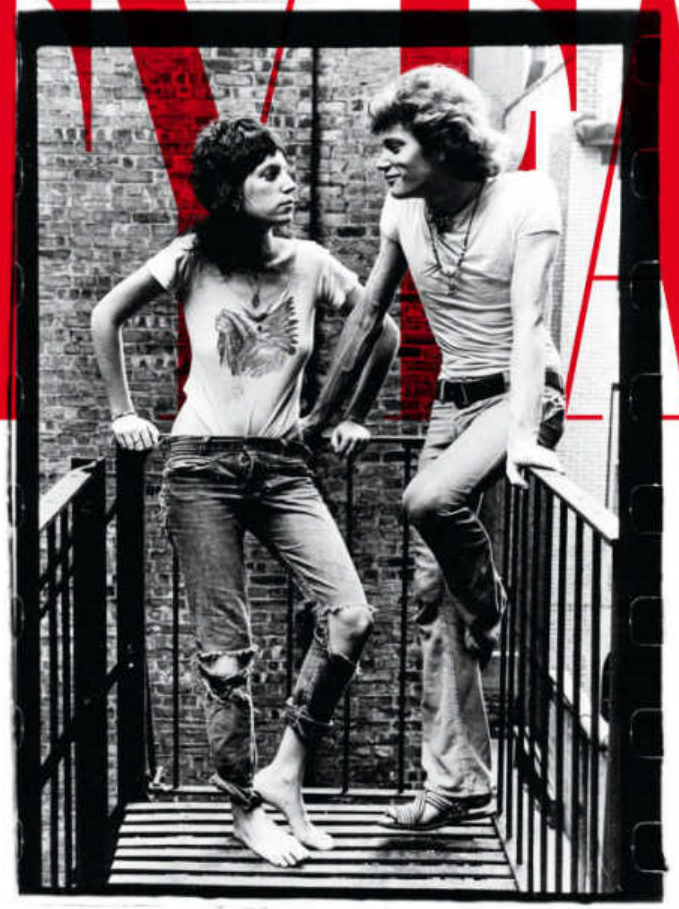

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From left to right: Sandro Paris lace tank and cropped pant, Elizabeth and James top and skirt set with Vince clutch and Aqua earrings, N Nicholas dress, Bardot jumpsuit, Joie top and shorts, Karen Millen dress with Michael Kors bag, Lucy Paris dress, Maje blazer and skirt, Whistles jumpsuit. All models wearing Estée Lauder lip gloss in 100% exclusive shades.
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*Clockwise from top left:* Patti Smith and Robert Mapplethorpe (page 194); Sally Field (page 234); Lucy Fry (page 113).

*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41*


194 **BOND OF REBELS** By BOB COLACELLO
**Robert Mapplethorpe's** posthumous art-world apotheosis, heralded by a two-museum exhibition in L.A. and an uncensored HBO documentary, had its seeds in the 1970s: the downtown New York scene where Mapplethorpe shared his dreams with the author, as he headed down a path toward death—and immortality.

200 **AU NATUREL BLONDE** By DEREK BLASBERG
This month's "It Girl," **Chiara Ferragni,** has turned her Blonde Salad blog into fashion gold. Photograph by Wayne Maser.

202 **DANGEROUS PRIVILEGE** By TODD S. PURDUM
When a popular, prize-winning senior at **St. Paul's** was accused of raping a freshman girl, the trial cast a harsh spotlight on that most elite of prep schools. An alumnus assesses the damage, encountering a disturbing vein of sexual predation that went virtually unchecked.

208 **DISRUPTIVE INFLUENCES**
By INEZ AND VINOODH Creative taste-makers such as **Michael B. Jordan, Kendall Jenner, Spike Jonze,** and more are redefining normal. In an 18-page portfolio, they show what it takes to disrupt the status quo in style. Text by Derek Blasberg.


## VANITIES


105 **DOUBLE DEUTCH**
Teddy Wayne introduces the next **independent candidate** for president. Andrew Smith previews the best **pot products** on the market. Scott Jacobson, Mike Sacks, and Ted Travelstead offer smooth pickup lines for the **South by Southwest Music Festival.**


## FANFAIR & FAIRGROUND


113 **31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE**
Sundance snapshots. Hot Tracks: **Lin-Manuel Miranda** and **Questlove.** Hot Type. A retrospective celebrates **Oscar de la Renta;** the queen bee of ***The Preppie Connection.*** Spring into beauty.


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*CONTINUED ON PAGE 68*

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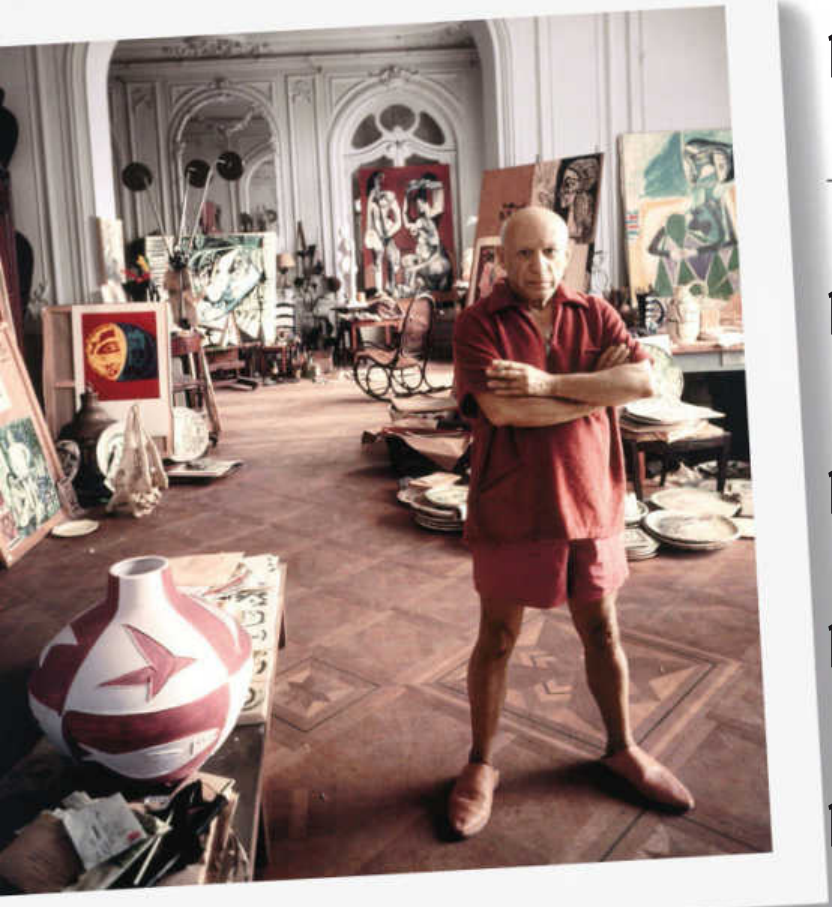
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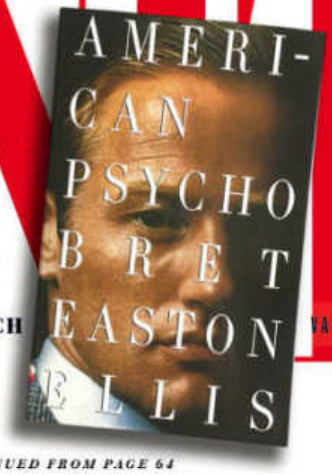




*Clockwise from top left:* Scoot McNairy (page 175); *American Psycho* (page 148); former St. Paul's student Owen Labrie (page 202); Pablo Picasso (page 176).

VANITY FAIR

MARCH




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

142 **AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME**
The young and the beautiful from around the globe make their international debut at the **Bal des Débutantes,** in Paris.

## COLUMNS

126 **TALK OF THE SUMMIT** By ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
At *V.F.*'s annual New Establishment Summit, last October, titans of tech, entertainment, and business discovered just how much they had in common. A master portraitist captures the likes of **Mark Zuckerberg, Lena Dunham,** and **Elon Musk** as worlds converge. Report by Jon Kelly.

148 **THE NEW BUTCHER OF BROADWAY**
By JAMES WOLCOTT The book was shocking, the movie chilling. Now *American Psycho* is taking a stab at Broadway, where **musical carnage** can be a dicey proposition.

156 **THE BLAIR-BUSH PROJECT** By MICHAEL KINSLEY
The Chilcot commission was convened to investigate Britain's role in the Iraq war. Seven years and more than two million words later, it is still trying to fathom the bromance between Prime Minister **Tony Blair** and President **George W. Bush.** Illustration by Barry Blitt.

160 **SOME VERY DIRTY TRICKS** By JOHN COLAPINTO
Allegations of **championship cheating** have rocked the high-stakes world of contract bridge. As a whistle-blowing player campaigns to clean up the game, there's been as much ego as money behind the shocking revelations. Photograph by David Prince.

## ET CETERA

84 **EDITOR'S LETTER** THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE SHORT-FINGERED
88 **CONTRIBUTORS**
98 ***60 MINUTES* POLL**
100 **LETTERS** WHEN THE 50S MET THE 70S
110 **FIRST-PERSON** WYNTON MARSALIS
146 **IN THE DETAILS** PAUL REUBENS
234 **PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE** SALLY FIELD

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Behind the scenes of Jennifer Garner's cover shoot by Patrick Demarchelier.



VIDEO STILLS BY JEREMY ELKIN

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## ONLINE FEATURES

### THE DEED IS DUNNE

While the *People v. O.J. Simpson* mini-series dramatizes the infamous case, delve into the archive of **Dominick Dunne's courtroom dispatches.** With a seat at every day of the trial, the *V.F.* special correspondent was an inimitable chronicler of the crime. Plus: *V.F.* digital director Michael Hogan interviews Robert Morse, who plays Dunne on the series.

### SCENES FROM SXSW By JOANNA ROBINSON

Hitch a ride with VF.com to Austin, Texas, for **South by Southwest,** a cultural crossroads of music, tech, and film, which kicks off with Richard Linklater's *Dazed and Confused* "spiritual sequel," *Everybody Wants Some.*

### ELECTION DAZE By T. A. FRANK

In the race to the White House, stay up to speed on all the **presidential posturing** in the primaries, where blunders, bluffs, and Bloomberg prove it's still anyone's game.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

### OSCAR REMEMBERED

**Oscar de la Renta,** the distinguished couturier to socialites, First Ladies, and Hollywood royalty, is honored with a major exhibition and a sumptuous publication this month. With images from the designer's first historical survey, bask in the vision of the red-carpet king.

## VIDEOS

### SLEEPING BEAUTY By JEREMY ELKIN

Jennifer Garner may be **one of the most respected moms in Hollywood,** but she's no stranger to the bedtime battle. In a dramatic reading of the parody storybook *Go the F**k to Sleep,* this month's cover star voices the parental plea.

### STYLISH DISRUPTION By DEREK BLASBERG

The creative stars of this month's portfolio are shaping the *Zeitgeist.* Watch **A$AP Rocky, Tavi Gevinson, Cary Joji Fukunaga,** and more share their style—and selfies—on set.



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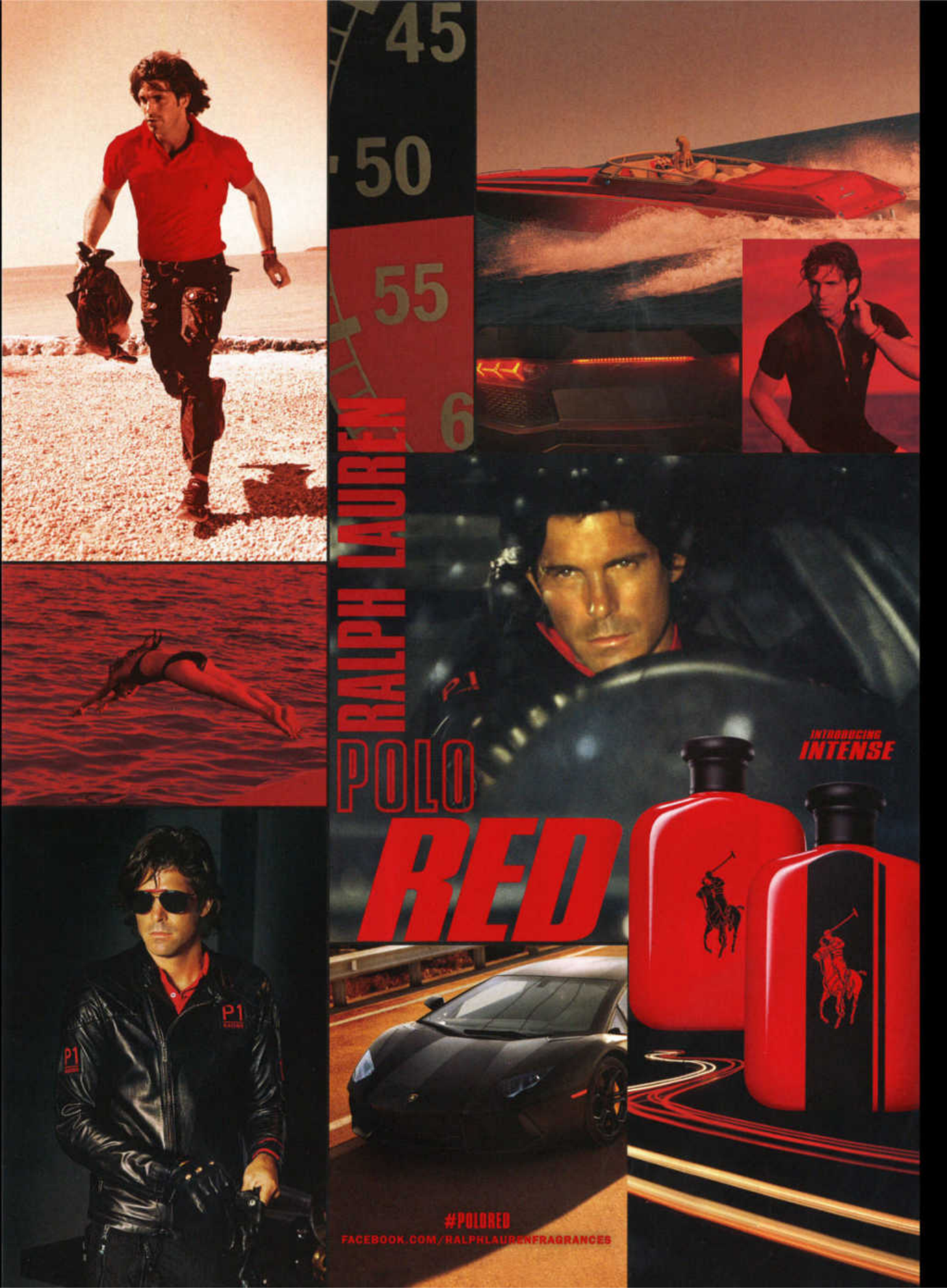
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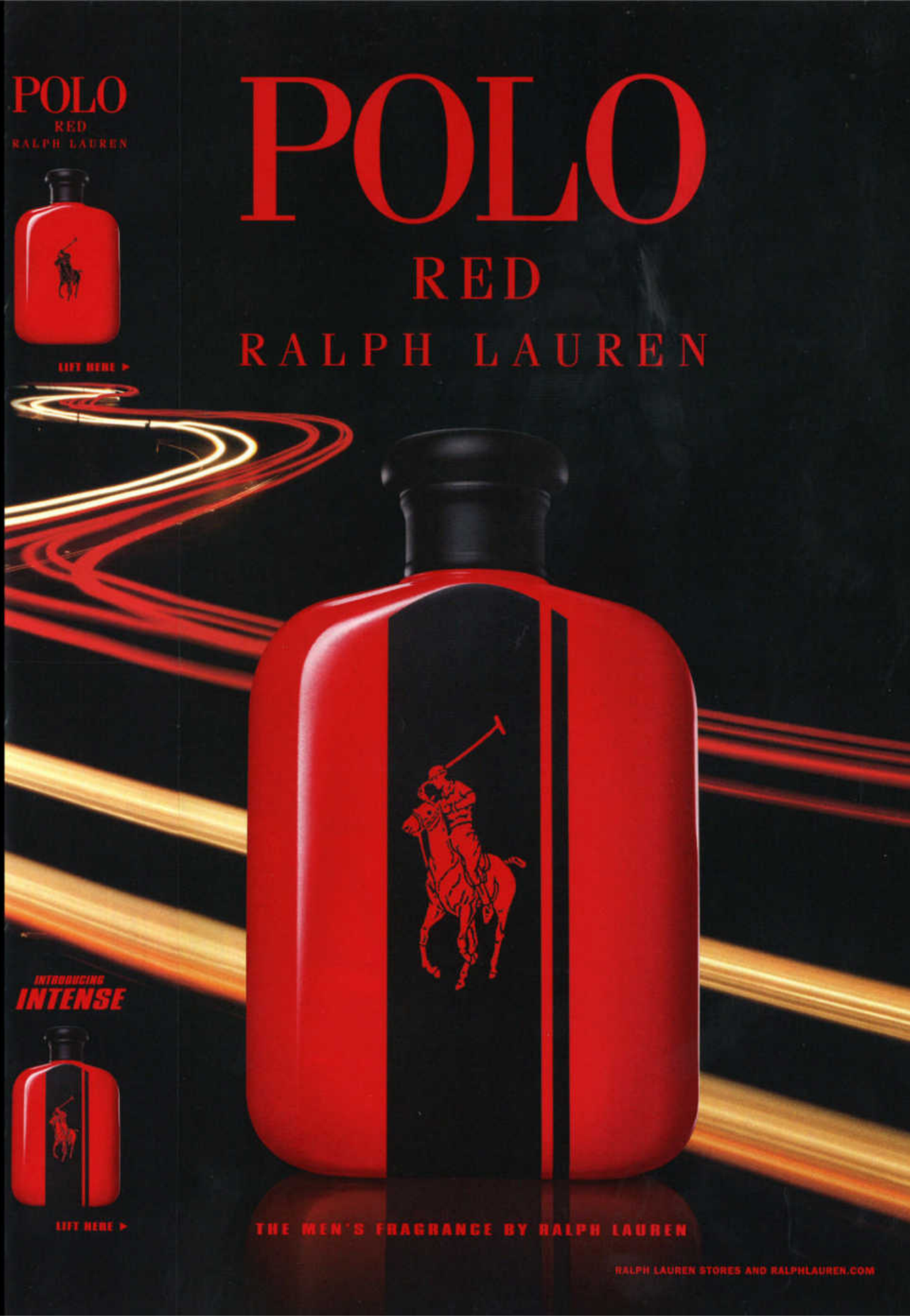
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Love, money, ambition, and music intertwine in *Mozart in the Jungle*, a half-hour comedic drama that looks at finding yourself and finding love while conquering New York City. *Mozart in the Jungle* took home two Golden Globe awards, including Best TV Series, Musical or Comedy, and Best Actor, Musical or Comedy, Gael García Bernal.



# THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE SHORT-FINGERED



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

An obsession with inexplicably large television ratings or poll numbers will almost certainly do you in over the long run. Presidential hopeful Donald Trump has bellowed about the size of his every crowd and the ratings of his every television appearance. What he fails to see is that, when it comes to ratings, there are two types: quality ratings and spectacle ratings. Quality ratings are what make a show like *Modern Family* successful. The popularity of the series is built on a steady, incremental investment by the audience in the writing, the characters, and the plots. Spectacle ratings are like Kardashian sex videos or car crashes on YouTube. They are one-offs—well, maybe not in the case of the sex videos. People watch them, they forward them to their friends, and then they go on to the next thing. Back in January, when Trump refused to attend the Iowa debate hosted by Fox News, the network's chief, Roger Ailes, could have just as easily replaced him with a Kardashian. My guess is that the ratings would have been every bit as high.

You almost have to feel sorry for Trump. The Twitterati have taken to attacking him on every aspect of his self-definition: his hair, his business record, his marital record, even his golf game. Most people who have played with him say he's nothing if not entertaining. But a lot of them also say he cheats. Not big-time. Just a 10-foot gimme putt here and a caddy-assisted better lie there. There is nothing so telling about someone as his or her sports manners. And, not surprisingly, Trump's sports manners are apparently on a level with his overall manners.

Elite boarding schools have been seen by generations of novelists as ideal settings for scandal or murder. There hasn't been a murder at St. Paul's, in Concord, New Hampshire, but there have been scandals. The most recent one centers on Owen Labrie, a high-achieving scholarship boy who was convicted last year of sexually assaulting a 15-year-old fellow student during a serial pre-graduation debauch known as "senior salute." Was this an isolated incident at the school or a reflection of deeper problems? That is the question raised by *Vanity Fair*'s Todd S. Purdum, a loyal alumnus of St. Paul's, whose compelling investigation of events at the school is made all the more wrenching by his obvious love for the place.

In "Dangerous Privilege," on page 202, Purdum lays out the tragic narrative from the perspective of everyone involved. The article is suffused with sadness, but it is also tough. St. Paul's, Purdum points out, seems to attract controversy. What else can you expect when you combine old and new money, a secretive board, hundreds of teenage boys and girls, and the possibilities now afforded by social media?

When Pablo Picasso died, in 1973, he left behind 1,885 paintings, 1,228 sculptures, 7,089 drawings, 30,000 prints, 150 sketchbooks, and 3,222 ceramic objects—a vast body of work that the artist's son Claude Picasso, who runs the Picasso Administration, likes to say could fill the Empire State Building. One of these works, a plaster bust of his father's mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, which Picasso executed in 1931, was sold last May for $106 million to dealer Larry Gagosian, acting on behalf of billionaire Leon Black. The price is not all that surprising, given the high metabolism and unapologetic rapacity of the art market. What *is* surprising is that the bust was also apparently promised to private dealer Guy Bennett, who was acting on behalf of a Qatari sheikh. The sheikh was to pay $42 million—a flea-market price by comparison. So: one bust, two buyers. The result: a blue-chip lawsuit that is as jumbled as one of Picasso's Cubist masterpieces.

The dispute has exposed the larger-than-hairline cracks in the big-business edifice that is Picasso—the subject of Milton Esterow's "The Battle for Picasso," on page 176. Esterow is a former *New York Times* reporter who owned and ran *ARTnews* from 1972 until 2014. Picasso remains, hands down, the world's most in-demand artist. Last year, works by him sold for a staggering $652 million. He's also the world's most forged artist—and the artist whose works are most often stolen.

"Don't forget that cheating at cards can still smash a man," M tells James Bond in *Moonraker,* Ian Fleming's 1955 thriller, which describes a dramatic hand of bridge between Bond and the villainous Sir Hugo Drax. Bridge doesn't hold quite so much power over reputations as it once did. *The New York Times* dropped its bridge column last year, and the number of weekend bridge players is apparently dwindling. (Not in the Carter household. My grandparents were passionate bridge players, as were my parents. My mother, who turns 90 this year, still plays in a weekly game. And my wife and I play, as do some of my kids.) But bridge remains a big business, with multi-millionaire sponsors paying out six-figure salaries to an international cast of superstar players for hire. Last August, one such star, a 43-year-old Norwegian named Boye Brogeland, did manage to smash the reputation of a pair of young Israeli champions: he called them out as cheats. In "Some Very Dirty Tricks," on page 160, John Colapinto describes the scandal as "an earthquake equal to the jolt that shook international cycling when Lance Armstrong was banned from competition."

One wonders what James Bond would do if confronted by a heavyset fellow with wispy blond hair, a private plane, a fluctuating fortune, and a tendency to cheat at golf. He could say, "Good evening, Goldfinger," or he could say, "Good evening, Mr. Trump."

—GRAYDON CARTER


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## TODD S. PURDUM

As a St. Paul's School alumnus and the father of a teenager, Contributing Editor Todd S. Purdum was in a unique position to reflect on the rape scandal that shook the Concord, New Hampshire, school last year ("Dangerous Privilege," on page 202). "It was painful for me to see how this situation unfolded and the effects it had on the individuals involved and on the school, which changed my life," says Purdum. "I only hope that something redeeming can yet come out of this tragedy."



## INEZ AND VINOODH

"A disrupter is someone who looks at all things creative from a different perspective and comes to new and revolutionary solutions for all elements of design," proclaim photographers Inez and Vinoodh. For their first *Vanity Fair* shoot, "Disruptive Influences," on page 208, the Dutch duo photographed 23 individuals upending classic style codes (not to mention a few multi-billion-dollar industries).



## ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

"Usually blizzards mean shoots get postponed," notes Senior Photography Producer Kathryn MacLeod of this month's *V.F.* Portrait, by Contributing Photographer Annie Leibovitz, on page 184. "But in this case Annie had the idea several weeks before to shoot [U.S. special envoy for climate change] Todd Stern against an extreme-weather backdrop, and it just so happened that the Capitol was at the epicenter of Winter Storm Jonas." Leibovitz also shot the "Talk of the Summit" portfolio, on page 126.



## MARK SEAL

According to Contributing Editor Mark Seal, his 10-month London-jewelry-heist investigation ("The Over the Hill Mob," on page 186) was "like a TV series, emerging in installments: the mystery of who did it, the jewelers' woe, the shocking arrests, the trial, then the release of the audio probes." Most noteworthy of all, says Seal, was the cast of characters: "Jewelers, detectives, and members of the criminal community—all of whom proved that old-time British villains are still swinging."



## JOHN COLAPINTO

In "Some Very Dirty Tricks," on page 160, writer John Colapinto, a staff writer at *The New Yorker,* reports on the cheating scandal that shocked the international competitive contract-bridge circuit last year. "This tale focuses on an obscure subculture of professional cardplayers," Colapinto says, "but I saw it as a microcosm for a cheating pandemic that extends from FIFA to Deflate-gate, and Lance Armstrong to Wall Street." Colapinto's novel *Undone* comes out next month.

*CONTINUED ON PAGE 94*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GILMORE (LEIBOVITZ), DONNA MEHALKO (COLAPINTO), GASPER TRINGALE (PURDUM, SEAL)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88



## MILTON ESTEROW

Milton Esterow has covered the art world for more than 50 years, first as a reporter at *The New York Times* and later as editor and publisher of *ARTnews.* In "The Battle for Picasso," on page 176, he reports on Pablo Picasso's enormous—and embattled—estate. "The recent allegations that one of Picasso's daughters sold a notable sculpture twice has put a spotlight on the art world's richest dynasty," says Esterow, "which, despite its internal differences, has collectively shown extraordinary generosity."



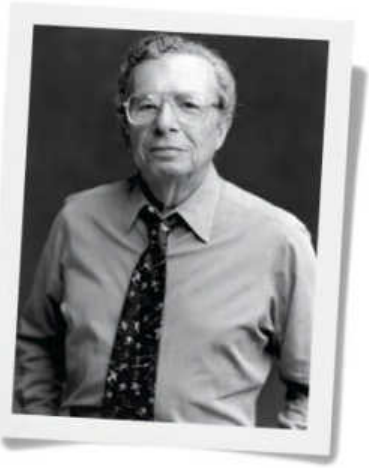
## RUVEN AFANADOR

For the Spotlight on page 192, Ruven Afanador photographed members of the cast of *She Loves Me* in New York City at the perfect moment—the actor's equivalent of the golden hour. "They had just begun rehearsals and were getting to know each other in their roles," Afanador explains. "There was none of the stress that happens right before the show starts. Instead, there was a beautiful energy." Afanador is at work on his fifth book of photographs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

## JIM KELLY

For the Spotlight on page 192, Editorial Consultant and theater enthusiast Jim Kelly sizes up Roundabout Theatre's revival of *She Loves Me,* the 1963 musical based on the same Hungarian play that inspired the film *You've Got Mail.* "*She Loves Me* has not always gotten the attention it deserves," says Kelly. "I think partly because over the years it has been overshadowed by a show [lyricist Sheldon] Harnick and [composer Jerry] Bock did a year later, called *Fiddler on the Roof.*"



## MICHAEL KINSLEY

Contributing Editor Michael Kinsley offers us a preview of Britain's Chilcot inquiry, which has focused on the roles played by Tony Blair and George W. Bush, in "The Blair-Bush Project," on page 156. "In this case I see nothing wrong with concentrating on personalities," Kinsley says. "One purpose of a report like this is to be cathartic, and it won't be cathartic if it doesn't designate some bad guys." His new book, *Old Age: A Beginner's Guide,* will be published next month.



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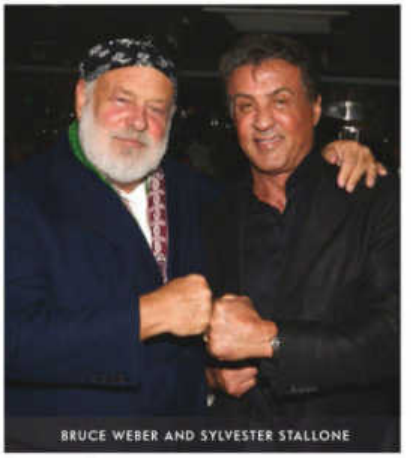
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VANITY FAIR

# AGENDA

ADVERTISING / PROMOTION / EVENTS / OPPORTUNITIES



BRUCE WEBER AND SYLVESTER STALLONE

EVENT

## *Vanity Fair* and NSU Art Museum Honor Douglas S. Cramer

*Vanity Fair* and NSU Art Museum Fort Lauderdale honored legendary television producer Douglas S. Cramer at an exclusive dinner presented by Richard Mille during Art Basel in Miami Beach. Hosted by Bob Colacello and NSU Art Museum director Bonnie Clearwater, the evening brought together luminaries from the worlds of art and entertainment and celebrated the museum's presentation of the exhibition "Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television" (presenting sponsor: AutoNation). Learn more at **nsuartmuseum.org.**



DOUGLAS S. CRAMER, BOB COLACELLO, AND BONNIE CLEARWATER

FOR THE LATEST NEWS, HAPPENINGS, PHOTOS, *and* VIDEOS, FOLLOW @VFSOCIALCLUB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94



## WAYNE MASER

For Contributing Photographer Wayne Maser, capturing this month's "It Girl," Chiara Ferragni (page 200), was a family affair: he and his wife, Sciascia Gambaccini, who styled the shoot, have known the Blonde Salad founder since her, ahem, salad days. "Living in Italy, I'd seen Chiara from when she first started to blog," says Maser. "It was this change through the years, from blogger to very sophisticated businesswoman who now runs a very successful e-commerce business."

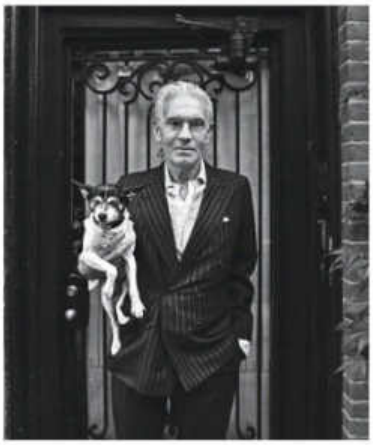


## CATE STURGESS

For this month's issue, producing the cover shoot with Jennifer Garner was the easy part for Associate Photography Editor Cate Sturgess. It was "Disruptive Forces" on page 208—a portfolio comprising 23 subjects photographed over three days in two cities—that proved a challenge. "Everybody's schedule inevitably changes," explains Sturgess. "So you have to adjust plans constantly and creatively. It keeps things exciting."

## BO LIDEGAARD

Bo Lidegaard, chief adviser to the Danish prime minister at the 2009 United Nations Climate Change Conference, praises his American counterpart Todd Stern and the role he played in last year's Paris Agreement for this month's *V.F.* Portrait, on page 184. "He is someone you can trust," says Lidegaard, "even from opposite sides of the negotiating table." Lidegaard is a former diplomat, prizewinning historian, and editor in chief of the Danish newspaper *Politiken.*



## JULIE MILLER

Senior Hollywood Writer Julie Miller has spent her four years at *Vanity Fair* interviewing actors and covering entertainment for the Web site. For this month's issue, Miller profiles actors Paul Reubens (In the Details, page 146) and Scoot McNairy, one of the stars of this month's *Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice* (Spotlight on page 175). Says Miller, "Any day that I get to discuss Pee-wee Herman and superheroes as a job assignment is a good one."



STURGESS PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUSTIN BISHOP. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP (MILLER), WAYNE MASER (MASER), RUNE PEDERSEN (LIDEGAARD)


JIMMY CHOO
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# COMING TO AMERICA

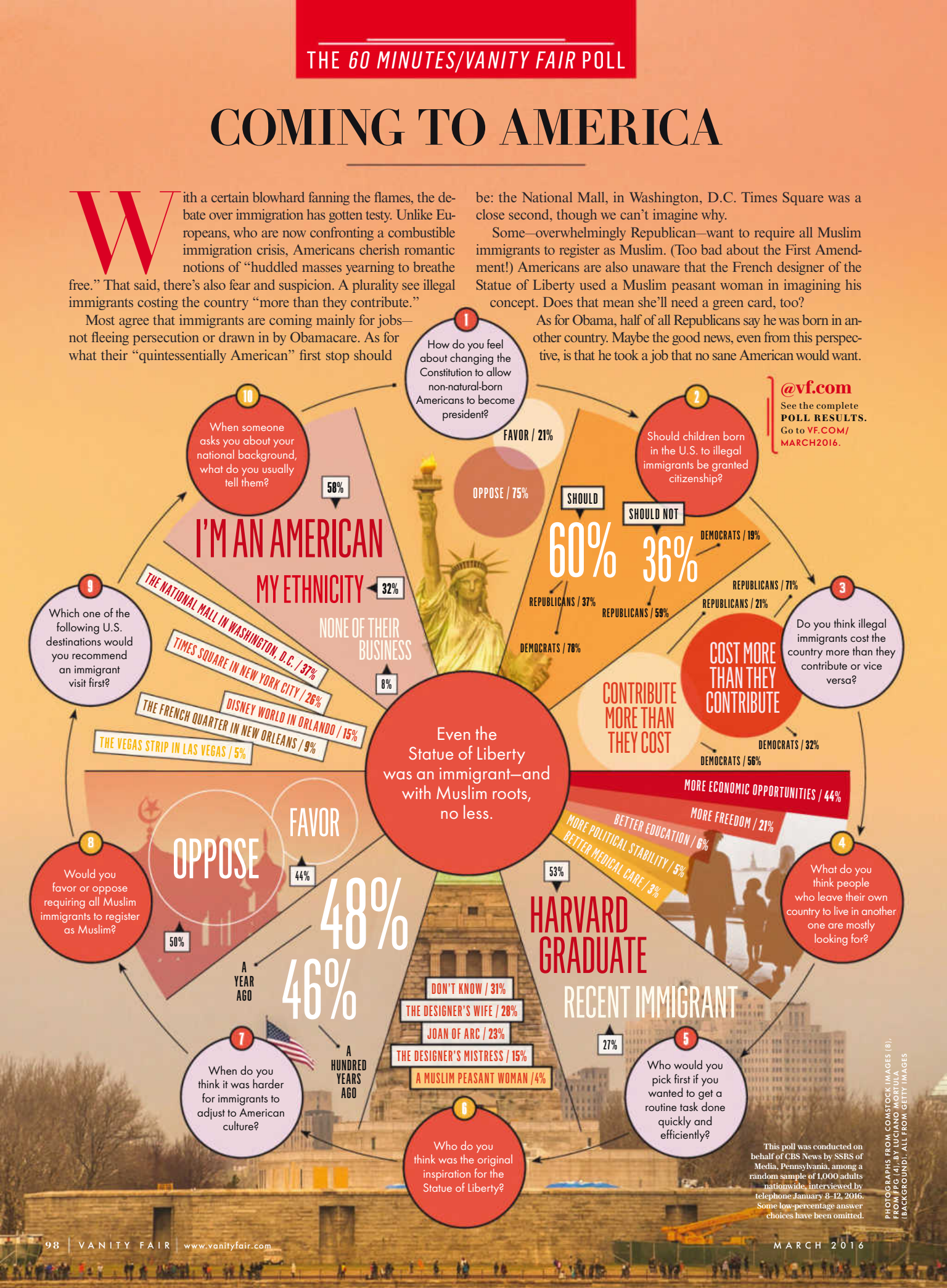
With a certain blowhard fanning the flames, the debate over immigration has gotten testy. Unlike Europeans, who are now confronting a combustible immigration crisis, Americans cherish romantic notions of "huddled masses yearning to breathe free." That said, there's also fear and suspicion. A plurality see illegal immigrants costing the country "more than they contribute."

Most agree that immigrants are coming mainly for jobs—not fleeing persecution or drawn in by Obamacare. As for what their "quintessentially American" first stop should be: the National Mall, in Washington, D.C. Times Square was a close second, though we can't imagine why.

Some—overwhelmingly Republican—want to require all Muslim immigrants to register as Muslim. (Too bad about the First Amendment!) Americans are also unaware that the French designer of the Statue of Liberty used a Muslim peasant woman in imagining his concept. Does that mean she'll need a green card, too?

As for Obama, half of all Republicans say he was born in another country. Maybe the good news, even from this perspective, is that he took a job that no sane American would want.

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See the complete **POLL RESULTS.** Go to VF.COM/MARCH2016.




This poll was conducted on behalf of CBS News by SSRS of Media, Pennsylvania, among a random sample of 1,000 adults nationwide, interviewed by telephone January 8–12, 2016. Some low-percentage answer choices have been omitted.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM COMSTOCK IMAGES (8), FROM FPG (4), BY LUCIANO MORTULA (BACKGROUND). ALL FROM GETTY IMAGES

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# WHEN THE 50s MET THE 70s

## Friends and fans recall the inimitable Allan Carr; we share a few notes from our Kelly file; Trump gives a thumbs-up



**LIFE OF THE PARTY** Allan Carr, John Travolta, and Olivia Newton-John on the set of *Grease*, 1977.

In "*Grease* Lightning" [by Michael Callahan, February] you captured the inventive, creative, imaginative, courageous, painful, bizarre, and sometimes lunatic world of Allan Carr, whom I truly adored and who was a friend and business partner.

I feel a strong connection to this story, having been the global president and C.O.O. of the Stigwood Group of Companies and Robert Stigwood's partner. I am also the man who brought Allan and Robert together for *Tommy* and then for *Grease,* which was made during John Travolta's hiatus from *Welcome Back, Kotter* and counted as the second of the three films the Stigwood Group had acquired John's services for. I remember Allan proving to a large group of suits that he could turn the lovely Olivia Newton-John into a tart for the film and saw him explain Danny Zuko's motivation to a Paramount executive.

Because of you, Mr. Callahan and *Vanity Fair,* Allan will not be perceived as a vulgarian who gave us Rob Lowe singing and dancing with Snow White at the Academy Awards in 1989. In the superficial world of movieland, he was relegated to Siberia on the invitation lists of the "right" parties of the Hollywood old school, and he never quite recovered from the hurt.

You described the true Allan: flawed, but a modern-day P. T. Barnum with razzle-dazzle, knowing how to market, promote, and follow his vision and dreams. A true entrepreneur, willing to be wrong, willing to fall on his face—and both Allan Carr and Robert Stigwood had that rare but wonderful trait in common.

**FREDDIE GERSHON**
*New York, New York*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

PHOTOGRAPH © PARAMOUNT PICTURES/PHOTOFEST




Christy is wearing New Lash Sensational® Luscious Mascara in Very Black.
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Please ask Randal Kleiser, the director of *Grease,* if he still has his 8-mm. short film *When the Cat's Away.* He wrote, directed, shot, developed, and edited it back when he was an upperclassman at Radnor High School! If I had known he was going to become *this* famous, I would've demanded residuals (or at *least* a buyout as an "extra")!

**VICKY BENEDICT FARBER**
*Narberth, Pennsylvania*

I started the evening with your article and it transported me back. I was not quite three when I saw *Grease* for the first time. All the innuendo and lust were lost on me. I've seen the movie many times, but just tonight I've *really witnessed it.* The appeal of *Grease* was that it was the right amount of wrong for the mamas, and had the perfect veil of innocence for their daughters.

I hope the new live show inspires a whole new generation of Sandy wannabes who stand in front of their window fans, on full blast, to get just the right amount of wind through their hair as they finish with "those summer NIIIIIGHHHHTS!"

**NICOLE FRACK**
*Corona, California*

Michael Callahan's engaging and insightful article brought back a wealth of personal memories.

After spending 15 straight months with producer Ilya Salkind and director Richard Donner as part of the production team on that other 1978 film juggernaut, *Superman: The Movie,* and writing the book *The Making of Superman,* I moved to Los Angeles. A few months later, my friend Valerie Perrine (Miss Teschmacher in *Superman*) invited me to one of those fabled Allan Carr parties in Benedict Canyon. And it was all that Callahan described—the rotund host in one of those flowing caftans, bouncing from table to table, making sure to air-kiss every star in attendance. (I was fortunate to be seated next to Robin Williams, who—wearing a short-sleeved Hawaiian shirt and sweating profusely—I decided was both the funniest and hairiest human ever.)

Carr's tenure in the Hollywood firmament may have been brief. But he understood how important the "show" was in show business.

**DAVID M. PETROU**
*Washington, D.C.*

Allan Carr is rarely credited for his marketing creativity with respect to films of a more serious nature. When I, as a producer of *The Deer Hunter,* and a friend of Allan's, asked him to help with that film, he did so without hesitation.

It was not an easy film to help. Because it ran more than three hours and had scenes of extreme violence, Universal Pictures had concerns about its commerciality. Allan recognized that the heart of the film was about the Russian roulette America had played with the lives of its young men in Vietnam. He took charge of the Oscar campaign. The result was five Oscars, including that for best picture, and four additional nominations. The film was a critical and commercial success. Allan refused to take credit or financial reward.

**BARRY SPIKINGS**
*West Hollywood, California*

## FOXY LADY

I fell hard for Megyn Kelly when I first saw and heard her on *The O'Reilly Factor* ["Fox's First Lady," by Evgenia Peretz, February 2016]. It was not only that she possessed outstanding good looks but that she was able to more than hold her own with Bill O'Reilly and put him in his place. I do wish that dear Megyn would go a little easier on Barack Obama. He's not so bad.

**WILLIAM A. HARPER**
*San Diego, California*

In his Editor's Letter, Graydon Carter describes Megyn Kelly as a "force to be reckoned with"—but is she? Kelly is simply another in a long line of Fox News female talking heads, who all conform to the same standard. Perhaps a more apt quote than the one from Melville (hovering over Kelly's left shoulder on the cover) might have been—to paraphrase Tallulah Bankhead (an actual force to be reckoned with)—"There is less in this than meets the eye."

**TROY L. GILPATRICK**
*Mount Vernon, Washington*

***CORRECTIONS:*** *In Fairground in the February issue, on page 65, two of the people pictured were misidentified: at top right, the gentleman with Eva Chow is Marco Bizzarri, the esteemed C.E.O. of Gucci, and at bottom center, the gentleman with Usher is the artist Retna.*

***EDITOR'S NOTE:*** *On page 111 of the Hollywood Issue, in "Nora, Explored," mention of the participation of the editor of this magazine in the making of the HBO documentary* Everything Is Copy *was inadvertently omitted. He is an executive producer of the documentary.*

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

*More from the*
# V.F. MAILBAG




Al Viviano writes from Sarasota, Florida, to say that he found Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter "about Trump's short fingers ... hilariously funny." **He claims that Trump's thumbs are shorter than those of Trump's wife, Melania.** ("Compare their thumbs in pictures when they are both standing side by side. You will see her thumb is longer than his thumb.") Colleen Reeves, of Angels Camp, California, continues the theme: "I used to be fixated on how Donald Trump's mouth operated. For the last several months **I have become fixated on his fingers.** Graydon is correct. **Short and stubby.**"

Finally, an anecdote about the man whom James Faust, of Golden Valley, Minnesota, calls "the greatest ruse ever perpetrated upon the American people ... **a necrotic mackerel, further stinking up the stage of politics and infotainment.**" Sean Chandler West, of Falls Church, Virginia, has a friend who was a taxi driver in New York and who told him that, "one day, a man leaning out from the sidewalk got his attention. He pulled over and the fellow got in. My friend was directed to a destination and [they] proceeded on their way. **All of a sudden from the back came this demand: 'Turn right here!** Turn right here!' " But the cabbie, looking right, saw a sign reading, **DO NOT ENTER—ONE WAY,** and, understandably, demurred. Whereupon the fare lurched forward and yelled in his ear, "*Turn right here!* ***I'm Donald Trump!*** *Turn right here!*"

ILLUSTRATION BY NICOLAS MÉNARD


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CLASSIC IS REVOLUTIONARY

**PARTY TIME**
Why this **presidential candidate** is running as an independent. PAGE 106.

**WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING REALLY EXISTS?***
- *The U.S. Marijuana Party.*
- *The United States Pirate Party.*
- *The American Common Sense Party.*
- *All the above.*

THIS MONTH

**Going Green**
The best new **marijuana-related products**, from "the Cannabus" to "Real Mary Janes." PAGE 108.

**MAKING MUSIC**
Fail-proof **pickup lines** for SXSW. PAGE 108.

# VANITIES



DEUTCH WEARS A GOWN BY BURBERRY; SHOES BY CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN.

## ZOEY DEUTCH

**AGE:** 21. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **BACK TO THE FUTURE:** Her parents, actress Lea Thompson and director Howard Deutch, didn't bring their work home. "I grew up on a pseudo-farm. We had family dinners and chores. I think I've seen one of their movies." **THE BUG:** Always drawn toward acting and improv, she enrolled at the Los Angeles County High School for the Arts. "I got the opportunity to make people feel things, and I knew this was what I had to do." **CAMP RICK:** After getting her start in teen films, she nabbed the role of Beverly, the opinionated prima donna, in Richard Linklater's upcoming ode to the 80s, *Everybody Wants Some!!* "Richard is in love with his job. It was the kind of set people came to on their days off. It was so much fun!" **DIRTY DOZEN:** "Oftentimes I was the only girl among some 12 guys in the cast. I became a damn fine wingwoman." **SOME LIKE IT HOT:** This year, Deutch has added Bryan Cranston, James Franco, and Robert De Niro to her co-star dance card. "Bob and I were sharing a bag of Doritos by a space heater, and my coat caught on fire. When anyone asks, 'Did you get to work with De Niro?,' I'm like, 'Yeah, I caught on fire right next to him.' Things are looking good." —KRISTA SMITH

*Answer: D.

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# *Why I'm Running as an* INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE

*By* TEDDY WAYNE




People always ask me why I'm running for president. Well, first I'd like to tell you a little about myself.

My daddy was a coal miner. My granddaddy worked in the front office of the coal miners. My great-granddaddy was the president of U.S. Coal. And my great-great-granddaddy discovered coal. We're the American Dream, the Opposite Day version. I'm currently a substitute coal miner.

I grew up in a simpler time, in an America where you didn't instantly download the newest hit single on your phone for a dollar twenty-nine—no, sir, you bought 12 CDs for a penny, with the stipulation that you purchase the 8th CD at the regular club price. That CD was a rip-off, and their selection sucked, but it was a good way to stock up on greatest-hits albums.

I was born in Paris—Paris, Texas, that is. And I preserved those small-town southwestern values when my family won the lottery and moved, a month later, to the southwest of Paris, France, into a little five-bedroom in the Seventh Arrondissement, right down the boulevard from our dear friend Karl Lagerfeld.

I was the first in my family to go to online college. Everyone else went to an off-line college called Princeton. I'll never forget the day I received my diploma, because it went into the spam folder, and I accidentally emptied the folder, and then it took three hours on the phone with tech support to get it back. I proudly showed it off to my parents, after updating my Flash Player, since it was an animation. It turned out the attachment had a virus, and some guys in Nigeria were demanding a thousand bucks or they'd delete all my files. But the joke was on them, as I didn't have anything important on my computer and was thinking of getting a new one anyway. I didn't urgently need a new computer, but it was starting up kind of slowly and making this weird noise.

Long story short: without getting my online-college degree, I never would have bought a new computer. America.

I have a wonderful woman I share my life with now, Lucy. I met her two nights ago on Tinder and don't know her last name yet. She writes poetry but doesn't take herself too seriously, just like she said on her profile. I was like, "We should recite your poetry at our wedding instead of normal vows." But in a jokey way, not like I expected us to actually get married. She laughed and was like, "Yeah, totally." Then it got a little awkward. Maybe I shouldn't have said it.

We're supposed to get dinner tomorrow, but I'm going to cancel and give her some space after the wedding joke. By the time I see her again I could be president. She'll go, "So, what have you been up to?," and I'll casually say, "Not much—pretty busy with work, being elected president and all," and she'll say, "Elected president! That's incredibly hard!," and I'll go, "Not really," and shrug modestly like I get elected president all the time and it's not a big deal, and she'll be like, "Yes it is—you have to campaign for two grueling years, withstanding vicious attacks from your rivals and intrusions from the parasitic media, touting hollow slogans, and cynically crafting a personal narrative to appeal to swing voters who privilege charisma over ideology, all the while knowing that the system is broken, the populace is opiated, and the executive office alone is powerless to overturn the influence of corporations and the ultra-rich." To return to the question of why I'm running for president, it's really to impress Lucy.

God bless America! And please send campaign donations in the form of cash (or restaurant gift certificates—Chili's, Ruby Tuesday, Applebee's, whatever would be great). Thank you for your support.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY *VANITY FAIR*



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# FEEL *the* BURN

## Previewing the latest marijuana-related products

*By* ANDREW SMITH • *Illustrations by* ZOHAR LAZAR



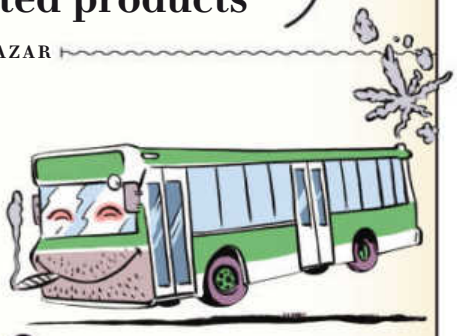
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3

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4

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5

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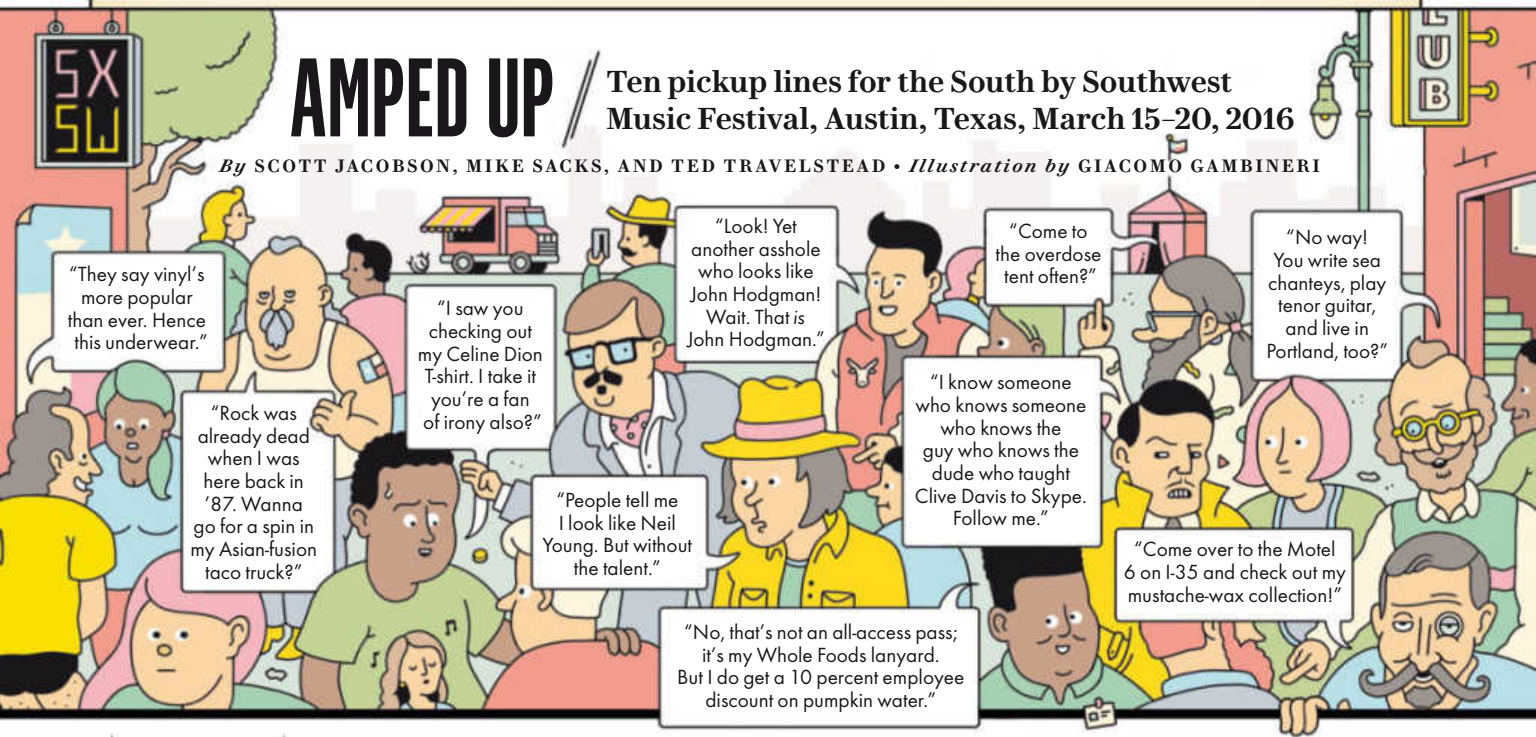
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**100 PERCENT MARIJUANA YULE LOG** Endless televised loop of a burning log made entirely of cannabis. Your holiday guests will say, "I'm getting high just looking at it!"

# AMPED UP

## Ten pickup lines for the South by Southwest Music Festival, Austin, Texas, March 15–20, 2016

*By* SCOTT JACOBSON, MIKE SACKS, AND TED TRAVELSTEAD • *Illustration by* GIACOMO GAMBINERI




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# The Photo That Changed My Life

## WYNTON MARSALIS

As the managing and artistic director of New York City's Jazz at Lincoln Center releases the double album and DVD of *The Abyssinian Mass*—his first recorded work in six years (with the J.A.L.C. Orchestra)—he reflects on the profound message of a single image



*Dancers,* 1956.

"This photo celebrates freedom. I was probably 14 when I first saw the picture, and it has always said to me that we can deal with the changes and challenges of life with the supple yet firm art of syncopation, with feeling, and through the elegance of dance."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY DECARAVA

Want the backstories behind other unexpected images? Go to VF.com/unexpected.
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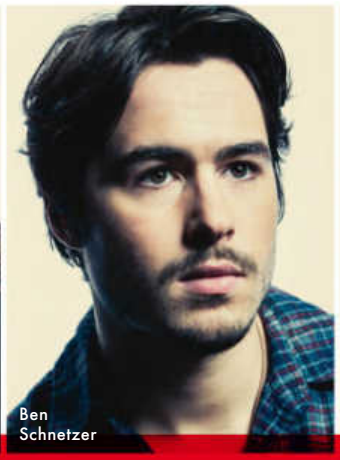
FENDI

# Fanfair

BEHIND *THE HAMILTON MIXTAPE* *p. 118* THE OSCAR DE LA RENTA RETROSPECTIVE *p. 122* THE BEST IN BEAUTY *p. 124* AND MORE ...


Spike Lee


Kathryn Hahn


Ben Schnetzer


Gabrielle Union


Armie Hammer


Greta Gerwig

## FREEZE-FRAME

More than 100 films screened at this year's Sundance Film Festival, in Park City, Utah, including *The Birth of a Nation*, the Nat Turner biopic that Fox Searchlight acquired for $17.5 million, the highest price ever paid for a Sundance film. Two of the film's stars, Armie Hammer and Gabrielle Union, are pictured here, in addition to myriad other top-tier talents who visited the *Vanity Fair* studio for on-air conversations with the magazine's West Coast editor, Krista Smith. For more photographs, go to VF.com.


Zosia Mamet


Maya Rudolph

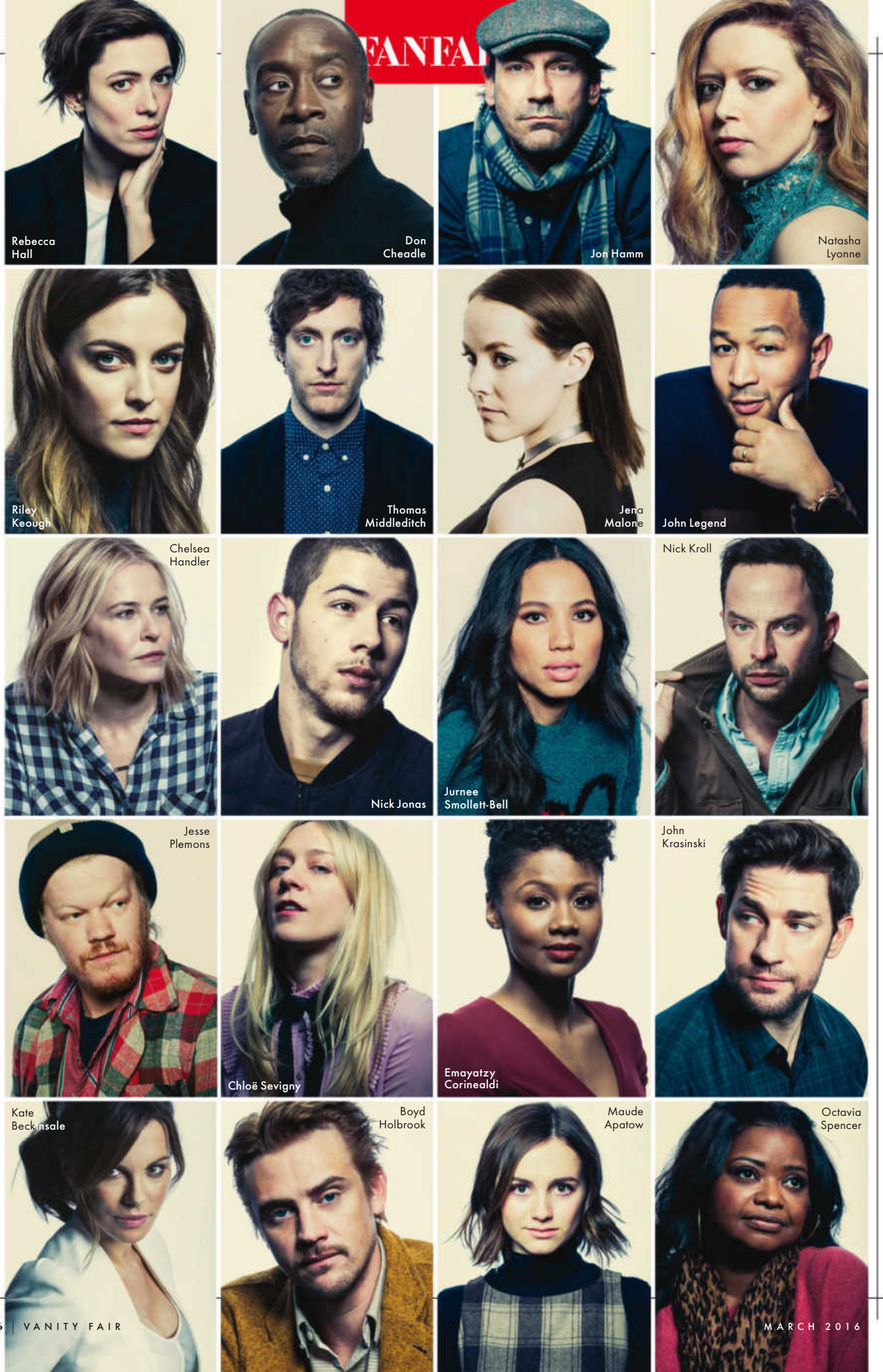

Aldis Hodge


Allison Janney


Jenny Slate



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP


Rebecca Hall
Don Cheadle
Jon Hamm
Natasha Lyonne
Riley Keough
Thomas Middleditch
Jena Malone
John Legend
Chelsea Handler
Nick Jonas
Jurnee Smollett-Bell
Nick Kroll
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Emayatzy Corinealdi
John Krasinski
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# Hot Tracks

## QUESTLOVE and LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

"I really wanted the hip-hop community to embrace *Hamilton* because it's such a love letter to them," says **Lin-Manuel Miranda** about the biggest and most original hit musical on Broadway in decades. The Tony Award–winning Miranda wrote the book, music, and lyrics, and stars in the hip-hop musical about Founding Father Alexander Hamilton. Now he's teaming up with the Roots' **Questlove**—who executive-produced the show's Grammy-winning cast album—for *The Hamilton Mixtape.* Here, Miranda and Questlove talk with **Lisa Robinson** about plans for that album, which will be out this year and will include cover songs from *Hamilton* as well as original material inspired by the groundbreaking show.




*The Hamilton Mixtape* collaborators Questlove and Lin-Manuel Miranda, photographed at the Richard Rodgers Theatre, in New York City.

**LISA ROBINSON: What is *The Hamilton Mixtape*?**

**LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA:** Originally, that's what my idea was. To me, Hamilton was a hip-hop artist. He used his words to get everywhere. He also ruined his life using those verbal abilities. I thought of this as a concept album like *Jesus Christ Superstar;* that was an album before it was staged as a show. I wanted to write really dense, fun lyrics like my favorite hip-hop artists did. I thought I would write a bunch of great songs that tell the greatest hits of Hamilton's life, have artists cover it, and someone else would stage it later. When I first said, 'hip-hop, Founding Fathers,' they thought it was a spoof. But the show makes its own case.

**QUESTLOVE:** Had it been described to me what this play was, I probably would have made an excuse not to come. Unfortunately, that's where the Tupac [Shakur] musical fell. It was overhyped, and just to hear 'Tupac, the musical' . . .

**L.R.: It sounds like *Spinal Tap*.**

**Q.:** I've been part of at least seven or eight powwows—like, 'O.K., we're going to do the first . . . ' I've been there for the *Super Fly* meeting, the *Wild Style* meeting.

**L.R.: Now there'll be a slew of *Hamilton* imitations.**

**Q.:** Oh, it's coming.

**L.R.: Lin, did you always want Questlove to be involved with the cast album and this mixtape?**

**L-M.M.:** That was the dream. The Roots played my Spring Fling senior year at [Wesleyan] college, and I was a huge fan of the Roots' albums.

**Q.:** I didn't think anything would affect me the way *Fela!* had. That was the loudest, most offensive, most immersive play I've ever seen. Everyone who sold me on *Hamilton*—Common, Latifah—all said the same thing: that I wouldn't know what I was going into.

**L.R.: Lin, it's kind of amazing that you took Ron Chernow's massive Hamilton biography on vacation and thought, Hamilton ... hip-hop ... eureka! Did you ever have any doubts about it?**

**L-M.M.:** I never had any doubts about the idea. But the most nervous I was was when the first hip-hop artist came to see the show at the Public Theater. It was Busta Rhymes; he sat in the front row—but even if he sat in the back I would have seen him. You don't miss Busta. He's like Mount Rushmore to me. So when he came backstage and said he was so moved by it, I thought, We're going to be O.K.

**Q.:** The brilliant thing about this whole project was and is that this project has legs beyond just the play and the cast album.

**L.R.: In addition to rap, the *Hamilton* score has R&B, some jazz, and ballads. Is the *Mixtape* album going to be as musically varied? Who's going to be on it?**

**Q.:** So far, Busta Rhymes, Ben Folds, Regina Spektor, Latifah, Common, Chance the Rapper, and others. People are coming out of the woodwork, knocking on the door. Half the songs are cover versions of songs in the show, and the others are interpolations—we'll take some of this, some of that, and make something new out of it.

**L-M.M.:** I'm not going to be on it because for me the goal is to keep this inspired by the original. But it is funny that this was my first idea, and now it's come full cycle and coming after the show.

**Q.:** *Hamilton* is the balance that hip-hop needed. It's changing the conversation. The amount of people in my apartment building treating me different now . . . This is a key moment for Broadway and for music.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC OGDEN/TRUNK ARCHIVE


TOYOTA
Let's Go Places
WHAT'S NEXT
With its modern, striking lines, a futuristic interior and uncompromising sense of style, the 2016 Prius has an edge at every angle.
THE ALL-NEW
PRIUS
toyota.com/prius
Prototype shown with options. Production model may vary. ©2015 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



David Bowie in 1975, during the filming of *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, from Bowie, photographs by Steve Schapiro (Powerhouse).



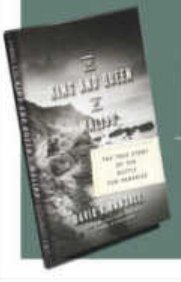

## IN SHORT

Reap *The Abundance* (Ecco) of **Annie Dillard's** essays, old and new. **Alain Mabanckou** returns to the Congo and finds that *The Lights of Pointe-Noire* (New Press) have gone dark. Photographer **Joel Meyerowitz** limns the humble beauty of *Morandi's Objects* (Damiani). **Neel Mukherjee's** acclaimed novel *A Life Apart* (Norton) makes it Stateside. **Edna O'Brien** puts out *The Little Red Chairs* (Little, Brown). Lizophile **Firooz Zahedi** shoots *My Elizabeth* (Glitterati). **Charles Duhigg** produces *Smarter Faster Better* (Random House). Photographer **David Bailey** shares years of his best *Tears and Tears* (Steidl). **Mark Leyner** spirals out in *Gone with the Mind* (Little, Brown). **Bruce Wagner** confides, *I Met Someone* (Blue Rider). **Jim Downs** cheers the history of gay liberation in *Stand by Me* (Basic Books). **Shobha Rao's** *An Unrestored Woman* (Flatiron) is fierce. Woodstock, New York, takes the stage in **Barney Hoskyns's** *Small Town Talk* (Da Capo). **Greg Jackson** debuts with *Prodigals* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). —E.S.

# Hot Type

Margaret Sanger was no angel. While the founder of Planned Parenthood was a visionary and a war hero in the battle for women's reproductive rights, she was also, as **Ellen Feldman** reveals in *Terrible Virtue* (HarperCollins), *complicated.*

**Katie Roiphe** dares, as ever, to go where others fear—in *The Violet Hour* (Random House), it's into that good night, and the end days of luminaries such as Sendak, Sontag, and Freud. **Jung Yun's** struggling hero is forced to provide *Shelter* (Picador) for his rich, judgmental parents. **Alex Abramovich** throws himself into the violent world of his childhood enemy, the president of a notorious motorcycle gang, in *Bullies* (Henry Holt). **Shirin Ebadi** vows to fight for human rights in Iran *Until We Are Free* (Random House). **Peggy Orenstein** educates out-of-touch parents about their daughters' perilous private lives in *Girls & Sex* (Harper). **Arlene Heyman's** fiction debut ventures into the forbidden zone of *Scary Old Sex* (Bloomsbury U.S.A.). Sex trafficking of underage girls brings on the fall of a wealthy New York family in **Jane Mendelsohn's** *Burning Down the House* (Knopf). **David Kushner** relives the horror of his brother's abduction in *Alligator Candy* (Simon & Schuster). **Danielle Dutton** engagingly embellishes the life of *Margaret the First* (Catapult), the infamous Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. **Claire Harman** burns up the portrait of the artist as a wallflower in *Charlotte Brontë: A Fiery Heart* (Knopf). **Douglas Brinkley** cheers F.D.R.'s mission to preserve the *Rightful Heritage* (Harper) of America's most pristine natural wonders. **Cynthia D'Aprix Sweeney** feathers her fantastically witty debut, *The Nest* (Ecco), with keen observations of modern life. **Karan Mahajan's** *The Association of Small Bombs* (Viking) urgently depicts the toll of terrorism on victims and perpetrators. Murder comes to an idyllic rural town in **Elizabeth Brundage's** *All Things Cease to Appear* (Knopf). **Adam Hochschild's** *Spain in Our Hearts* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt) romanticizes the Spanish Civil War. **David Cole** shows how citizen activists can become *Engines of Liberty* (Basic Books) to make constitutional law. O Pioneer! **William Anderson** harvests *The Selected Letters of Laura Ingalls Wilder* (Harper), bonnet-rocking prairie badass. And superwoman **Ellen R. Malcolm,** with **Craig Unger,** heroically continues to beat the drum for female equality in *When Women Win* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt). You go, girls. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL



## HEX ON THE BEACH

Neighbor trouble? In *The King and Queen of Malibu* (Norton), David K. Randall recounts the mother of all property disputes, over the 17,000-acre California-coastline ranch Frederick H. Rindge left at his death, in 1905. The 30-year saga, complete with alleged arson, presidential appeals, and Supreme Court hearings, pitted Frederick's widow, May, who sought to preserve the property's now unthinkable expanse, against all comers, including homesteader Marion Decker, an adversary out of Zane Grey, whose land was virtually engulfed by the Rindges'. May—who died in 1941 with $750 to her name—lost the dispute, but anyone who's driven along the Pacific Coast Highway won. —MAX CARTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART TYSON (BOOKS); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS




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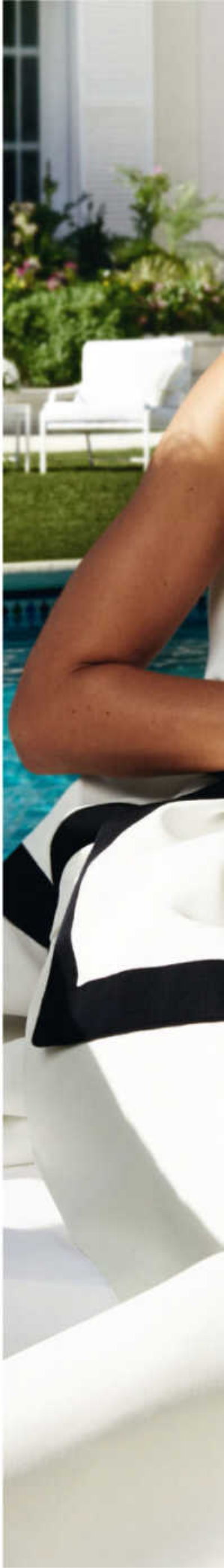

TOM FORD



CH

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Oscar de la Renta runway looks.

# Runway Retrospective

**Oscar de la Renta** was a nonpartisan designer. Republicans, Democrats, millennial pop stars, Old Guard socialites, European hostesses, Hollywood actresses, and everyone in between clamored for his designs. The couturier got his start in Madrid in the mid-1950s with Balenciaga, and then worked with Lanvin in Paris. With the encouragement of the late *Vogue* editor **Diana Vreeland,** he moved to New York in 1963 and, in 1965, launched his eponymous line. Following de la Renta's death, in 2014, *Vogue*'s **André Leon Talley,** an intimate of the designer's since the 1970s, began curating a retrospective of his career. This month the exhibition, which includes more than 130 pieces—on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, and other public and private collections—will be unveiled at the de Young Museum, in San Francisco. The show is organized according to de la Renta's passions, including Spain's flamenco dancers, Russian literature, and his garden in Connecticut. "He was the ultimate romantic, and every dress made a woman feel the most beautiful she could ever possibly feel," Talley explains. And for those who knew him, "you [also] wore him because you loved him." —DEREK BLASBERG



De la Renta and models, 1998. *Inset,* André Leon Talley.



Lucy Fry, photographed at the Palihouse hotel in Santa Monica, California.

# Institutional Memory

Director **Joseph Castelo's *The Preppie Connection*** is inspired by true events in 1984, when 14 students at Choate Rosemary Hall were expelled following the arrest of a peer on charges of attempting to smuggle $300,000 worth of cocaine. With their angst-ridden rich kids and sartorial uniformity, private schools are by nature cinematic gold mines. Add a dose of international drug trafficking and cast a 23-year-old Australian bombshell and you've got a hit.

"My character has this deep loneliness," says **Lucy Fry,** who plays the enigmatic Alex Hayes. "She tries to fill the void with as many toys as she can." Alex discovers her pawn in Toby (**Thomas Mann**), a scholarship student looking for acceptance by the in-crowd. She uses flirtation as a means of coaxing Toby into becoming the group's "mule." Under the guise of visiting a fellow student, who happens to be the Colombian ambassador's son, in Bogotá, he builds up a drug network and becomes the supplier to his affluent classmates. The rest is history—see the movie; read the headlines. You'll be sure to come away with a new girl crush—up-and-comer Lucy Fry. —MAXWELL LOSGAR

FRY PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMS & HIRAKAWA; STYLED BY HAYLEY ATKIN; SWEATER BY KATE SPADE; HAIR PRODUCTS BY WELLA PROFESSIONALS; MAKEUP BY JACQUELINE BRELEY; MANICURE BY DEBBIE LEAVITT; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY TOMAS POMERSKI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL ARNAUD/GAMMA-RAPHO/GETTY IMAGES; ACCESSORIES BY VICTOR VIRGILE/GAMMA-RAPHO/GETTY IMAGES (DE LA RENTA); SLAVEN VLASIC/GETTY IMAGES (RUNWAY LOOK, BOTTOM). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS




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Roses de Granville and Le Nectar serum.

## A Wild Rose

The wild roses that grew on the cliffs of Granville, France, near Christian Dior's childhood home, inspired a case study on the resilient flower. Fifteen years of research yielded the new serum **Dior Prestige Le Nectar**. Today, these roses are grown in the Dior Gardens, in the Loire Valley region of France, and are processed to yield a rose nectar 40 times more concentrated than the original, according to Dior. The golden elixir achieves its anti-aging properties by means of dermis regeneration. ($410; dior.com) —SUNHEE GRINNELL

## Charlotte's Beauty Web

Luxury shoe-and-accessory line **Charlotte Olympia** brings its signature retro-glam to makeup lovers this month. Its collaboration with **MAC Cosmetics** was inspired by pinups and silver-screen sirens and includes bold red lip shades, a shimmery eye pigment, bright nail lacquers, and gold-accented beauty tools. Each is embossed with Charlotte Olympia's signature spiderweb emblem. ($13–$35; maccosmetics.com) —AUDREY NOBLE



*Clockwise from top left:* mirror compact; Pigment in Overdressed; Blot Film; Lipmix in Red; Charlotte Dellal, founder of Charlotte Olympia.

# Beauty




Weekend Lash Stain and Lip Pigment are 2 of the line's 85 products.

## Got Milk?

The founders of photography and multi-media center **Milk Studios** (in L.A. and N.Y.C.) launch **Milk Makeup**—an essential collection for creative girls who adhere to the "less is more" beauty ethos. Made of natural, eco-friendly ingredients, this debut line comes in cool streamlined packaging, and the company posts how-to-apply videos on its Web site. ($12–$48; milkmakeup.com) —S.H.G.

## ROMANCING THE STONE

**Armani Privé** introduces its newest fragrance line, **La Collection des Terres Précieuses**, inspired by Giorgio Armani's travels. The two debut scents, **Rouge Malachite** and **Vert Malachite,** are an olfactory nod to Russia and the fabled malachite stone, which is central to the country's lore and was a favorite among the czars. ($310; giorgioarmanibeauty-usa.com) —CAT BUCKLEY




Armani Privé Rouge Malachite (Vert Malachite not shown). *Inset,* Giorgio Armani.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID M. BENETT/GETTY IMAGES (DELLAL); © TATSUYA FUKUDA/CORBIS (ROSES); BY PASCAL LE SEGRETAIN/GETTY IMAGES (ARMANI); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

# RICHARD MILLE

## A RACING MACHINE ON THE WRIST



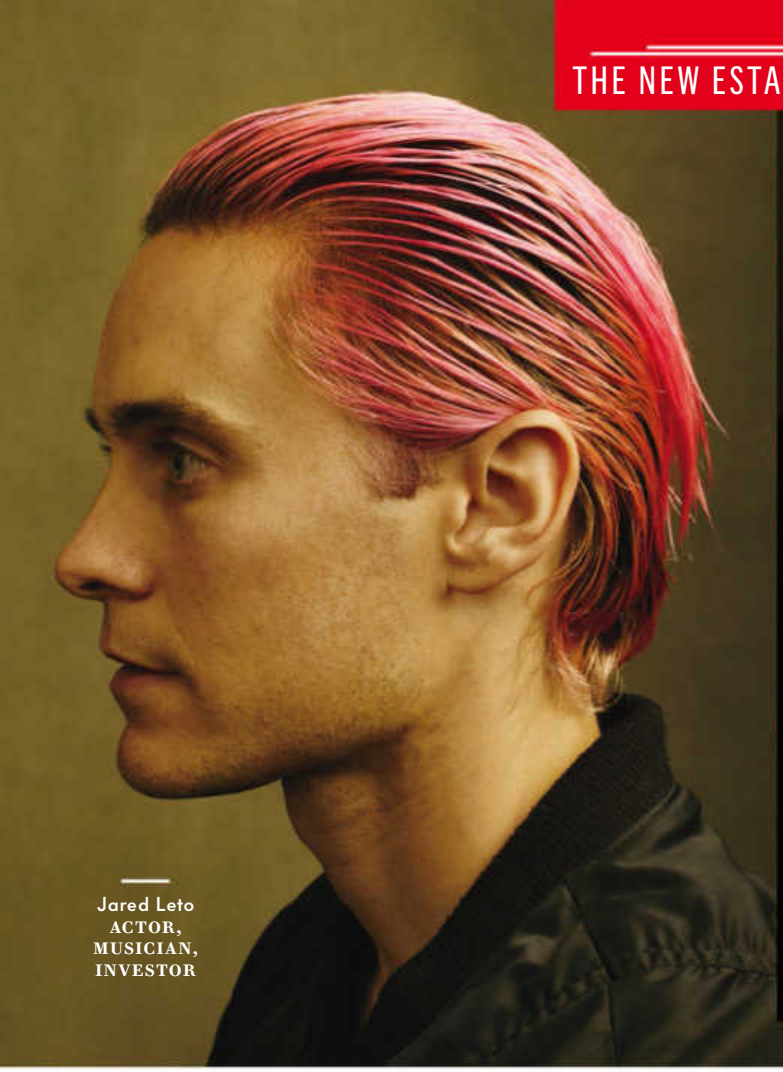

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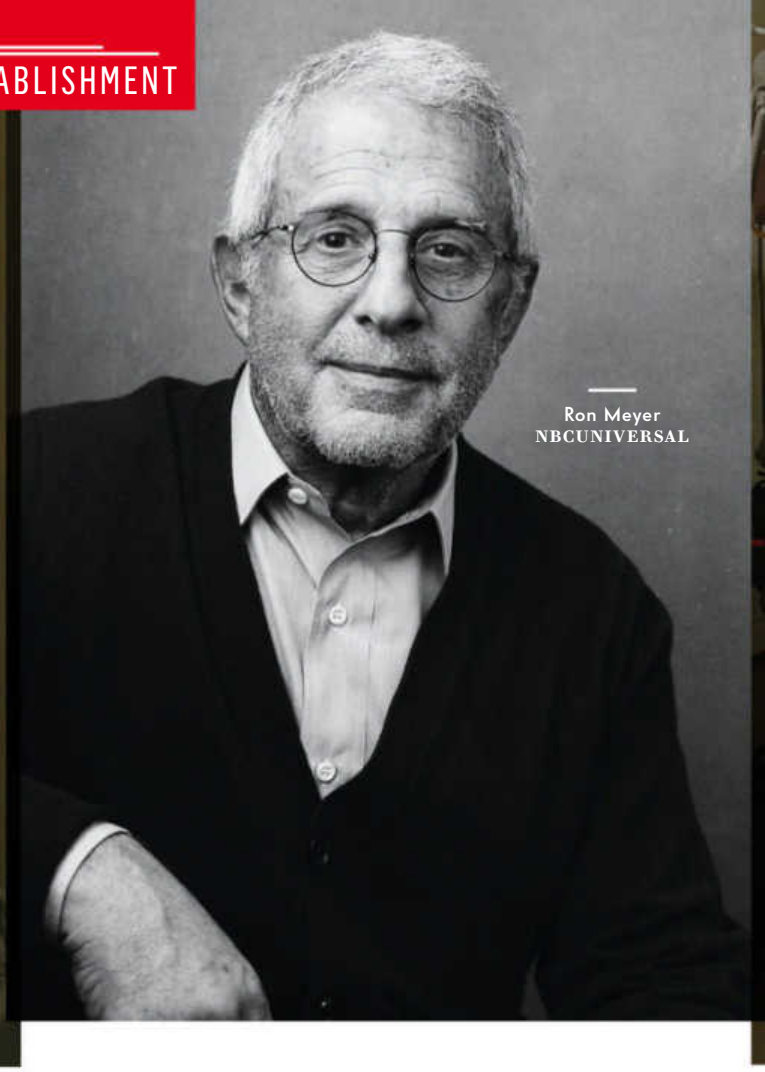
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Jared Leto
ACTOR, MUSICIAN, INVESTOR



Ron Meyer
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# Talk of th

**They say it's lonely at the top, but not for the leaders from Silicon Valley, New Establishment Summit, in San Francisco. As JON KELLY Bob Iger, Lee Daniels, and Elon Musk reveled in the cross-pollination,**

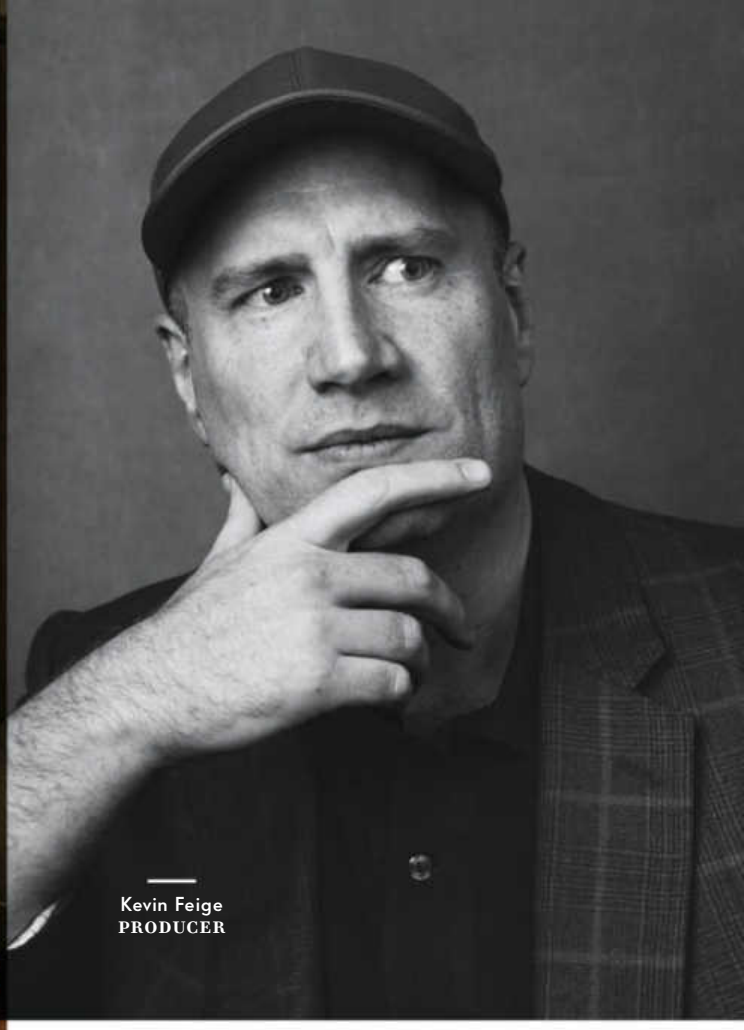
A decade ago, it might have seemed unusual to gather leaders from Silicon Valley, the media, Hollywood, and Wall Street in a single room and ask them to find something meaningful to talk about. Times do change. At *Vanity Fair*'s second annual New Establishment Summit, held last October in San Francisco, Mark Zuckerberg, Lena Dunham, Bob Iger, Lee Daniels, Elon Musk, Jonathan Ive, Richard Plepler, and Annie Leibovitz, among many others, seemed to view themselves not as mandarins from disparate worlds nor as avatars of different planets. Instead, during three days of conversation about everything from the future of the cable bundle to the role of venture capital—and, in particular, whether or not we're in another dreaded tech bubble (consensus: probably)—they seemed to view one another as genuine peers.

In many ways, they are. For reasons of necessity and opportunity, every industry now finds itself in the technology business. Print publishers are increasingly excited by the prospect that the lion's share of readers experience their wares through screens and phones and ever evolving platforms. Traditional TV networks are rolling out digital apps and streaming products that may soon make obsolete the concept of the evening news—and, perhaps, even the television itself. (The only thing that Americans still seem to watch live is N.F.L. football—especially now that HBO has offered *Game of Thrones* fans a streaming option.) Meanwhile, the

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Jason Blum
PRODUCER



Kevin Feige
PRODUCER

# e Summit

## Hollywood, the media, and Wall Street who gathered at *V.F.*'s annual reports, the likes of Mark Zuckerberg, Lena Dunham, while ANNIE LEIBOVITZ turned her camera on the network as nexus

movie business has for years been thinking outside the box office, while the simplest elements of our lives—how to snag a ride or get our groceries—have long since been overtaken by code. One hallmark of our era is that Uber is arguably more influential than General Motors, itself an investor in Uber's competitor Lyft.

The Summit, hosted in association with the Aspen Institute, was conceived by *Vanity Fair* to bring the magazine's annual New Establishment rankings to life. And, in doing so, the event, at the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, articulated a revealing observation undergirding the Digital Age. For decades, the seat of power has been advancing westward, following its own manifest destiny: at first, from Manhattan to L.A., and then north on the 101 to Silicon Valley. Yet, on some level, the very notion of a physical power center now seems rather analog. Today, the network itself is the nexus. And with London and Hong Kong giving Wall Street a run for its money—and more than 70 percent of Hollywood's revenues coming from markets abroad—the levers of influence and authority have transcended into a more ephemeral realm befitting our cloud-based times. Geography, after all, is such a 20th-century phenomenon.

Ms. Leibovitz, naturally, was on hand, and not just to expound on her enduring photographs—of John and Yoko, Demi, and, most recently, Caitlyn—but also to create new ones, as these portraits make plain. Herein, an array of her peers ponder the future.

PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUE ON PAGE 132




JUNGLE LOVE






Elon Musk
TESLA MOTORS, SPACEX
Kevin Systrom
INSTAGRAM
Steven Levy
BACKCHANNEL
Mark Zuckerberg
FACEBOOK
Michael Abrash
OCULUS VR




CREDIT THERE


“For decades, the seat of power has been advancing westward, following its own manifest destiny.”
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ANDREESSEN HOROWITZ
Kara Swisher
RE/CODE
Katie Couric
YAHOO NEWS
John Malone
LIBERTY MEDIA
Mellody Hobson
ARIEL INVESTMENTS
Bob Iger
THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY
Yuri Milner
DST GLOBAL
Lee Daniels
LEE DANIELS ENTERTAINMENT

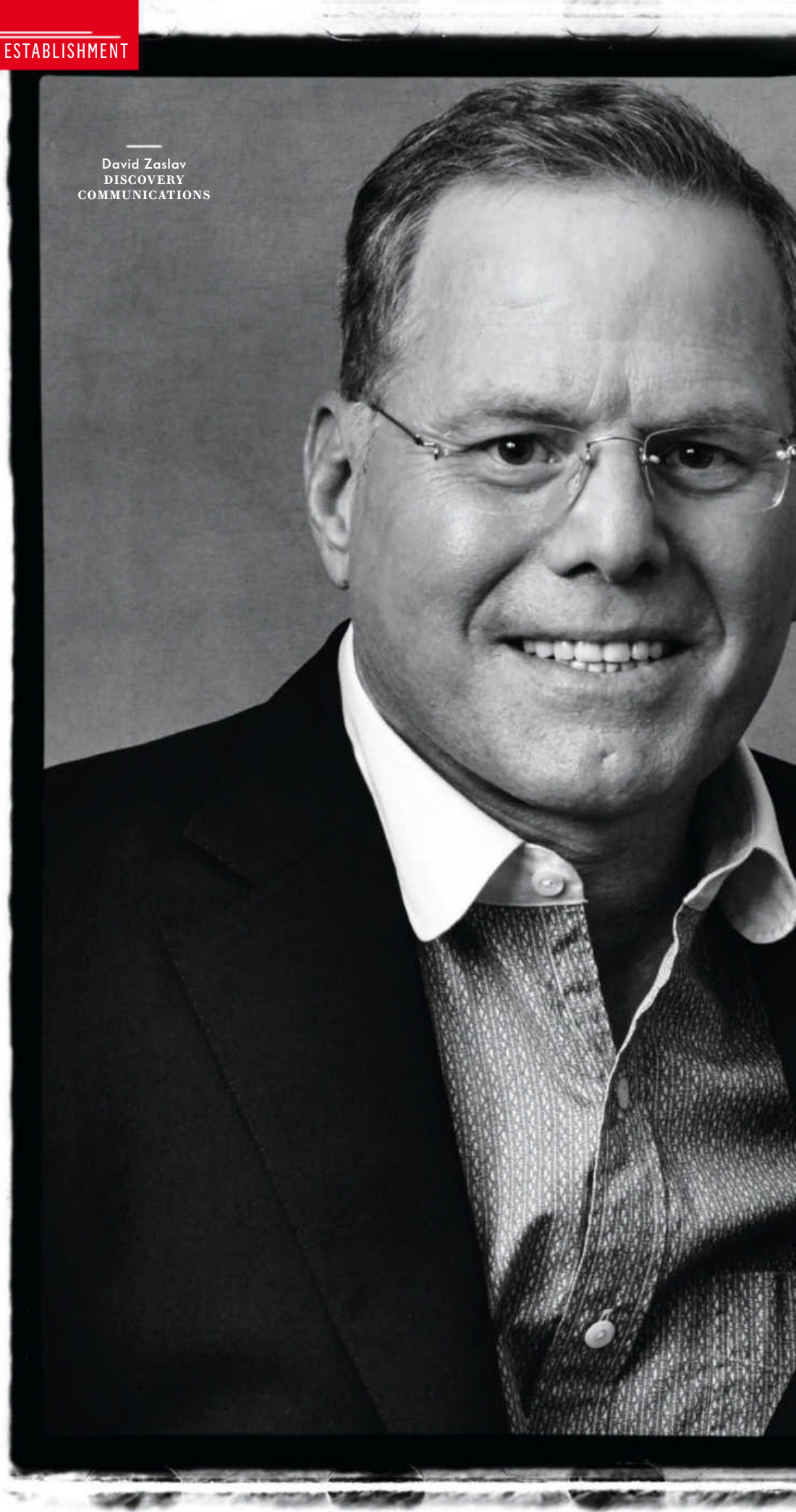

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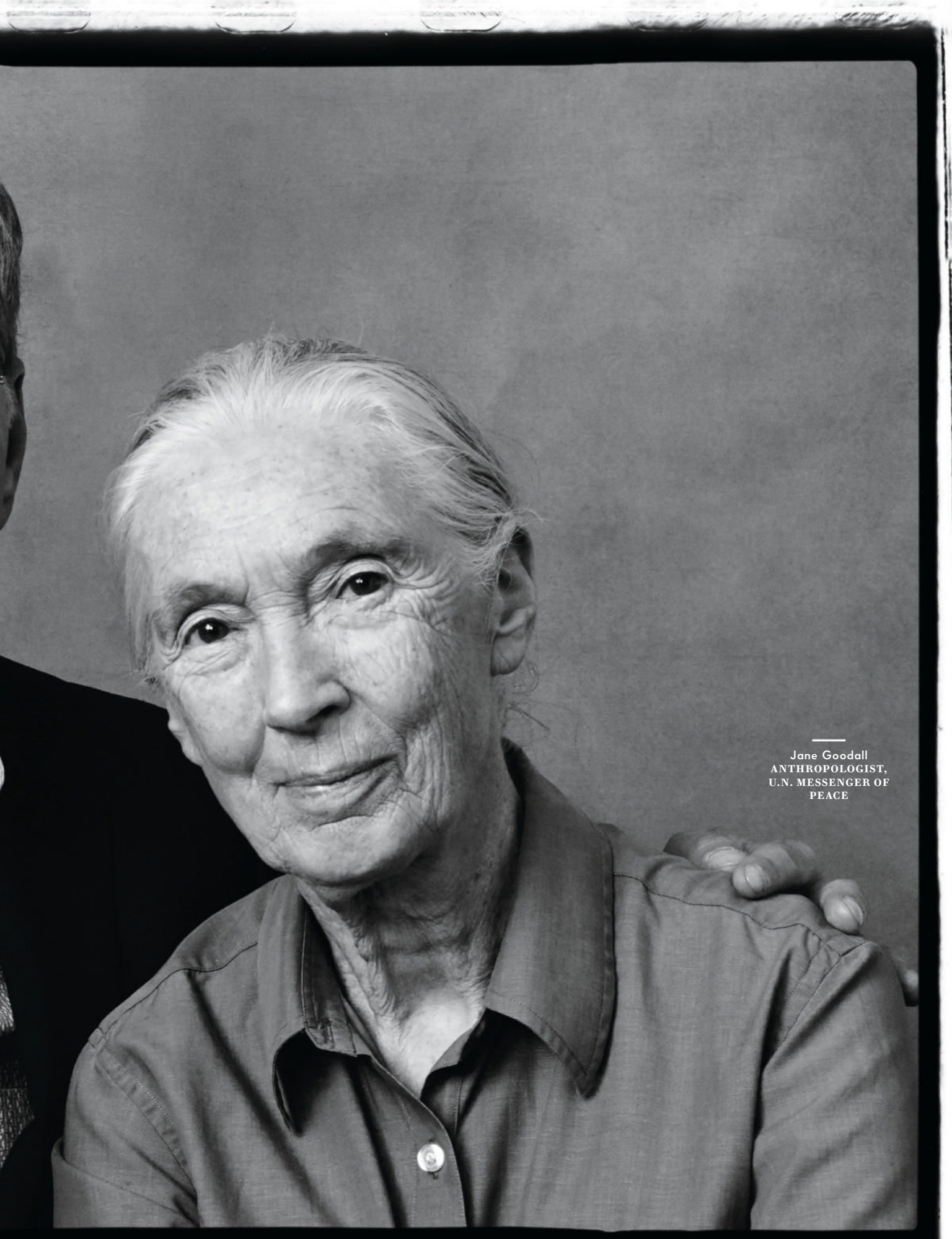






David Zaslav
DISCOVERY
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> “For reasons of necessity and opportunity, every industry now finds itself in the technology business.”



Jane Goodall
**ANTHROPOLOGIST, U.N. MESSENGER OF PEACE**

# Fairground

## LADY IN RED

Hong Kong native Vanessa Wang, dressed in J. Mendel, was one of 20 beautifully turned-out young ladies who were presented to international society at the 2015 Bal des Débutantes, in Paris. Each arrived at the Palais de Chaillot fitted in a couture gown and accompanied by a dashing cavalier. Beaming parents, close friends, and the ball's esteemed supporters—including Le Bal's creator, Ophélie Renouard—celebrated the debutantes. MAC Cosmetics, hair salon Alexandre de Paris, and jeweler Payal New York lent their support to the fête, which benefited Enfants d'Asie, a charity that promotes education for girls in Southeast Asia, and the Seleni Institute, a nonprofit organization devoted to women's mental health.

—PUNCH HUTTON



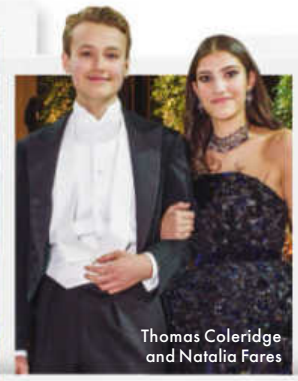
Vanessa Wang

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER AND DANIEL PAIK


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von Faber-Castell in Stéphane Rolland Haute Couture, Countess Sarah von Faber-Castell in Stéphane Rolland Haute Couture, Olivia Hallisey in Giambattista Valli Haute Couture. Center row: Kareen Fares in Ralph & Russo, Klió Kosuth in Georges Hobeika Couture, Sonia Ben Ammar in Chanel Haute Couture, Almudena Lapique in Jorge Vázquez, Natalia Fares in Ralph & Russo, Madeleine Thompson in Lanvin. Back row: Tara Hunt in Emilio Pucci, Princess Anastasia Diaz della Vittoria Pallavicini in Roberto Capucci, Skye McCaw in Oscar de la Renta, Aliénor de Chabot-Tramecourt in Ralph Lauren, Zara Fistolera in Alexander McQueen.



Thomas Coleridge and Natalia Fares



The cavaliers



Tristan de Chabot-Tramecourt and Count Werner d'Ansembourg



Sonia Ben Ammar



Zofia Krasicki v Siecin in Oglia-Loro.



António Cortez de Lobão and Inês de Bragança



Dominique Cojuangco in Vivienne Westwood Couture.



Countess Victoria von Faber-Castell and Jacob Madaus-Brück



Skye McCaw

Countess Gloria de Limburg Stirum in Zuhair Murad.



Zara Fistolera



António Cortez de Lobão, Jacob Madaus-Brück, and Alix Sfez



Countesses Victoria and Sarah von Faber-Castell


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Dakota Fanning

*What You Should Know About*

# PAUL REUBENS

*A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE:* **TV'S ALL-TIME SCAMP**

In the span of six months, two beloved franchises born out of the late 1970s are being rebooted for the fans still smitten four decades later. The first pop-culture institution, *Star Wars,* returned to theaters last Christmas. And the second, Pee-wee Herman, will make a long-awaited comeback in *Pee-wee's Big Holiday,* premiering on Netflix this month. But while George Lucas retired from his science-fiction empire, Paul Reubens, the 63-year-old writer, producer, and actor behind Pee-wee's precocious man-child, wrote round the clock to personally return his character—born in 1977, when Reubens hooked up with the improv troupe the Groundlings—to audiences. (The character became nothing less than an icon of the age of irony when *Pee-wee's Playhouse* ruled Saturday mornings, from 1986 to 1990.) In anticipation of Pee-wee's triumphant return, the Emmy-nominated, scandal-surviving, and determinedly private Reubens offers a rare glimpse of the man behind the red bow tie and tiny gray suit.



COMEBACK KID Reubens, photographed in West Hollywood.

**RAISED IN** Sarasota, Florida—then the winter home of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus—Reubens credits the lively childhood backdrop, complete with human-cannonball neighbors, with helping inspire the whimsical world of Pee-wee.
**HIS FATHER,** Milton, was one of the founding pilots of the Israeli Air Force and took part in the 1948 Arab-Israeli War before buying a Lincoln-Mercury dealership in Oneonta, New York. After the family relocated to Florida, Milton opened a lamp store with Reubens's mother, Judy, an elementary-school teacher.
**THE ELDEST** of three children, Reubens (born Rubenfeld) fondly remembers his parents' taking the brood on creativity-nurturing trips to the theater, assorted fairy-tale theme parks, and Disneyland.
**HIS FIRST** acting role arrived in an elementary-school production of the Tony-nominated play *A Thousand Clowns.*
**AN ASPIRING** actor from a young age, Reubens dreamed of having a career like Ron Howard, child star of *The Andy Griffith Show,* and—as Reubens imagined, thousands of miles from Hollywood—his professional nemesis. With a laugh, Reubens admits, "I wish it was funny, but it was so serious to me back then."
**HE WROTE** fan mail only once as a child, when he was five or six—to Walt Disney. Reubens never heard back.
**AFTER STINTS** at Boston University and California Institute of the Arts, Reubens joined the L.A.-based Groundlings, where his duties included painting the backstage area with green textured lacquer—an improbable prize he won during one of many appearances on *The Gong Show.*

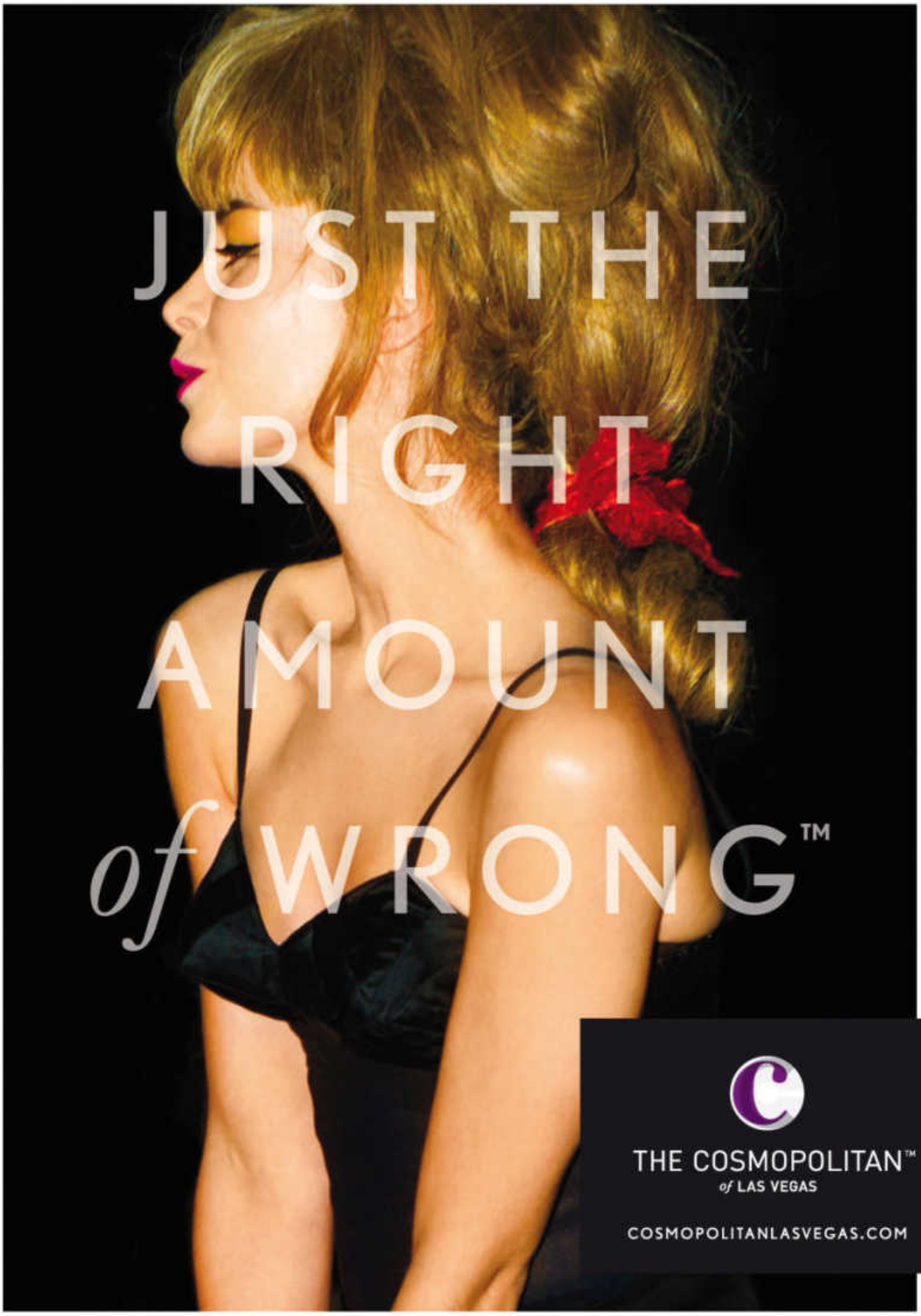
**SENSITIVE TO** his impressionable *Pee-wee's Playhouse* audience, Reubens was careful to script in positive habits like teeth brushing. Tough security ensured that kids never saw him chain-smoking—a habit he's since kicked—in costume.
**ONCE AN** avid collector of everything from lamps to fake food, Reubens says he put an end to acquisition as a hobby around 1995, with the advent of eBay. "People were telling me about the site, and I was just thinking, Oh, you know what? I better not know about this."
**SOMEWHAT OBSESSED** with holiday cards, Reubens has mailed out a custom creation each December since the mid-80s. The latest edition was sent to about 4,000 recipients.
**HE HAS** turned many a friend on to his favorite iPhone app, Google Translate, which allows him to instantaneously communicate with L.A.'s Spanish speakers.
**DESPITE HIS** embrace of futuristic technology such as translation apps and Skype, Reubens is having a hard time retiring pen and paper. "I forget that is old-school until I see somebody look at me like 'What is that?' And I want to say, 'Oh, this is *paper,*'" he says, drawing out the last word the way an archaeologist might the name of an extinct species.
**A WORKAHOLIC,** Reubens says he has little time for movies, television, or even hobbies these days. Asked what he does to unwind, he says, "Gee, I don't know. That sounds foreign to me."
**HE DOES** not have pets, unless you count his 1950s "Autograph Hound"—a vintage stuffed toy dog covered in blank fabric that he trots out for events at which he expects to meet an admired luminary. The last signee: Warren Beatty.
**THE OPPOSITE** of a morning-ritual person, the performer says his wake-up time can vary from 3:30 A.M. to 10 A.M. in a single week.
**EVEN THOUGH** Pee-wee became an unlikely style muse in recent years—see: Thom Browne's slim suits—Reubens himself is "fashion challenged" and more of a "jeans and T-shirt kind of person."
**DESPITE DEFT** dramatic performances in *Blow* and on NBC's *The Blacklist* (and in the second season of the *Batman*-prequel series, *Gotham,* in which he plays the Penguin's dad), Reubens doesn't feel any "frustration" that audiences know him best as Pee-wee Herman.
**THESE DAYS,** Reubens is coming to grips with what he calls his "throwback-y, sweet corniness"—not particularly in step with today's comedy. Alas: "This is what I do," he says. "I don't know how to do something other than that."
**ON THE** subject of legacy, Reubens says, "Beauty and art and sensitivity is what I hope for and strive for, and I hope people notice." —JULIE MILLER

**"SWEET CORNINESS—THIS IS WHAT I DO."**

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**BLOODY GOOD SHOW** *From top:* Matt Smith and Ben Aldridge in the London stage production of *American Psycho,* 2013; the 1991 novel; Christian Bale in the 2000 film.

JAMES WOLCOTT

# THE NEW BUTCHER OF BROADWAY

**When it comes to musical slaughter, shows have tanked (*Carrie*) and triumphed (*Sweeney Todd*). *American Psycho*—the gore-spattered 1991 Bret Easton Ellis best-seller that spawned the movie starring Christian Bale—is now taking its whack at Broadway**

Is Broadway ready for a singing-dancing-mangling-strangling musical of Bret Easton Ellis's toxic best-seller *American Psycho,* the frolicking tale of a malignant narcissist with a rigorous grooming regimen who moonlights as a serial killer? It's a property that brings a lot of baggage with it (most of it sopping red), perhaps the riskiest proposition since *Carrie: The Musical,* the toe-tapping, chest-stabbing adaptation of Brian De Palma's hormonal high-school carnage spectacle based on Stephen King's novel about a humiliated social misfit with telekinetic powers. Premiering in 1988, *Carrie: The Musical* dumped the bucket of gore on its prom queen in a production that justly or unjustly went down in ignominy, earning the title role in Ken Mandelbaum's theatrical history *Not Since* Carrie: *Forty Years of Broadway Musical Flops.* (Despite sold-out houses, *Carrie: The Musical* closed after five performances and didn't even receive the dignity of an original-cast recording, robbing posterity of an invaluable heirloom.) That cautionary lesson aside, it isn't unprecedented for a musical with a high murder count to find a nest in the gnarled hearts of theatergoers, as the many revivals of Stephen Sondheim and Hugh Wheeler's *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* attest. But its status may be a tribute to the death's-head grin of Sondheim's trippingly tongued syllablizing—the ornate ironies of each number served up like a platter of cold cuts—and the macabre vaudeville of the victims' execution. Almost any subject, even the lives of assassins, can be made more palatable by Sondheim's syncopated bricolage.

Not that the team behind the electro danse macabre of *American Psycho* are slouches. Choreography is by Lynne Page, who did *La Cage aux Folles;* direction is by Rupert Goold, whose *King Charles III* (written by CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, BY MANUEL HARLAN, JAMES EMMERMAN, FROM LIONSGATE/THE KOBAL COLLECTION

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# RELENTLESS, AUTHENTIC, DRIVEN.

## AMAZON'S *BOSCH*

### MICHAEL CONNELLY
ON HARRY BOSCH

*Bosch* producer and writer Michael Connelly, who wrote the best-selling novels on which the acclaimed Amazon Studios series is based, talks about L.A.P.D. detective Hieronymus (Harry) Bosch, played by Titus Welliver. In the first season, Harry tracks down an escaped serial killer, solves a decades-old case, and reconnects with his daughter and ex-wife. Streaming on Amazon Prime starting March 11th, the second season focuses on the killing of a Hollywood producer as Harry reopens the murder case of his own mother, a prostitute.

## ON HARRY BOSCH AND AUTHENTICITY

"There are hundreds of detective shows. Our task is to take an archetypal character and bring something new to it. It's all been done before through plotting or forensics, so what makes this authentic and real is the character. Harry has had a difficult life; he's been indoctrinated into one damaged institution after another: orphanages, the military, the police.

"His skill as a detective is based on his sense of fairness. Harry feels that either everyone counts or nobody does, and that code is what drives him. He knows how to set that fire within himself and make things personal, even at the risk of being hurt. The first season revolves around a set of bones that were found of a young boy who was murdered around the same time that Bosch became an orphan. So he relates to the victim on that level: 'This could be me.'

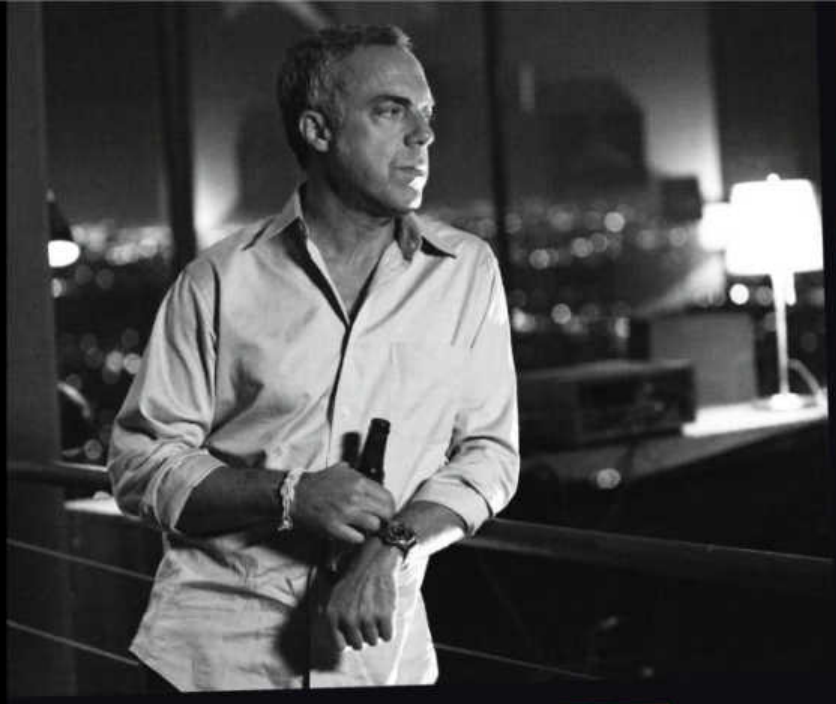
"Also, Harry doesn't suffer fools, and has no time for bureaucracy. I think that's why readers and viewers connect with him; everybody is frustrated by that."

## ON TRANSLATING BOOKS TO THE SCREEN

"Finding the right Harry Bosch, and figuring out how to portray this guy who's very introverted, were the biggest challenges. Titus Welliver solved both. He doesn't look like the guy I wrote about—but he looks exactly like him on the inside. He has this way of projecting what he's carrying internally. When we first went through the audition process, we got




"Finding the right
Harry Bosch,
and figuring out
how to portray
this guy who's
very introverted.
Titus Welliver
solved both."














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six pages of actors' names. I had Titus on my mind and he wasn't on the list. I timidly proposed him and the producers said he was making a movie in Hong Kong. I guess they saw I was deflated because they arranged an audition. When we finally got to meet him, it was one of those moments. He walked out the door and somebody said, 'I think that was Harry Bosch.' We all nodded. It was unanimous."

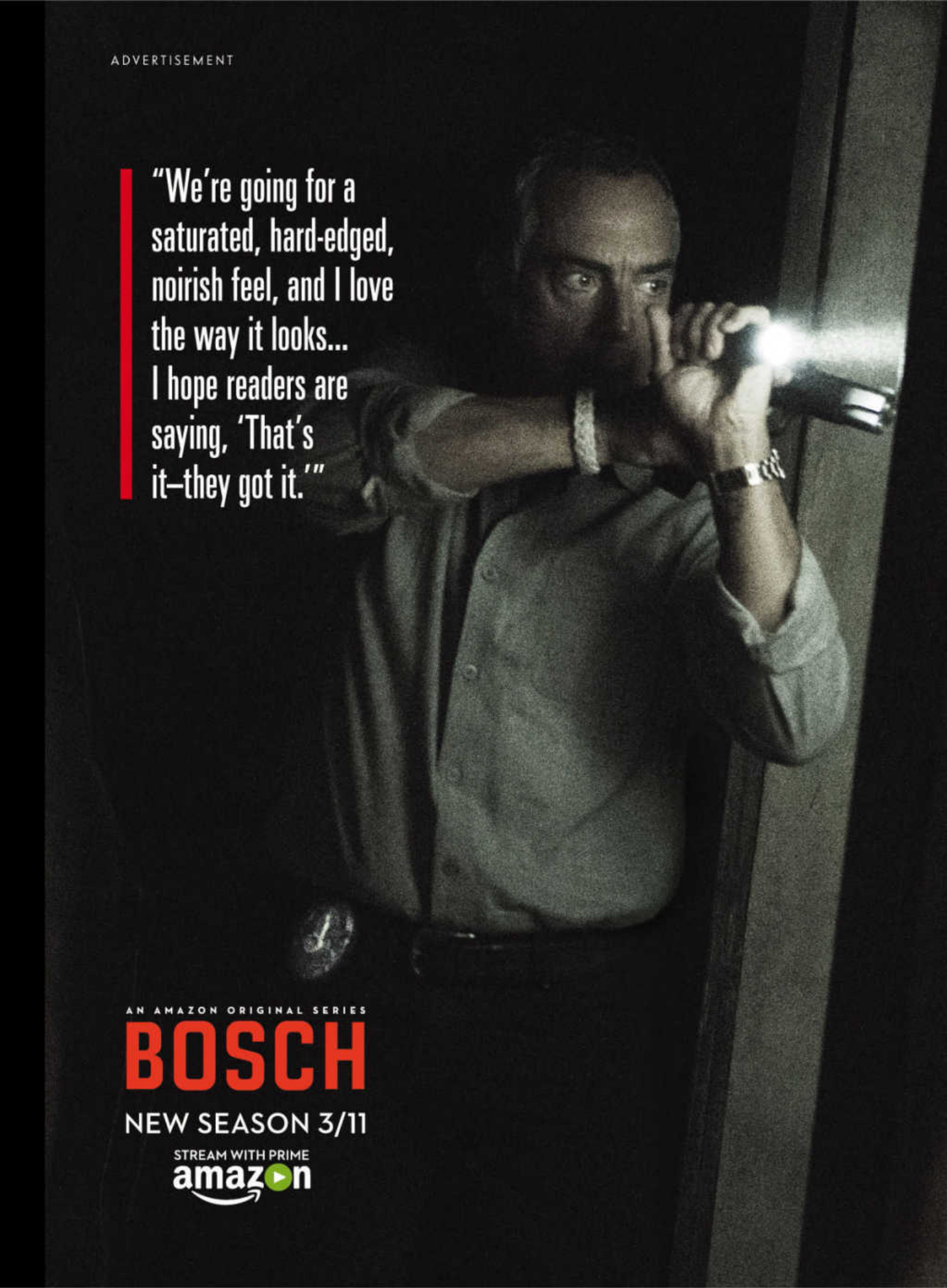
## ON SHOOTING IN LOS ANGELES

"Capturing Los Angeles with a camera instead of a pen has been wonderful. As a writer you never feel you sufficiently translate what you see. To be able to go beyond words to real places with flesh and blood actors has been deeply fulfilling. We spend lots of time looking for unique locations that may not have been seen on-screen before.

"I'm particularly proud of the opening five minutes in season 1, where Harry follows the man he believes is a killer through downtown L.A. Geographically it's a real path through Echo Park and Boyle Heights. This is how I chose to open—Harry not saying a word. I wanted an authentic location at the end of the scene in Echo Park, where you have these lower middle class homes with staggering views of the city.

"We're going for a saturated, hard-edged, noirish feel, and I love the way it looks. A big connection between the novels and the show is that at least once in every book, Harry goes on his back deck and contemplates the city. There's usually an internal monologue at that moment. We don't have that in the show, but you don't need the words because of the way we film Titus and the city. I hope readers are saying, 'That's it—they got it.'"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148 Mike Bartlett) recently ran on Broadway. Tunes and lyrics are by the singer-songwriter Duncan Sheik, the composer of the rousing, sap-rising *Spring Awakening,* which not only won the Tony Award for best musical but *made money,* a not inconsiderable feat for an adaptation of a 19th-century play with a scene set in a hayloft. Moreover, the London production of *American Psycho* enjoyed a sold-out run, so commercial prospects can't be dismissed as delusional, even if that sold-out run was goosed by the frisson of seeing *Doctor Who* star Matt Smith emerge from a tanning booth wearing nothing but an eye mask and tighty-whities, a self-chiseled sculpture of human marble. On Broadway, the tighty-whities will be filled by Benjamin Walker, who grabbed everyone's attention in the strenuous title role of the presidential rock musical *Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson.* He's going to be even bloody bloody busier here.

For those of you whose knowledge of pre-millennial American literature is a barely filled-in coloring book: Bret Easton Ellis's bunker-buster novel ignited one of the biggest furors of the early 90s, keeping opinion leaders gainfully occupied until the Clinton scandals billowed the circus tent. Cauldrons of bubbling wrath poured down from the castle walls even before publication. (Simon & Schuster backed away from it, and the novel found a home at Vintage Books, where it was brought out in paperback, a hardcover edition not appearing until two decades later.) The gouging, gashing violence meted out by its protagonist, a taut, yuppie *Übermensch* named Patrick Bateman, made Jack the Ripper look like a dabbler, the novel's female victims strewn about the text like dismembered Barbies (though it must be observed that Bateman was an equal-opportunity executioner, dispatching male victims with equal zeal). Death threats and personal vilification were directed at Ellis, along with accusations of misogyny from Gloria Steinem and other prominent feminists. The literary world also came down on him with a mallet. "Snuff This Book!" decreed Roger Rosenblatt in *The New York Times Book Review.* Norman Mailer, no stranger to accusations of misogyny himself, waded into the *American Psycho* uproar for this magazine and administered a sound drubbing. "By the end we know no more about Bateman's need to dismember others than we know about the inner workings in the mind of a wooden-faced actor who swings a broadax in an exploitation film. It's grunts all the way down." There are novels whose shocks and outrages seem almost quaint with the passage of time. *American Psycho* is not one of them. The doughty literary critic Edmund Wilson once confessed that the Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* was the only book he couldn't countenance reading at breakfast, and, had he lived to see its publication, it's unlikely Wilson would have been cracking open *American Psycho* to accompany his sausage and eggs, either.

It was the movie version of *American Psycho* that midwifed this latest incarnation of Patrick Bateman, neatnik psycho-killer. It showed what could be achieved if you excised the clotted excess and extracted a tensile frame to stretch tight. Directed by Mary Harron, *American Psycho* (2000) is the closest art-house horror cinema got to nouvelle cuisine, elevating its protagonist's fanatical taste and designer-label fetishism into a personal cult of fascism. Meticulous, militantly trim, presiding over a bachelor apartment so sleek and minimalist that it suggests a cryogenic vault built for Stanley Kubrick, Christian Bale's Patrick Bateman is a control freak with a vicious dash of sociopath, and when this control freak loses control, the butcher shop is open for business, blood spray spritzing all over his plastic raincoat. Along with its astringent wit in wardrobe and décor, Harron's film instilled an ominous, ritualized pace in the slaughter spree, a diagrammatic precision that was more effective than the clogged garbage disposal of corpses in the book. Its chill male predation and hallucinatory brutality within the glassy confines of corporate capitalism earned *American Psycho* a place of pride in the same display case as Neil LaBute's misanthropic fables (*In the Company of Men*) and *Fight Club,* whose apocalyptic climax anticipated 9/11.

Arriving a decade and a half after the movie, *American Psycho* the musical is a time machine harking back to a more innocent time of evil, before the neo-medieval torture porn of the *Saw* and *Hostel* franchises and similar Satan's workshops. The contemporary details of Ellis's novel are now memory ticklers for Manhattanites of a certain vintage, like many of the references in *Seinfeld* to bygones such as OTB (Off Track Betting) parlors and commercials for Nobody Beats the Wiz. Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa's script for the musical name-checks Chemical Bank and the downtown club Tunnel, which may prompt knowing aha's from veteran New Yorkers, and even more profuse are the pop-culture allusions and evocations that ring a tricycle bell in the collective subconscious of Reagan-era kitsch, from the Jane Fonda workout to Robert Palmer's "Addicted to Love" video, to the neon-installation art-gallery interiors of *Miami Vice,* to Gordon Gekko suspenders, to a certain chuckling sitcom dad played by Bill Cosby (this is very slyly slipped in).

## IT ISN'T UNPRECEDENTED FOR A MUSICAL WITH A HIGH MURDER COUNT TO FIND A NEST IN THE GNARLED HEARTS OF THEATERGOERS.

Designer names flash on the walls and parade through Bateman's monologues ("I burn the raincoat in Paul's fireplace, then pack one of his Ralph Lauren suitcases with a double-breasted suit from Brooks Brothers, a Mitsubishi electric shaver . . . "), as if the ad pages of *GQ* circa 1989 had sprung to life, and the techno-driven score evokes Human League, the Eurythmics, and Pet Shop Boys, with Huey Lewis and the News's anthem to conformity, "Hip to Be Square," weaponized as a death blow to bring down Act I. Things get even freakier in Act II, with a cameo appearance by Tom Cruise, or at least an apparition bearing his name.

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Despite my rugged exterior, I have a squeamish side that it doesn't take much to make squeak, so I can't say any manifestation of *American Psycho* summons me like an alpine horn. Even dolled up as postmodern satire or self-reflexive gamesmanship, the serial-killer genre is perhaps my least favorite in the fine art of murder. And yet I am semi-rooting for the success of *American Psycho* on Broadway because provoking a sensation and recouping its investment may shake loose the long-dangled possibility of a rock-opera version of *Fight Club,* which would be the perfect Trump-era musical—those mordant Tyler Durden tirades would make thundering arias. A little testosterone poisoning might be what the theater needs to help push it into the danger zone, though don't tell anyone you heard that from me. □

MICHAEL KINSLEY



**BRITAIN WANTS TO KNOW**
A high-powered inquiry seeks to explain how and why Tony Blair took his nation to war.

# THE BLAIR-BUSH PROJECT

**With all the tabloid fodder that's come down the pike—Rupert Murdoch and Jerry Hall! Wendi Deng and former prime minister Tony Blair!—the relationship that still obsesses Britain most is Blair's war-mongering bromance with then president George W. Bush**

Now, let me see if I've got this straight. Rupert Murdoch has announced (in *The Times* of London, which he owns) that he intends to marry Jerry Hall, the supermodel who lived for many years with Mick Jagger. Murdoch until 2013 was married to Wendi Deng, a businesswoman best known for once having attacked an activist troublemaker who threw a pie at her then husband during a parliamentary hearing. Two years ago, Deng was rumored to have had an affair with Tony Blair, the former prime minister of Great Britain. And Blair, for most of the first decade of this century, carried on an open—though nonsexual—romance with U.S. president George W. Bush.

A commission appointed in 2009 by then prime minister Gordon Brown, and led by a privy councillor and retired British civil servant named Sir John Chilcot, has spent the past seven years investigating this last romance and is expected to issue its final report sometime in the next several months. Of course, Chilcot has been expected to issue his report on almost every date between 2010 and now. Chilcot was quoted as saying at one point near the beginning that the inquiry was actually taking longer than he thought and that it might be a year and a half before every *i* was dotted and every *t* could be crossed. That this takes time is understandable, given that the report has reportedly grown to more than two million words.

The Chilcot inquiry has become a modern-day, real-life *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce,* the lawsuit in Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* that went on so long that it ate up in expenses all of the money at stake before it could reach a conclusion.

Official groups like Chilcot's are a feature of governments of all sorts. They go by many names: Commissions; Inquiries; Commissions of Inquiry, for that matter. They also take many forms. Here in the United States they tend to be



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called congressional hearings. Sometimes they are given the designation "Blue Ribbon" or "Select." Inquiries are usually official government bodies of some sort, but private or semi-private institutions, such as universities, resort to them, too. Government commissions can be run like trials, with testimony from people under oath elicited by special prosecutors who have unlimited budgets. For the government of the day, commissions offer an easy exit from whatever you may be trying to get out of. You pick a number, usually between 3 and 25 members (any fewer or any more is bound to be a farce), from among what the British call "the great and the good" (a wonderful, self-undermining compliment that giveth and taketh away simultaneously). You contact them with the happy news of their selection (and the per diem). You give them a sonorous official charter (or "charge," if it's in academe) to get to the bottom of this mess, whatever the mess happens to be. And then you put up your feet and forget all about whatever it is your commission is supposed to investigate. Two million words later . . .

Sir John Chilcot and his colleagues were officially supposed to be investigating Britain's role in the Iraq war, from top to bottom. But all the attention has focused almost entirely on Tony Blair's relationship with George W. Bush. That's because it is taken for granted in Britain that the war was a horrible mistake, which London could have prevented by refusing to go along. It is also widely taken for granted that George W. Bush is a moron. I'm not saying he is a moron—only that in Britain he's widely assumed to be one. ("Darling, he's not a moron," says Arianna. "My friend Dr. Kissinger explained it all to me. By appearing to be a moron, he had the whole world convinced that, if he said he was going to start a war somewhere, he was just dumb enough to do it. Total credibility. Brilliant. Call him up, darling, and offer him a podcast. Blogs are so 2015.")

The important questions for the British, therefore, involve Blair's role in enabling Bush to go to war—or, even more pathetic, Blair's letting Bush talk him into it. Blair's reputation is in the toilet, and many in Britain feel his shame. "Little brother" is only the kindest description of Blair's relationship with Bush—and, by extension, Britain's relationship with America. This is the "special relationship" they always prattle on about? Who needs it?

The British government—and, presumably, the American government as well—has detailed notes of no fewer than 130 conversations between Blair and Bush when both held the highest office in their respective countries. The government also has more than 20 notes from Tony Blair to George W. Bush. No doubt these documents could settle, or at least shed light on, the Bush-Blair relationship, and exactly when the two of them hatched their plan. (Correct answer: "A lot earlier than they ever told us.") As of late 2013, the British government, now in the hands of the Conservatives, had not released the material to Chilcot. But by May 2014, it finally had.

Blair has a largely standard answer, which he has stuck to since 2004, about whether he regrets or wishes to apologize for his role in starting the war against Iraq. He says: Yes, he apologizes for having received and relied upon faulty intelligence about Saddam Hussein's possession of W.M.D. (weapons of mass destruction, as I needn't tell you). He says that he wasn't aware that any of this intelligence was faulty (an assertion that one previous inquiry in Britain has treated with skepticism). Sometimes he adds that he also regrets that it didn't occur to him that, after decades of dictatorship, postwar Iraq might not possess certain baubles of civil society such as, say, a functioning police force. But he insists that in removing Saddam from power—"regime change" is the euphemism—he had nothing to be ashamed of. Bush makes virtually the same argument.

Leave aside whether Britain or the United States should be going around the world looking for regimes to change in the first place. (Whenever we try it on for size—Iran, Cuba, Nicaragua, Iraq, Libya—the results are disastrous.) If "regime change" in Iraq had been such a good idea, why weren't Bush and Blair using it at the time as the justification for invading? They didn't—they used the threat of W.M.D.

Even taken at face value, Blair's argument is a gnarly mess. His position boils down to this: (1) He is against war. (2) Nevertheless, because he believed that Saddam Hussein possessed weapons of mass destruction, he favored the Iraq war. (3) If he'd known that Saddam actually did not have W.M.D., he would have looked for another rationale, because Saddam was a nasty piece of work. (4) Except that it hadn't occurred to him that Iraq would be hopelessly chaotic and ripe for ISIS if the U.S. and Great Britain just invaded, knocked off the dictator, and left. (5) Which, when it did occur to him, made him slightly apologetic. (6) But he's not sorry about removing Saddam Hussein, even though that's the reason for everything he *is* sorry for. With each passing year, Blair's argument becomes more baroque. No wonder Chilcot had to keep on going.

Or have I got this all wrong? Maybe Saddam Hussein threw a pie at Tony Blair while Jerry Hall had an affair with Wendi Deng and George W. Bush took up with Rupert Murdoch. Sir John will figure it out. □

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# SOME VERY DIRTY TRICKS

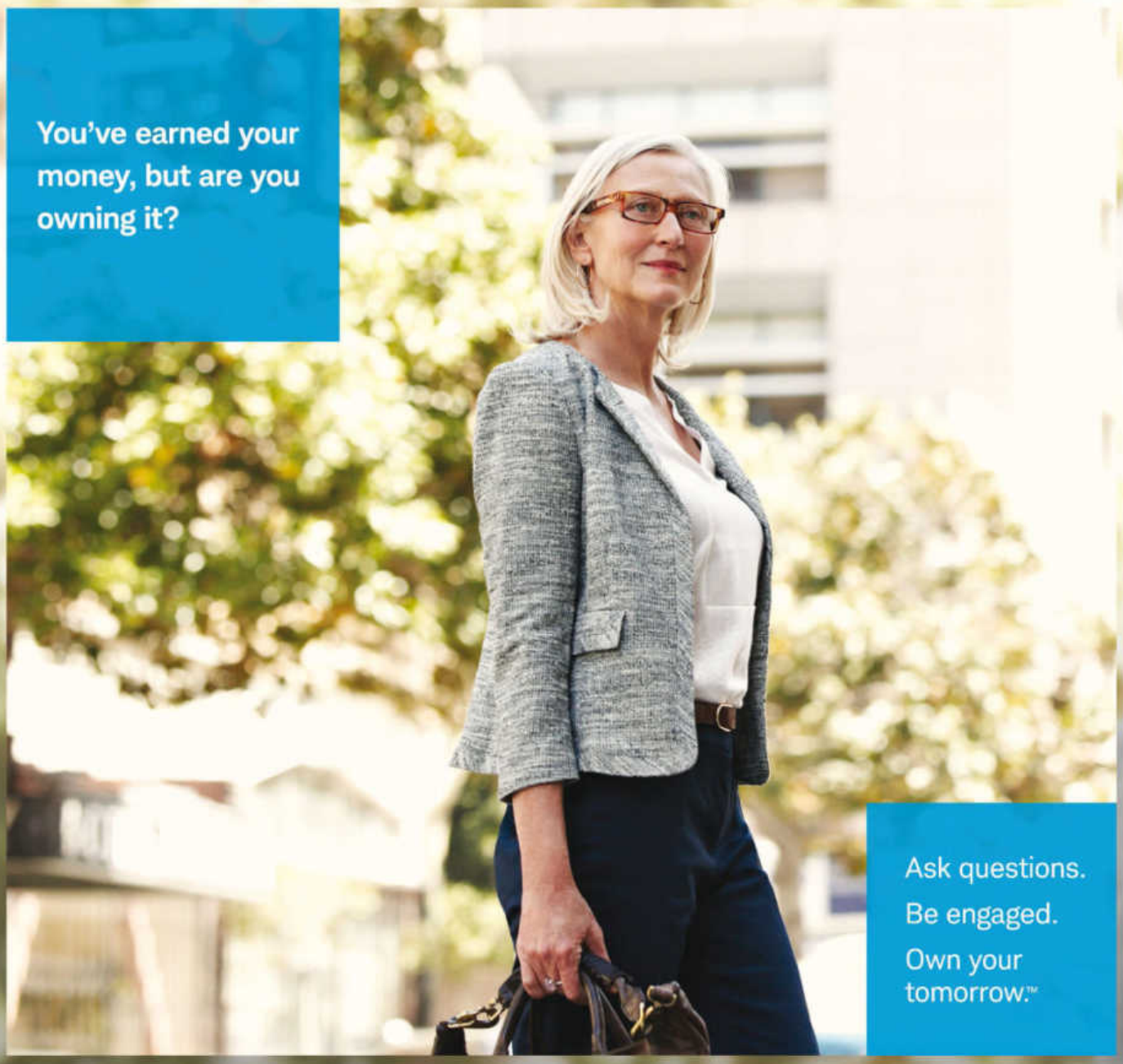
**For years, the high-stakes world of tournament bridge was rife with rumors of cheating, but no one dared to speak out. Last summer, a Norwegian player broke the code of silence. Then came the bigger challenge: proving it**

*By* **JOHN COLAPINTO**

On August 22, 2015, seven days after his loss at the Spingold, an annual week-long bridge championship held last year at the Chicago Hilton, Boye Brogeland posted a teasing comment to the Web site Bridgewinners.com. "Very soon there will come out mind boggling stuff that would even make a Hollywood movie surreal," wrote Brogeland, a 43-year-old Norwegian bridge player who is ranked 77th in the world. "It will give us a tremendous momentum to clean the game up, from the bottom to the very top." He followed this, two days later, with another comment advising players what to do if they have cheaters on their team, and announced that he and his teammates Richie Schwartz, Allan Graves, and Espen Lindqvist were relinquishing all the titles they had won in the previous two years. He made no mention of the pair with whom the six-man team had won those titles, Lotan Fisher and Ron Schwartz (no relation to Richie)—a deliberate omission, Brogeland says, to spare Bridge Winners any potential legal liability.

But two days later, Brogeland launched his own Web site, Bridgecheaters.com. The welcome page featured a huge photo of Fisher

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID PRINCE




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and Schwartz, a young Israeli duo who, since breaking into the international ranks in 2011, while still in their early 20s, had stunned the bridge world by snapping up the game's top trophies. Grinning, arms around each other's shoulders, they appeared under the tagline THE GREATEST SCAM IN THE HISTORY OF BRIDGE! Brogeland described an altercation he'd had with Fisher at the Spingold over a phantom trick (Fisher claimed 11 tricks in one hand when, in fact, he'd held the cards for 10), and posted examples of what he claimed to be suspiciously illogical hands played by the pair. He also included a "Cheating History"—information he had dug up from the Israel Bridge Federation and had translated from the original Hebrew. Brogeland said it laid out a pattern of alleged cheating and bad sportsmanship going back to when Fisher and Schwartz were in their mid-teens: in 2003, Fisher was suspended for a year for forging results and for unsportsmanlike conduct in the final of the Israeli championships; at the 2004 Tel Aviv International Bridge Festival, he was suspended for a month for calling another player a "faggot"; in July 2004, he and Schwartz were investigated for suspicious hands after winning the three-day Shaufel Cup; a year later, Schwartz was suspended for forging match results.

The site, in its first 24 hours, received more than 100,000 hits. For the game of contract bridge, the technical name for a 91-year-old pastime that also happens to be a multi-million-dollar business, it was an earthquake equal to the jolt that shook international cycling when Lance Armstrong was banned from competition for doping. Before going public with his accusations, Brogeland, aware that he was taking on powerful interests (at the professional level, the game runs on the sponsorships of C.E.O.'s and multi-millionaires), consulted the Norwegian police, who, Brogeland says, advised, "When you blow the whistle, do not be at your home address." Fisher and Schwartz, denying all wrongdoing, hired lawyers, who dispatched a letter to Brogeland threatening a lawsuit and offering to settle if he paid them $1 million. Last fall Brogeland received a text that had originated with a teammate of Fulvio Fantoni and Claudio Nunes, the Italian pair who, for more than a decade, have reigned as the game's No. 1 and No. 2 players. Brogeland had also publicly accused them, along with two other top-ranking bridge pairs, of cheating. The message read, "Tell your friend Boye that whenever he needs a wheelchair we have plenty of those in the south." Fisher posted to his Facebook page a comment that Brogeland took as a message directed at him: "Jealousy made you sick. Get ready for a meeting with the devil." (Fisher denies that this message was intended for Brogeland.)

When I asked Jeff Meckstroth, widely recognized as one of the best bridge players in the world, about Brogeland, he answered me bluntly. "The guy has the biggest balls of anyone I've ever known."

Brogeland is a boyish, athletically built man whose blond hair, blue eyes, and easygoing smile mask a ferocious competitiveness. The son of a butcher father and teacher mother, he was born and raised in the tiny, isolated town of Moi (population 1,977), in southern Norway. Today he lives in Flekkefjord, a short drive from where he grew up, in a house he shares with his wife, Tonje, and their two young children. "I come from a place where everybody knows everybody," he says. "Integrity is part of what *makes* you in such a community." Early tragedy also had a decisive effect on his character, he says. He was 11 years old when his mother committed suicide. "When those things happen, I think it makes you think a lot about big questions in life," he says, "fairness and justice."

Having learned bridge at age eight from his grandparents, he fell in love with the game, and turned pro at 28. He has won several international tournaments, runs a successful Norwegian bridge magazine, and in 2013 was recruited by his current sponsor, Richie Schwartz, a Bronx-born bridge addict, mathematician, and program analyst, who made a fortune at the racetrack in the 1970s. When choosing bridge players for his teams, Schwartz often hires undervalued European players who cost less than Americans. "I always fought to get the best deals," says Schwartz—who nevertheless admits that he will pay up to $200,000 to play in three annual U.S. nationals with a given pair. "Some pay $500,000 or more, though," he adds. Brogeland says Schwartz pays him travel expenses and a base yearly salary of $50,000—with big bonuses for strong showings in tournaments.

Not long after Brogeland joined Schwartz's team, he learned that Schwartz was hiring Lotan Fisher and Ron Schwartz. Brogeland had heard the rumors: in 2012, Fisher and Schwartz won the Cavendish, one of bridge's most coveted titles, but under circumstances suspicious enough that other top players refused to play in the tournament the following year if Fisher and Schwartz played. (They did not.) But because Brogeland had never played against them and did not know them personally, he reserved judgment. "I try to base my opinion of people on what I experience myself," he says, adding that he did, however, warn his new teammates. "I told them, 'I've heard the rumors. Whatever you do, play straight.'"

Over the next two years, the team of Brogeland, Lindqvist, Fisher, Schwartz, Graves, and Schwartz won a string of championships: the 2014 Spingold, the 2014 Reisinger, the 2015 Jacoby Swiss. During that time, says Brogeland, he regularly checked Bridge Base Online, a Web site that archives tournament hands, so he could monitor how his new teammates were behaving when playing at the table adjacent to him. He saw "maybe five or six" suspicious-looking hands, he says, "but nowhere near enough to say, 'You're cheating.'" Nevertheless, he says he was relieved when, in the summer of 2015, the pair was lured away by the deep-pocketed sponsor Jimmy Cayne, former C.E.O. of the defunct investment house Bear Stearns. "When they changed teams," Brogeland says, "I didn't have to be faced with this kind of environment where you're not sure—you feel something is strange but you can't really tell."

Fisher, meanwhile, was enjoying his position at the top of the game, where the lives of many successful young pros more closely resemble those of well-heeled, globe-hopping rock musicians than what might be conjured by the term "bridge player." Convening nightly at a hotel bar in whatever city is holding the competition—Biarritz, Chennai, Chicago—they drink until the small hours, rising late the next day, since tournament organizers mercifully schedule the first matches for one in the afternoon. Fisher, hailed as the "wonder boy of Israeli bridge," was a fixture of the bar scene. Charismatic, and darkly handsome, with a widow's peak and heavy brows, he posted Instagram photos of himself posing in well-cut suits in five-star hotels, behind the wheel of luxury cars, or partying with an array of young people—spoils of his status in a game where, for three years, he had been drawing an almost unbroken string of wins that brought bonuses amounting to six figures. There was only one problem: the persistent rumors that he was a cheater. Many people were whispering about it, according to Steve Weinstein, a top American player who writes for the Web site Bridgewinners.com. "But it's an unwritten rule that you not publicly accuse anyone—even if you're *sure,*" Weinstein says. It was a Catch-22 that Fisher seemed to delight in flaunting, shrugging off questions about his suspicious play as if daring anyone to openly accuse him. "He had the Nietzsche-

"IT'S AN UNWRITTEN RULE THAT YOU NOT PUBLICLY ACCUSE ANYONE—EVEN IF YOU'RE *SURE*."

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an superman personality," says Fred Gitelman, a former champion and co-founder of Bridge Base Online. "He just thought he was in a different league."

### Champs and Cheats

Contract bridge is built on the rules of the 18th-century British game whist: a deck of cards is dealt to four people, who play in two-person partnerships, sitting opposite each other at a table. The player to the left of the dealer leads with a card of any suit—heart, diamond, club, or spade—and each player in succession plays a card of the suit led; the highest card wins the trick. It's a deceptively simple game only slightly complicated by the existence of the trump: a card in a suit that overrules all others. In whist, trump is determined randomly, before the start of each hand. In auction bridge, a game popularized in England in 1904, trump is determined in each hand's opening "auction," when the teams, communicating solely by way of spoken bids ("Three spades," "Two hearts," "Three no trump"), establish which (if any) suit will be trump and how many tricks they think they can take. Pairs who take more tricks than contracted for are awarded extra points for those tricks. The pair with the most points, after all 13 tricks are played, wins the hand.

Contract bridge emerged from devilish refinements introduced, in 1925, by the American railroad magnate Harold S. Vanderbilt. While on a cruise through the Panama Canal, he sought to goose up a game of dull auction bridge by awarding escalating bonus points to pairs who took the greatest risk in the opening auction, and imposed steep point deductions on pairs who failed to make the tricks contracted for. Thus did a polite and mannerly British parlor game take on some of the brash, hypercompetitive, sweaty-palmed excitement of the big-money trading Vanderbilt was familiar with from Wall Street.

The game became a craze during the Great Depression, when an evening's entertainment for two couples could be had for the price of a deck of cards. How-to manuals, written by actual bridge celebrities, like the publicity genius and Romanian immigrant Ely Culbertson, sat atop best-seller lists; bridge hands were analyzed on the radio; millions of bridge fans nationwide followed the 1931 murder trial of Kansas City housewife Myrtle Bennett, who gunned down her husband after a spat in which she called him "a bum bridge player." (She was acquitted.) After the Second World War, bridge took on a new sheen of glamour and exclusivity, joining baccarat and casino poker in the array of upper-class pastimes enjoyed by that emblem of postwar suavity, James Bond. In the 1955 novel *Moonraker,* Bond (in one of the most thrilling scenes Ian Fleming ever wrote) faces off, at M's club, in a game of high-stakes bridge against arch-villain Sir Hugo Drax, whom Bond coolly unmasks as a cheater. ("And don't forget that cheating at cards can still smash a man," M tells Bond.)

In the 1960s, international tournament bridge took on some of the swashbuckling heroics associated with downhill skiing and Grand Prix racing, with legends like the powerhouse Italian "Blue Team" winning 16 world titles between 1957 and 1975 and heartthrob Egyptian actor Omar Sharif (a professional player who ranked in the game's top 50) telling an interviewer, "The real question is why I spend so much time making movies when I could be playing bridge." Meanwhile, the game, which draws on innate gifts of logic, problem solving, planning, and risk assessment, became particularly popular among Wall Street traders (who rely on those skills professionally) and, to this day, counts as its most devoted fans many highly successful C.E.O.'s and entrepreneurs, including Bill Gates and Warren Buffett.

In the popular imagination, however, bridge has all but vanished. Last year, *The New York Times* dropped its long-running bridge column, and today the American Contract Bridge League (A.C.B.L.), the game's governing body in North America, lists only 168,000 members, with a median age, despite the hotel-bar set, of 71. Yet the professional, tournament game has only increased as a serious, moneymaking pursuit, with rich bridge addicts assembling stables of top players, paying them ever rising retainers and bonuses—all for the privilege of playing hands with the pros in important tournaments. (The first American "dream team," the Dallas Aces, was put together in 1968 by businessman Ira Corn to challenge Italy's Blue Team.) "It's like paying to play a few games of doubles at Wimbledon with Federer or Djokovic," says Christopher Rivera, a game director at Manhattan's Honors Bridge Club.

Except that the top sponsors today also happen to be very strong players. Cayne, now 82, was a bridge professional before joining Bear Stearns in 1969. His obsession with the game has even been cited as a contributing cause of Bear Stearns's demise. As the firm spiraled in 2007 during the subprime-mortgage crisis, C.E.O. Cayne was reportedly at bridge tournaments, distracted and unreachable. Pierre Zimmermann, a Monaco-based real-estate multimillionaire who sponsored the Monaco team on which Fantoni and Nunes played, took up bridge in his 30s and is one of the game's strongest players. Both men reportedly pay up to half a million dollars annually to individual members of their five-man teams—when they win. Gail Greenberg, one of the game's greatest women champions, says that such paydays have fueled cheating by players hoping to be

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN CONTRACT BRIDGE LEAGUE, BY CHRISTIAN ARP-HANSEN/ARP PHOTO APS, BOYE BROGELAND

recruited by deep-pocketed sponsors, or to hang on to the one they've got. Chris Willenken, a leading American professional, says, "There is definitely enough money involved that it's easy to understand why not *everybody* might be honest."

And then there's the sheer ease of cheating. Pairs are forbidden to say what high cards they hold or in what suit they might be strong—except by way of the koan-like bids ("Two no trump") they make in a hand's opening auction. Any other communication is outlawed by Rule 73.b.2 of the A.C.B.L.'s *Laws of Duplicate Bridge:* "The gravest possible offence is for a partnership to exchange information through prearranged methods. . . ." In one of the game's biggest scandals, British champion J. Terence Reese and his partner Boris Schapiro, at the 1965 Bermuda Bowl, in Buenos Aires, were discovered using finger signals—clutching their cards variously with two, three, or four fingers, with an array of odd spacings between the digits—to communicate the number of hearts they held. The scandal exploded in newspapers around the world.

Tournament organizers would eventually respond by erecting screens to block partners' view of each other. "It limits the channels of communication under some circumstances," says Bob Hamman, an original member of the Dallas Aces. "But no method of this nature is an adequate defense against a determined adversary." When players were discovered communicating via footsie (two members of the Italian Blue Team were among those accused of engaging in this type of cheating at the 1975 Bermuda Bowl), barriers were installed under tables. In 2013, the "coughing doctors"—German physicians Michael Elinescu and Entscho Wladow—were caught using coded throat clearings at the D'Orsi World Senior Bowl, in Bali, and banned from playing bridge together for life. (They denied the charges, with Wladow blaming the coughing on his asthma.) Pairs can come under suspicion even when no signaling is detected—simply through illogical play. "In bridge at the highest level," says Willenken, "the best players play in a *relentlessly* logical fashion, so when something illogical happens, other good players notice it. And if that illogical thing is consistently winning, suspicions can be aroused." Even variations in the speed of play, which to professionals has a particular pace and rhythm, can raise alarms.

Getting the game's governing bodies to act quickly on charges of cheating is another matter. Given the potential for lawsuits, the organizing bodies necessarily have to work carefully to collect evidence, which can take time. Jeff Meckstroth was in the finals of the 2014 Vanderbilt—an annual seven-day tournament—in Dallas against Fantoni and Nunes when he says he believed his opponents were placing their discarded tricks on the table in a suspicious manner. Meckstroth was convinced they were signaling. "They turned the trick the wrong way to say, 'I don't have anything in dummy's weak suit,'" he says. He reported Fantoni and Nunes to the A.C.B.L.—then badgered the organization for more than a year to do something. "They just put their head in the sand," he says. (The A.C.B.L. says that, in fact, it did begin monitoring the pair.) Fantoni and Nunes continued to compete—even after an incident at the 2015 Italian championships, when Nunes played an ace-of-diamonds lead so wildly illogical (yet successful) that his only defense, when questioned by the Federation of Italian Bridge, was to claim that he "had a mental blackout" in midplay. Even this opera buffa moment was not enough to get them banned from the game. (An investigation by the Italian federation led to an acquittal when the two judges hearing the case couldn't agree.)

By the summer of 2015, the grumbling about cheaters had reached critical mass. "Last June, I was at the European championships, in Norway," Meckstroth says. "I was with a group of top players and they were all complaining: 'What are we going to do? These guys are cheating.' I threw up my hands and said, 'I've been trying for 18 months and met with nothing but frustration.'"

That all changed three months later, when Brogeland—defying the game's governing bodies, ignoring the unwritten rule that players never accuse one another, and risking his own expulsion if unable to prove the charges—went public. "It's a perfect example of civil disobedience," says Willenken. "There's this wall of silence because of the rules about accusing other people. And everybody is seeing that the system—that whole paradigm—is breaking down. It's not allowing for an honest game. Boye comes along and says, 'I don't care what the rules are. I don't care what they do to me. I'm going to come out and say all this stuff.'"

"I did this because I love the game," Brogeland says. "I asked, 'What would my parents do? My grandparents?' It was clear. I just wanted to focus on what was *right.*"

> "I DID THIS BECAUSE I LOVE THE GAME. I JUST WANTED TO FOCUS ON WHAT WAS *RIGHT.*"

Less than a month after Cayne had lured Fisher and Schwartz away from Richie Schwartz's team, Brogeland met the pair again—this time as opponents, in the quarter-final of the 2015 Spingold, at the Hilton hotel in Chicago. It was a match that would change bridge forever.

Brogeland's team was the clear underdog. Team captain Richie Schwartz and his partner, Allan Graves (a septuagenarian with a friendly, philosophical temperament), faced off against the suspect pair at one table, while Brogeland and his regular partner, fellow Norwegian Espen Lindqvist (a soft-spoken 28-year-old with spiky blond hair and wire-rimmed glasses), played Cayne and Alfredo Versace at a neighboring table. In a more than eight-hour battle, Brogeland's team won, in an upset, by the slimmest margin possible: a single point.

Or seemed to. Fisher immediately contested the result on a technicality. After a nearly two-hour arbitration that stretched until 1:30 A.M., the win was overturned: Brogeland's team had now *lost* by one point and been knocked out of the tournament—a crushing defeat compounded by Brogeland's seeing Lotan Fisher run from the committee room punching the air and screaming in triumph.

"If we had won that match," Brogeland admits, "I would have gone to bed and tried to get as much sleep as I could, to try to win the semi-final the next day. I might have said, 'Maybe they cheat, but I don't want to put my life and career on the line . . . '"

But as things stood, Brogeland could not sleep. After tossing and turning all night, he rose at seven A.M., went to his laptop, and opened Bridge Base Online. "I checked the B.B.O. files to see *how* we lost," Brogeland says. He claims he immediately noticed something odd at the neighboring table. Ron Schwartz had opened a hand by playing a club lead. Yet, as Brogeland now believed, Schwartz's hand indicated that a heart lead was the obvious play. "I wondered, How could he not lead a heart?" Brogeland says. "All top players that I know would have led that suit. But he didn't. If it was *wrong* for him not to do it, then O.K. But of course it was *right* for him not to lead it. I think, Wow, this is strange."

Then, he says, he saw something even stranger. In one of the final hands, Fisher had claimed 11 tricks—giving his team the winning edge. Except Fisher, as B.B.O. showed, held the cards for just *10* tricks. "I say, Fuck, what is *this?*" Brogeland recalls. Dumbfounded, he gathered with his teammates and asked what had happened on that hand. Graves recounted to Brogeland how Fisher, claiming to have made all 11 tricks he'd contracted for, had briskly stuffed his cards into the slotted board at the center of the table where cards are returned after a hand. Bridge players usually go by an honor system when a player says he

has made all of his tricks. But Graves made a point of asking to see Fisher's cards. Fisher yanked them from the board, showed them to his opponents, then shoved them back into the slot. Eleven tricks were duly entered on the scorecard. Brogeland now wondered if Fisher had pulled the oldest scam in bridge: hiding a losing card behind the others. In any event, the miscount could not be corrected: challenges must be raised within a half-hour of a match. The loss would stand.

Brogeland went in search of Fisher. He found him by the hotel elevators. Brogeland says Fisher admitted to miscounting the hand, but claimed it was unintentional. "I made a mistake," he said. "It happens."

"No, Lotan," said Brogeland. "You never make these kinds of mistakes."

Fisher went on the attack. "Do you call me a cheater?"

"No," Brogeland said. "But this does not look good."

"BOYE SHOULD BE THROWN OUT OF BRIDGE FOR THE WAY THIS WAS HANDLED."

### A Grand Coup

Brogeland spent the next two days at the tournament scouring B.B.O. and comparing notes with other players. By the time he flew back to Norway (after watching Fisher and Schwartz win the Spingold in a final that carried moments that seemed suspicious to Brogeland and those he was watching with), he was convinced the pair were cheating. And he was determined to expose them.

He knew it wasn't going to be easy. Although he felt certain that they were signaling to each other, Brogeland had no idea *how.* Still, he believed that if he amassed enough illogical hands, he could make a convincing case—however circumstantial—to present to the game's governing bodies.

For the next week, he hunkered over his computer in Flekkefjord, working all day collecting suspicious hands on B.B.O. and sleeping only three hours a night. "I was going on pure adrenaline," he says. He phoned trusted players around the world—Ishmael Del'Monte in Australia, Per-Ola Cullin in Sweden, Brad Moss in the United States—to canvass for other suspect hands. Thomas Bessis, a French champion who had played as a junior with Fisher, had been keeping a folder of suspicious hands on the pair for years.

Brogeland contacted governing bodies on both sides of the Atlantic, including the European Bridge League and the A.C.B.L. An official at the E.B.L. told Brogeland to submit an official complaint, in writing, so that the organization could consider whether to initiate a formal investigation. "He said, 'No, this is going to take too long a time,'" recalls the E.B.L. official to whom Brogeland spoke. Brogeland also pressed the A.C.B.L. for immediate action. When he gave suspect hands to A.C.B.L. officials, he was told to supply more hands. Brogeland grew frustrated. "They had plenty of hands," he says. "Fifty, 60 hands. I said, 'How many do you need? One hundred? Two hundred? Please, do something!'"

A.C.B.L. C.E.O. Robert Hartman—a tall, dark-haired man who had previously worked as general manager of a Thoroughbred racetrack in the Bay Area—declines to discuss specifics of ongoing investigations, but admits that the process for reviewing cheating is lengthy, and is frustrating for players who can feel, he says, as if their complaints "have gone into space." The process ordinarily begins when a player, directly after a match, files a memo detailing specific claims against an opponent. "The memo is sent to A.C.B.L. headquarters, in Horn Lake, Mississippi, where it is submitted to a five-step process of review and appeals," says Hartman. The process can take a year or longer to play out.

Brogeland had no intention of waiting that long. He wanted the pair out of the game before the upcoming Bermuda Bowl—a month away. He would have to bypass official channels and go public. He weighed the risks to his career and reputation—which included possible charges of unseemly self-interest in pursuing a pair whom he played alongside, for two years, and accused only after an infuriating loss at the Spingold. He dismissed the worry. "Does anyone really think I would risk my career and livelihood because of a single match?" he says. "I publish a bridge magazine, I play professional bridge—this is what I *do.* This is my life. If I was wrong here, I would just have been more or less out of bridge."

And so, on August 24, he dropped his hint about Fisher and Schwartz on Bridge Winners, then went live two days later with Bridge Cheaters, where he pulled no punches, calling Fisher a "Con Man" and laying out his evidence.

Incriminating as Brogeland's claims might have seemed to non-experts, experienced cheating investigators were underwhelmed. Kit Woolsey—an owlish 72-year-old with a master's in mathematics—is a top American bridge and backgammon professional, and the investigator who had conducted, for the A.C.B.L., the statistical analysis that implicated the "coughing doctors." On Bridge Winners, Woolsey voiced doubts about Brogeland's evidence. "His example hands are certainly interesting, and an indication of possible wrongdoing," Woolsey wrote. "But I do not believe that by themselves they are any kind of proof of anything, or even any real reason to believe that there were signals being given." Woolsey, a statistician, thought the sample size wasn't complete and thus skewed the evidence against the pair. Barry Goren, a U.S. professional (and no relation to the revered Charles Goren, who, in the 1950s, inherited Ely Culbertson's title of "Mr. Bridge"), slammed Brogeland for conducting a "mad crusade" against Fisher and Schwartz over the Spingold loss and excoriated him for publicly accusing the pair without due process. "Personally," Goren wrote on Bridge Winners, "I think Boye should be thrown out of Bridge for the way this was handled."

As if in tacit acknowledgment of how his failure to uncover actual signaling by Fisher and Schwartz weakened his case, Brogeland had included links to three YouTube videos of the pair in match play. (The videotaping of full bridge tournaments and their posting online had occurred for the first time only a year earlier, at the 2014 European championship, in Croatia.) Brogeland and his wife had spent hours squinting at the videos, scrutinizing Fisher and Schwartz's every twitch and cough, but had been unable to detect any definitive signaling. Brogeland resorted to asking viewers, in a caption to one of the videos, "What do you think was Fisher's reason to lead a heart?" Seventy-two hours after the site went up, no one had any good theories.

Then, on August 30, Brogeland's friend and fellow bridge professional Per-Ola Cullin, at home in Stockholm, watched one of the posted videos—the one with Fisher's suspicious heart lead. Cullin noticed that at the start of the hand Schwartz—a plodding player with a round, prematurely balding head pasted with tendrils of sweaty-looking hair who seemed, to many, the perfect patsy co-conspirator—placed on the table the small slotted board that holds the cards. This was normal. But he didn't place the board in the *center* of the table, its usual position. Instead he slid it a few inches to the right, to one side of the opening in the trapdoor of the anti-cheating screen. "It really struck me as weird," Cullin says. He decided to watch the previous hand. The board had been placed in the same peculiar spot—but this time by *Fisher.* As with the succeeding hand, the team led hearts. "My adrenaline started pumping," Cullin says. "I started watching all the matches from the European championships."

After several hours, Cullin was convinced he had cracked the code. The board's place-

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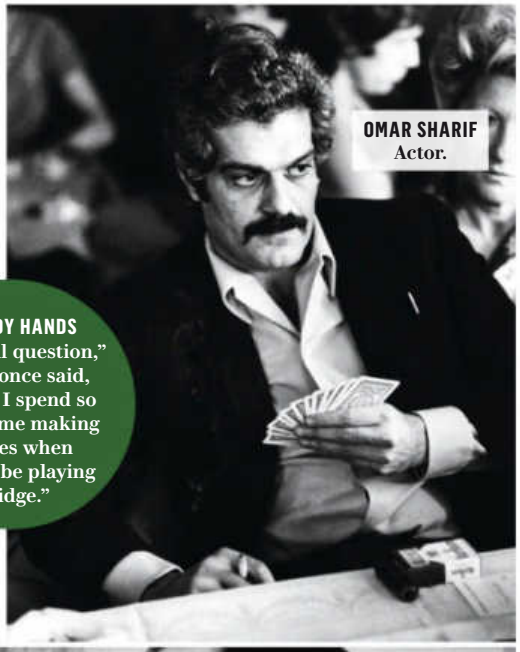
ment seemed to signal what suit the partner should lead with: if put in the center, play a diamond; if pushed through the trapdoor to the partner's side of the table, a spade; if to one side of the trapdoor, a heart; if to the other, a club. Cullin tested the hypothesis on his girlfriend, who doesn't play cards. According to him, she was able to guess the pair's actions every time. "It was ridiculous," says Cullin, a former criminal judge. "I've sent people to jail on much less convincing evidence."

At a little after three in the morning, he texted Brogeland: "Boye. I broke the lead signal code. 100%. Do you allready [*sic*] know it?" An hour later, Brogeland texted back: "Awake?" The two men got on the phone. The next day, Brogeland forwarded the information to analyst Kit Woolsey.

Three days later, Woolsey posted to Bridge Winners an essay, "The Videos Speak," confirming Cullin's hypothesis and urging readers to continue scouring videos of the pair pending an official investigation by the game's governing bodies. "We must build an airtight case here," Woolsey wrote, and added, "Boye has gotten the ball rolling, and it is our job to complete his work." Shortly after that, Jimmy Cayne released a statement saying ("with heavy heart") that Fisher and Schwartz were off his team, unless ultimately cleared of all charges, and he offered to forfeit the 2015 Spingold trophy that he had won with the pair. Fisher and Schwartz were suspended by the Israel Bridge Federation and the A.C.B.L. and placed under investigation by those bodies and the E.B.L.

It was an extraordinary exoneration for Brogeland. But he wasn't done yet.

Maaijke Mevius, a 44-year-old mother of two living in Groningen, in the Netherlands, is a physicist specializing in astronomy, and an avid recreational bridge player. Galvanized by news of the allegations against Fisher and Schwartz, she idly wondered if *she* could spot any illegal signaling in YouTube videos of top players. She recalled an item she'd seen on the Web site NewInBridge about the game's reigning pair, Fantoni and Nunes—the bizarre incident in which Nunes claimed to have had his "mental blackout" when playing a highly suspicious lead. "I thought, O.K., this is possibly an interesting pair to look at," Mevius says.



**OMAR SHARIF**
Actor.

**STEADY HANDS**
"The real question," Sharif once said, "is why I spend so much time making movies when I could be playing bridge."



**W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM**
Writer.

**ELSA MAXWELL**
Gossip columnist.

Searching for illegal signaling in bridge videos is difficult even for top professional players, but Mevius, although an amateur player, was nevertheless well suited to the task. "From my work as a scientific investigator I know how to distinguish very well between noise and signal," she says. Five minutes into watching her first video, she saw something. "I said, Hey, these guys are placing the cards in a non-natural way." When laying their lead card face up on the table, they sometimes placed it vertically, sometimes horizontally. Did it mean something? Mevius spent the next eight hours watching videos of the pair, hand after hand. She took careful notes. She was convinced that Fantoni and Nunes were using the way they placed the card to signal to their partner whether they held any high honor-cards (ace, king, or queen). Placed vertically, they had at least one high honor; horizontally, they didn't. Mevius e-mailed the information to Brogeland, whom she had never met. "I think this may be a code," she wrote. Brogeland forwarded the e-mail to his friend Del'Monte, an expert cheating analyst and a top bridge teacher who has given lessons to Bill Gates. Del'Monte quickly agreed with Mevius's suspicions.

Brogeland says that he had never suspected Fantoni and Nunes. Furthermore, he considered them friends. He liked Nunes's shy, self-effacing manner, but was particularly close to Fantoni, a bear of a man with a friendly disposition—indeed, to some, too friendly. Meckstroth, acerbic and blunt-spoken, says he detected in Fantoni a calculated friendliness. "He was obsequious away from the table," Meckstroth says. "I mean, nobody is this nice, going out of his way to show people pictures on his iPad. 'Fantoni the Phony,' I always called him." But Brogeland found him genuinely warm; he and his wife, Tonje, had visited with Fantoni and his wife, Iolanda, in Rome. Fantoni and Nunes once secured a spot for Brogeland on a team sponsored by the Italian businessman Francesco Angelini. "These were good friends," Brogeland says, "people I went to dinner with, I respected, I traveled with. But to me, you don't cross that line."

Brogeland wanted to expose the pair without delay, but Brad Moss, the American player who had helped gather evidence against Fisher and Schwartz, urged caution. "Their sponsor is Pierre Zimmermann," Moss says, "the most powerful person in bridge. There have been several examples in the past where the rules were—let's just say—*interpreted favorably* for Mr. Zimmermann. He's not a person you took on lightly." (Zimmermann, in an e-mail, claims the opposite: "I tend to lose bridge appeals in surrealistic rulings.") Moss and others warned Brogeland that if Zimmermann chose to litigate Brogeland could be ruined. "We begged

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, FROM MONDADORI PORTFOLIO; BOTTOM, BY LEONARD McCOMBE/THE LIFE IMAGES COLLECTION; BOTH FROM GETTY IMAGES

him, 'Why don't we take some time, gather up as much evidence, build up a dossier, and *then* go after them?'" Moss says. "And Boye was like, 'No. I don't care. What can they do to me? If I live in a tent, I live in a tent. It's now or never—look at the momentum.'"

Before publicly accusing the pair, Brogeland says, he phoned Fantoni and offered an ultimatum. They could confess, and thus hope to gain some sympathy from the governing bodies—who might let them back into the game in a few years—or Brogeland would out them. They had 24 hours to decide. "I said, 'Fulvio, we have the evidence. Please go out and admit to something. Don't do like Fisher and Schwartz and deny everything; this is just hopeless.'" Fantoni seemed to consider the offer. "He said, 'I don't like to fight,'" Brogeland recalls. But no announcement came.

On September 13, Bridge Winners published "The Videos Speak: Fantoni-Nunes." Using the signaling code Mevius had suggested, Woolsey submitted for analysis some 85 hands played by Fantoni and Nunes. On all but three, Mevius's code predicted the vertical or horizontal orientation of the opening lead—a statistical impossibility, Woolsey says, unless the players were colluding with a pre-arranged signal. "If you flip a coin 85 times, what are the chances it's going to come up heads 82 times?" Woolsey says. "I mean, it's one over you-don't-want-to-know-how-many zeros." The pair, who were suspended by the A.C.B.L. and placed under investigation by the body and the E.B.L., withdrew from competition. In a statement last November, the pair said, "We will not comment on allegations at this time, reserving our right to reply in a more appropriate setting."

Disbelief greeted the news. On Bridge Winners, readers posted more than 1,100 comments (where 50 constitutes a robust reaction), the first of which said it all: "Is this the end? Speechless now . . . "

It wasn't quite the end. Brogeland soon received an anonymous e-mail tip from someone identifying himself as "No Matter." The tipster advised taking a look at videos of Germany's top-ranking pair, Alex Smirnov and Josef Piekarek, and Polish pair Cezary Balicki and Adam Zmudzinski. No Matter even pointed out what to look for: illegal signaling based on where the pair placed the special bidding cards in the bidding tray that is passed between the players during the auction part of each hand.

Astonishingly, when Brogeland checked the videos, he thought the tip seemed valid. Smirnov and Piekarek, told of Brogeland's discovery, admitted to the violation in a statement: "We regret that in the past as a partnership we committed some ethical violations," Smirnov wrote. "Josef and I have voluntarily agreed never again to play competitive bridge together and to take two years off. . . . We hope that after such a time has elapsed, that we might be welcomed back. . . . " Balicki and Zmudzinski, who denied the charges, had their credentials for the Bermuda Bowl withdrawn by the World Bridge Federation, and the pair is now under investigation by the E.B.L.

Still more astonishing, however, was the person behind the mask of No Matter. It appeared to be the disgraced Lotan Fisher.

## "FOUR PAIRS HAVE BEEN SUSPENDED. BUT ARE THERE 20 MORE BEHIND THAT?"

### Jack to a King

Brogeland cannot explain why the man who had issued threats against him was now, anonymously, helping in the quest to root out cheaters—unless Fisher, by helping to expose others, hoped to take the focus off himself and his partner. Fisher, in an e-mail to me, claims that he only helped No Matter and that his motivation was the same as Brogeland's—to clean up the game. "I love [bridge] more than Boye, Ish or anyone else," he wrote, adding, "My next step is to prove that me and Ron Schwartz didn't cheat. NEVER." Fisher declined to say how he broke the other pairs' cheating codes, but Brogeland says it's no mystery. "It takes one to know one," he says. (Having voluntarily withdrawn from play pending rulings by the European, American, and Israeli federations, Fisher and Schwartz last fall submitted a defense claiming that they did not engage in any collusive cheating.)

Rulings on the fate of all four pairs, by the game's governing bodies, are expected this month. Generally, players believe that anyone found to have cheated will face lifetime bans. In the meantime, Brogeland's actions have already had a permanent effect on the game. Last December, the A.C.B.L. held one of bridge's biggest annual tournaments, the American nationals, at the Sheraton hotel in Denver, which drew 4,372 players from countries around the world. For the first time, the A.C.B.L. had installed small video cameras and microphones at the tables to record all quarter-final through final matches—since no one imagines that every dishonest pair has been rooted out. "I don't know how deep this goes," says A.C.B.L. president Hartman. "Four pairs have been suspended. But are there 20 more behind that? And 20 more behind that? Who really knows? So we're doing everything we can to see if it does go deeper." At the end of the tournament, Hartman convened the first meeting of a new anti-cheating task force made up of eight top players, who discussed means for streamlining the process of submitting complaints and investigating them. Fred Gitelman, of Bridge Base Online, unveiled a proposed anti-cheating device, an iPad-like tablet on which players manipulate virtual cards—an innovation that the game's top players have so far resisted, since card feel is a critical part of their experience at the table. The adoption of such a device, however, seems inevitable in a game where the ease of cheating, and the financial inducements to do so, have dogged the professional game since its inception.

Players say that all of this has introduced a level of paranoia heretofore absent from tournament play. Steve Weinstein, of Bridge Winners, says that when he competed in the Bermuda Bowl last October, a month after the cheating scandal broke, he was unusually conscious of how he handled the cards. "I was noticing how I was leading," he says. "Eventually I had to go: I don't cheat! Stop thinking about this!" Cullin, whose sharp-eyed viewing of YouTube videos helped lead to the suspension of Fisher and Schwartz, says, "I actually went through my *own* videos at the Europeans to see how I played the cards. It was in all directions—and I was like, Oh, I hope there is no pattern here, because I'm going to be fucked!"

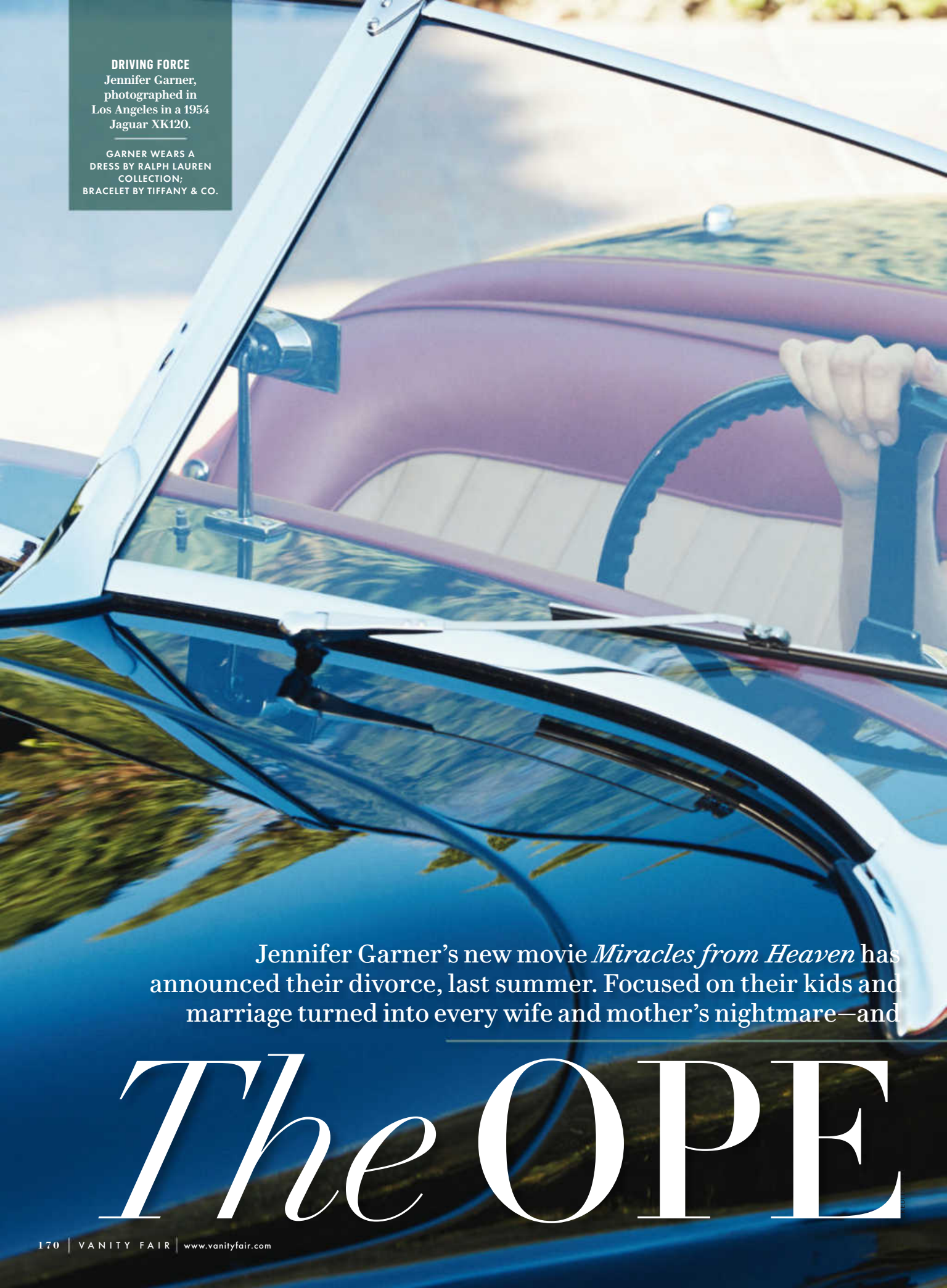
But for all the watchful unease that now hangs over the game, Brogeland has become its hero, named Bridge Personality of the Year last fall by the International Bridge Press Association. The fears of a reprisal from the game's powerful sponsors proved unfounded. (Pierre Zimmermann says that he has no plans to sue Brogeland.) He's been hailed, by Dallas Ace Bob Hamman, as the "sheriff" who cleaned up Dodge. Brogeland prefers to say that he ran a "Bridge Interpol," since it reflects the collaborative, international effort critical to cleaning up the game.

In any case, Brogeland has become bridge's reigning luminary. When he arrived for his first match at the Denver nationals, he had to fight his way through the crowd of hundreds of players and fans who had collected outside the tournament room. "Thank you for your service," said a bearded man who had stopped Brogeland at the door of the game room.

"Well, I had to do it," Brogeland said, shaking the man's hand and trying to move off.

"You really put yourself on the line," the man persisted.

Brogeland shrugged, smiled. "Bridge deserves it," he said, and then headed for his table. □

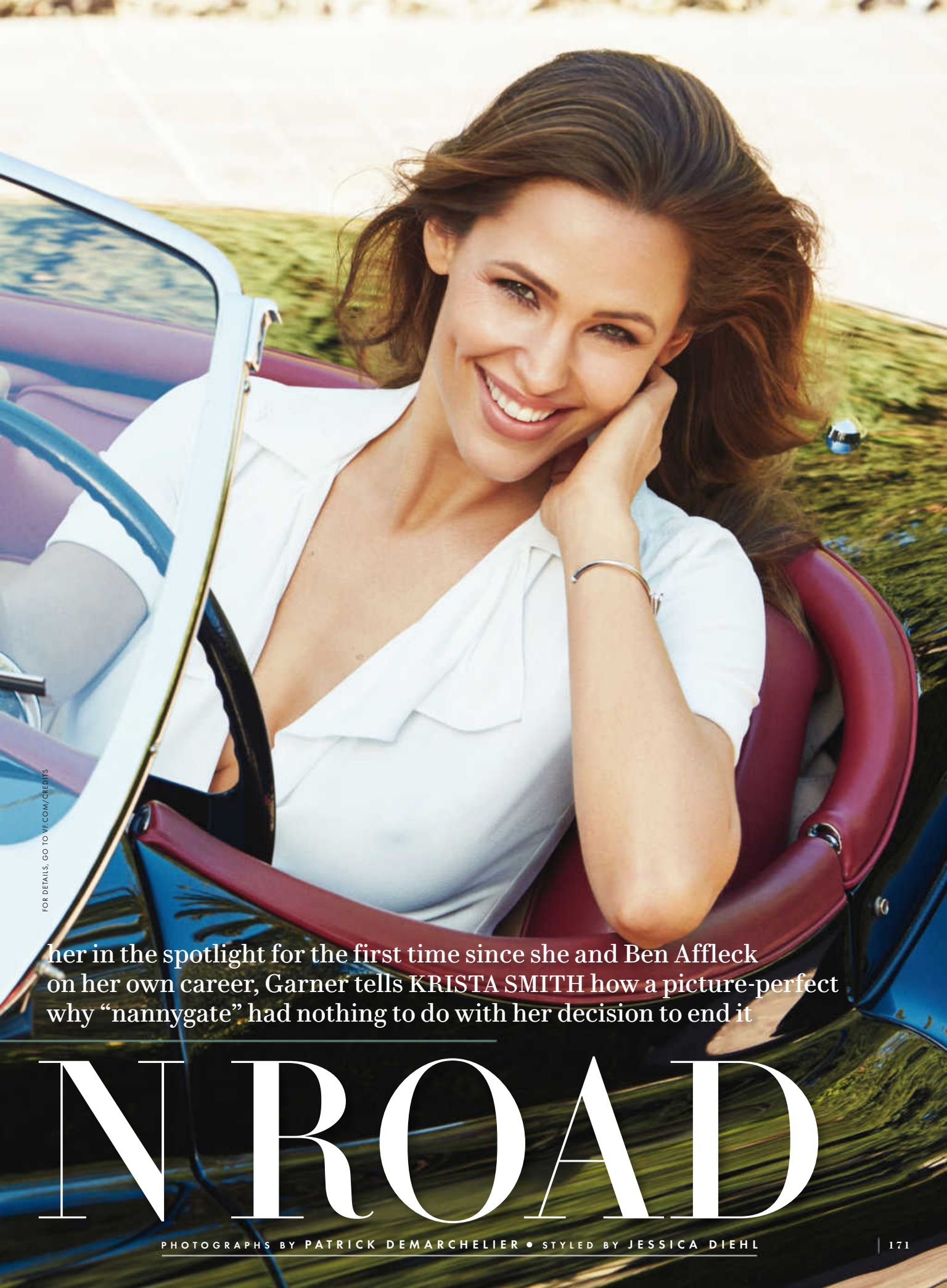


**DRIVING FORCE**
Jennifer Garner, photographed in Los Angeles in a 1954 Jaguar XK120.

GARNER WEARS A DRESS BY RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION; BRACELET BY TIFFANY & CO.

Jennifer Garner's new movie *Miracles from Heaven* has announced their divorce, last summer. Focused on their kids and marriage turned into every wife and mother's nightmare—and

# The OPE



her in the spotlight for the first time since she and Ben Affleck
on her own career, Garner tells KRISTA SMITH how a picture-perfect
why "nannygate" had nothing to do with her decision to end it

# N ROAD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

In an unassuming Italian restaurant in Santa Monica, I wait for Jennifer Garner. You've seen thousands of photographs of her: jeans, sweater, thick chestnut locks swept up in a ponytail—the definition of what it is to be California casual. This native West Virginian's relaxed, unpretentious style has made her arguably one of the most respected public mothers in America and still a draw at the box office.

Her walk is brisk and to the point as she joins me at a table in the back. She lives up to expectations—flawless skin, no makeup, big smile. This is one of her favorite places; the busboy even asks how the children are. The reason she was a few minutes late: "I didn't think I was nervous, but then I realized I was at the wrong restaurant."

It's been a "year of wine," as the 43-year-old actress describes it, laughing. Late last June, after their children (Violet, 10, Seraphina, 7, and Sam, 4) were finished with the school year, Garner and her husband, Ben Affleck, announced their plan to divorce one day after their 10th anniversary—an eternity for most Hollywood marriages. A month later, plastered over the tabloids and gossip sites, came reports that Affleck was having an affair with the family nanny, 28-year-old Christine Ouzounian, something his camp adamantly denies. It's a mother and wife's nightmare. (After a few inappropriate Instagram moments, the nanny has since dissolved into the background.)

"When I can't sleep—and I am not someone who typically has that problem, but I really have in the last year—and I need something to switch my brain off, it has been Tina Fey and Amy Poehler," Garner says. "God bless those girls. I used to think I would never watch television on my phone, but there I am, because I am sleeping next to my daughter." Garner tells me she and Violet have become temporary roommates. "I'm happy to have her; she's happy to have me."

We live in a visual world, where a picture paints a thousand words. Millions of people had grown accustomed to seeing photos of this family to the point where we felt we knew them and their daily routines: getting coffee, going to the farmers' market, working out, dropping the kids off at school. The combination of the two movie stars and their perfect family was both tabloid gold and aspirational ideal. After all, Garner and Affleck were a glamorous version of normal that almost defied believability. "It was a real marriage," Garner tells me. "It wasn't for the cameras. And it was a huge priority for me to stay in it. And that did not work."

Now to end on what the gossip pages call "nannygate"—it's all so unsavory and such a cliché. "Let me just tell you something," Garner says. "We had been separated for months before I ever heard about the nanny. She had nothing to do with our decision to divorce. She was not a part of the equation. Bad judgment? Yes. It's not great for your kids for [a nanny] to disappear from their lives." Months later, she's still assessing the damage. "I have had to have conversations about the meaning of 'scandal,'" she says, with her children.

It was during this trying time last summer that Garner was working on *Miracles from Heaven,* directed by relative newcomer Patricia Riggen (*The 33*). Perhaps it's no coincidence that she gives one of her most emotionally wrenching performances to date in what is her first lead in years. Garner plays a real-life Texas mother, Christy Beam, whose young daughter Annabel (played by Kylie Rogers) is ill with a life-threatening disease that miraculously heals after a near-fatal fall from a tree. (The film is based on Beam's best-selling memoir of the same name.) Think *Terms of Endearment* with a fair share of spiritual overtones. "The book kept me up all night," Garner says. "It was so compelling and tangible. Her pain, the daughter's pain, what it did to the family. Christy was so steadfast; she didn't try to whitewash what was wrong with her daughter. She was next to her helping her know she was strong enough to get through it, and I wanted to be in her skin." She adds: "I certainly was never on set thinking of my own life, except for my own gratitude. One of the great gifts of the movie was the perspective that came with it."

*Miracles from Heaven*—set for release right before Easter—will also put Garner before the public eye for the first time since the divorce announcement, and force her to deal with all the media chatter about her private life. "I turned on CNN one day," she says, "and there we were. I just won't do it anymore. I took a silent oath with myself last summer to really stay offline. I am totally clueless about all of it." In this constant, 24-hour media age, unplugging takes real discipline—which can be interpreted, by some, as indifference. "Ben says, 'Oh, you just don't care,' and I say, 'No, it's the opposite.' It hurts me so much, and I care so much," she says, choosing to not "give a shit" how the divorce looks to the outside world. "I cannot be driven by the optics of this. I cannot let anger or hurt be my engine. I need to move with the big picture always on my mind, and the kids first and foremost."

Garner won America's hearts 14 years ago as the star of J. J. Abrams's popular ABC series *Alias.* She was Sydney Bristow, coed by day, spy by night. *Alias* was the first time since *Wonder Woman* in the 1970s that audiences saw a sexy, badass female action hero. "I don't remember having more fun working with anyone than I've had working with her," Abrams reflects. "She's smart-funny—she makes you want to be funnier and smarter, and you know that when you throw the best you've got her way she'll make it better. No one's perfect. But no one's Jen Garner."

Abrams, whose *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* broke box-office records last year, makes no bones about wanting to work with Garner again. "It would be a dream and we talk about it. She really is on the cusp of the most interesting, the most complex and satisfying roles as an actor."

It was also on *Alias*—which ran for five seasons before going off the air, in 2006—that she met the veteran actor Victor Garber, who played her father, Jack Bristow. They have remained close friends. (He is also Violet's godfather.) "From the first moment we met," he says, "there was this inexplicable chemistry and connection, this understanding that we were on the same page. She's one of the most important people in my life." The feeling's mutual, as Garber was the one chosen to officiate at Garner and Affleck's wedding, when they eloped to Turks and Caicos, in 2005, and, other than his partner, Rainer, was the only person present at the nuptials. "That experience was one of the greatest we've ever had," Garber says. "As difficult as this time is, as sad as this time is, I think there is a great love between them, and that will always be there."

Garner echoes that sentiment. "I didn't marry the big fat movie star; I married *him,*" she says. "And I would go back and remake that decision. I ran

**STAR TURN**
**"I definitely put a lot of time towards my marriage that I will now have for myself," Garner says.**

GARNER WEARS A DRESS BY CAROLINA HERRERA; BRACELET BY TIFFANY & CO.

HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CLARINS AND NEUTROGENA; NAIL ENAMEL BY ESSIE; HAIR BY BEN SKERVIN; MAKEUP BY MARK CARRASQUILLO; MANICURE BY MICHELLE SAUNDERS; SET DESIGN BY NICHOLAS DES JARDINS; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY BRACHFELD/LA; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



down the beach to him, and I would again. You can't have these three babies and so much of what we had. He's the love of my life. What am I going to do about *that?* He's the most brilliant person in any room, the most charismatic, the most generous. He's just a complicated guy. I always say, 'When his sun shines on you, you feel it.' But when the sun is shining elsewhere, it's cold. He can cast quite a shadow."

But if time is any measure, Garber feels that his friend is out from underneath that shadow and finally finding the light—not only as a woman but also as an artist. "She is becoming the person that I could see in her that she almost couldn't see in herself," he says. "Her strength, her fortitude. I think she went from someone that wanted to take care of everybody to be someone who said, 'In order to do that I have to really take care of myself.'"

Garner has just completed filming *Wakefield,* written and directed by Robin Swicord, based on E. L. Doctorow's retelling of a Nathaniel Hawthorne tale. She plays the wife in this drama, due out later this year, about a husband (Bryan Cranston) who fakes his own death in order to watch his spouse from their attic. It's too early to tell, but it could turn out to be some of her most interesting work as an actress since director Jason Reitman cast her in 2007's *Juno,* which was made for $7.5 million and grossed $143 million, receiving four Oscar nominations and winning one for best screenplay (Diablo Cody). Reitman says that movie could not have been made without Garner lending her star power, from green-lighting to completion. "She was extraordinarily generous with her talent," he says, "and also her professionalism. I felt like she protected me, frankly."

Her role in *Wakefield* required her to do a love scene. "When you haven't been kissed for over eight months," she says, "it's strange. But it's my job. It's nine in the morning and you think, I could really use a shot of alcohol. Then, after a take or two, after everyone has seen your boobs and love handles, you just want to take every crew member and be like, 'Please have mercy on me!'"

Meanwhile, Garner is managing to maintain a lucrative career with endorsements, currently for Capital One and Neutrogena. According to the Nielsen ratings, she is, in fact, the No. 1 female spokesperson—another testament, perhaps, to her authentic and genuine quality, an essential approachability that has not been diminished by recent personal upheavals. And, yes, there is an edge to her. Steve Carell, who worked with Garner on 2014's *Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day,* compares her to Julie Andrews. "She's even better in person than you would have imagined," he says. "Everyone knows that she is incredibly talented, and she's a very kind and warm person, but beyond that she's bitingly funny, like Julie. She can definitely have a caustic sense of humor and a sophisticated sense of humor. She's not all puppy dogs and ice cream. There's some real depth and weight to her."

It's clear that family has always been the most important thing to Garner. This comes from her upbringing, in West Virginia, as the middle daughter of a middle-class family. Mom was an English teacher and Dad was a chemical engineer. "I wasn't raised in a household where vanity was celebrated," she says. "That just wasn't on the top of our list." Garner says her older sister, Melissa, was the bright star of the family. "She is perfect. She won the state math competition every single year against Governor [Jay] Rockefeller's son. She graduated with a 4.0, was head majorette, and the prettiest person in the world. It took me a while to grow into my face."

Garner first found her passion for performance with dance as a child: "I danced six hours a day. My cross to bear is that my children have no interest in ballet. I think they could smell how much I wanted to put their hair in a bun." She studied drama at Denison University and, after graduation, did stints at various summer stocks. She eventually got her first real break as nerdy Hannah Bibb in three episodes of Abrams's first television show, *Felicity,* in 1998.

Matthew McConaughey, who starred alongside Garner in 2013's *Dallas Buyers Club* (for which he won a best-actor Oscar), says that "Jennifer always brings a simple humanity" to whatever she does. This extends beyond the screen. What many people may not realize is how much work Garner has done as a board member of Save the Children and her efforts to get a California paparazzi law passed that would prevent the harassment of children. Katie McGrath, who sits on the board of the Children's Defense Fund and is married to J. J. Abrams, has known Garner for nearly 20 years, since the days of *Felicity.* "I would say that she's very unusual in Hollywood because service is in her DNA," she says. "She's not in it for the photo opportunity. She lives her values. She's just sort of the anti-diva, and that's unusual in this community."

Mark K. Shriver, president of the Save the Children Action Network, confirms that Garner's commitment is total. "She is really relentless about wanting to go out in the field, to see the kids and families to learn more about what's going on in the world," he says. "She is as comfortable with the senator of West Virginia as she is with a woman living in poverty in a trailer. People interact and relate to her very easily. It's a real gift."

I ask Garner if she knew what she was getting into when she married Ben Affleck. He had a bit of a bad-boy image when they came together and was in actor jail after a string of disappointing films (*Reindeer Games, Jersey Girl, Surviving Christmas*), whereas Garner's star was on the rise. Affleck had also had a few high-profile romances, the last of which was an engagement to Jennifer Lopez, which was immortalized in 2003's *Gigli.* (Garner had a starter marriage at 28 to actor Scott Foley, whom she met on the set of *Felicity;* it ended after two years.) "Of course this is not what I imagined when I ran down the beach, but it is where I am," she says. "We still have to help each other get through this. He's still the only person who really knows the truth about things. And I'm still the only person that knows some of his truths."

She puts up a strong front, but that doesn't mean things are always easy. Last October, when Affleck started his new film, *Live by Night,* which he is directing and starring in, she says, "I wasn't part of it. It was starting and it was a hard day for me. I got the kids to school, and I went home and went to bed. I haven't had a lot of those days." And she gets that people—friends, supporters, total strangers—would love to see a simple resolution. "When Jen Aniston and Brad Pitt broke up," she admits, "I was dying to see something that said they were getting back together."

It's getting back to essentials that has given Garner the solace and support she's needed this past year. "When the earth shakes," she says, "you go to what you know from childhood. All of a sudden I'm sitting down at the piano. I went back to church. I sat down and wrote bad poetry all day because I was so sad. I needed a dance class; it reminded me of my fight scenes [in *Alias*] and how I missed that. I feel the need to be physical and I feel the need to punch someone. You know what I look forward to? I look forward to getting past the pity stage. I look forward to just having a sense of humor."

And does that mean dating? A fellow airline passenger apparently thought it was worth a try. "We were waiting for the bathroom at JetBlue," Garner says, "and I was so floored. I had to remind myself that that was something that could happen. He said, 'Could I take you for a cup of coffee?' And I was like, 'No! You may not take me for a cup of coffee, sir.' And then I said, 'But thanks for asking.'" All joking aside, I ask her if she can see herself dating. "I guess. I don't know. It's just that [from] everyone that I know that is dating it just seems, well. . . . Men don't call anymore. . . . I want flowers; I don't want to text. What does that make me? What kind of dinosaur am I?"

So, what's next for her moving forward? "It's not Ben's job to make me happy," she in-

sists. "The main thing is these kids—and we're completely in line with what we hope for them. Sure, I lost the dream of dancing with my husband at my daughter's wedding. But you should see their faces when he walks through the door. And if you see your kids love someone so purely and wholly, then you're going to be friends with that person." But with that evolved outlook, did it still smart when, at the Golden Globes in January, host Ricky Gervais introduced Matt Damon as "the only person who Ben Affleck hasn't been unfaithful to"?

She admits to watching it and adds, "I laughed. People have pain—they do regrettable things, they feel shame, and shame equals pain. No one needs to hate him for me. I don't hate him. Certainly we don't have to beat the guy up. Don't worry—my eyes were wide open during the marriage. I'm taking good care of myself." Last fall, it was reported that Garner and Affleck were putting their Cliff May–designed Pacific Palisades estate—whose previous owners have included Gregory Peck and producer Brian Grazer—on the market for $45 million. However, it is not true. Garner is staying put. For the time being, Affleck has been staying in the three-acre estate's guesthouse.

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To watch Jennifer Garner's **DRAMATIC** reading of *Go the F**k to Sleep*, go to VF.COM/MARCH2016.

Garner's parents have been married for 51 years. When I ask her if there was a turning point in her own marriage, where she couldn't work any harder, she tells me, with emotion in her voice, "That's a really hard question. I'm a pretty hard worker. It's one of the pains in my life that something I believe in so strongly I've completely failed at twice. You have to have two people to dance a marriage. My heart's a little on the tender side right now, and it's always easier to focus on the ways that you feel hurt, but I know that, with time and some perspective, I'll have a clearer sense of where I let the system down, because there's no way I get off in this."

If there's a silver lining, it could be that we may be seeing more of Garner, who is now determined to look forward. "I definitely put a lot of time towards my marriage that I will now have for myself," she says. "I don't know how I will use that."

One thing is for sure: she refuses to claim responsibility for the midlife-crisis tattoo—the rising phoenix—that takes up her estranged husband's entire back, as seen in photographs. "You know what we would say in my hometown about that? 'Bless his *heart*.' A phoenix rising from the ashes. Am I the ashes in this scenario?" Garner says with a wink.

"I take umbrage. I refuse to be the ashes." □

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# GREAT SCOOT!




Scoot McNairy, photographed in Los Angeles.

McNAIRY WEARS CLOTHING BY PRADA; TIE BY BURBERRY; TIE BAR BY THE TIE BAR.

About 10 years ago, Texas-born actor Scoot McNairy bid his entire bank account on a charity luncheon with Gary Oldman. Although Oldman vetoed McNairy's restaurant choice (a Los Angeles taco shack), the Oscar nominee allowed his modest date to pick his brain. Oldman's advice must have been substantial, or else McNairy was destined for the marquee, because this lifelong carpenter, 38, has since segued from working as an extra in commercials into dual careers, as a television star—in AMC's critically acclaimed *Halt and Catch Fire*—and as an accomplished character actor.

In the last four years alone, McNairy has co-starred in 12 films, including Oscar-winning best pictures *Argo* and *Twelve Years a Slave*. Next, McNairy appears in his biggest project yet—*Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice,* due in theaters March 25. Filming the superhero mash-up brought an additional milestone for McNairy: his first Internet frenzy. After Warner Bros. refused to identify McNairy's character, photographers captured the Texan in special-effects-green socks, inspiring fervent speculation. (All McNairy will tell us: "Great socks.")

Despite his Hollywood ascent—which continues alongside Brad Pitt in Netflix's *War Machine* later this year—the actor remains a steadfast Texan. Days off are spent on his farm, outside Austin, driving a pickup, tending Black Angus cattle, and building a garden for his wife, Whitney Able. These days, though, McNairy's construction projects are interrupted by A-list events, such as the one that recently re-united him with Oldman. Laughing at the full-circle coincidence, McNairy says, "I ran into him at the Prada fashion show." —JULIE MILLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SCHOFIELD

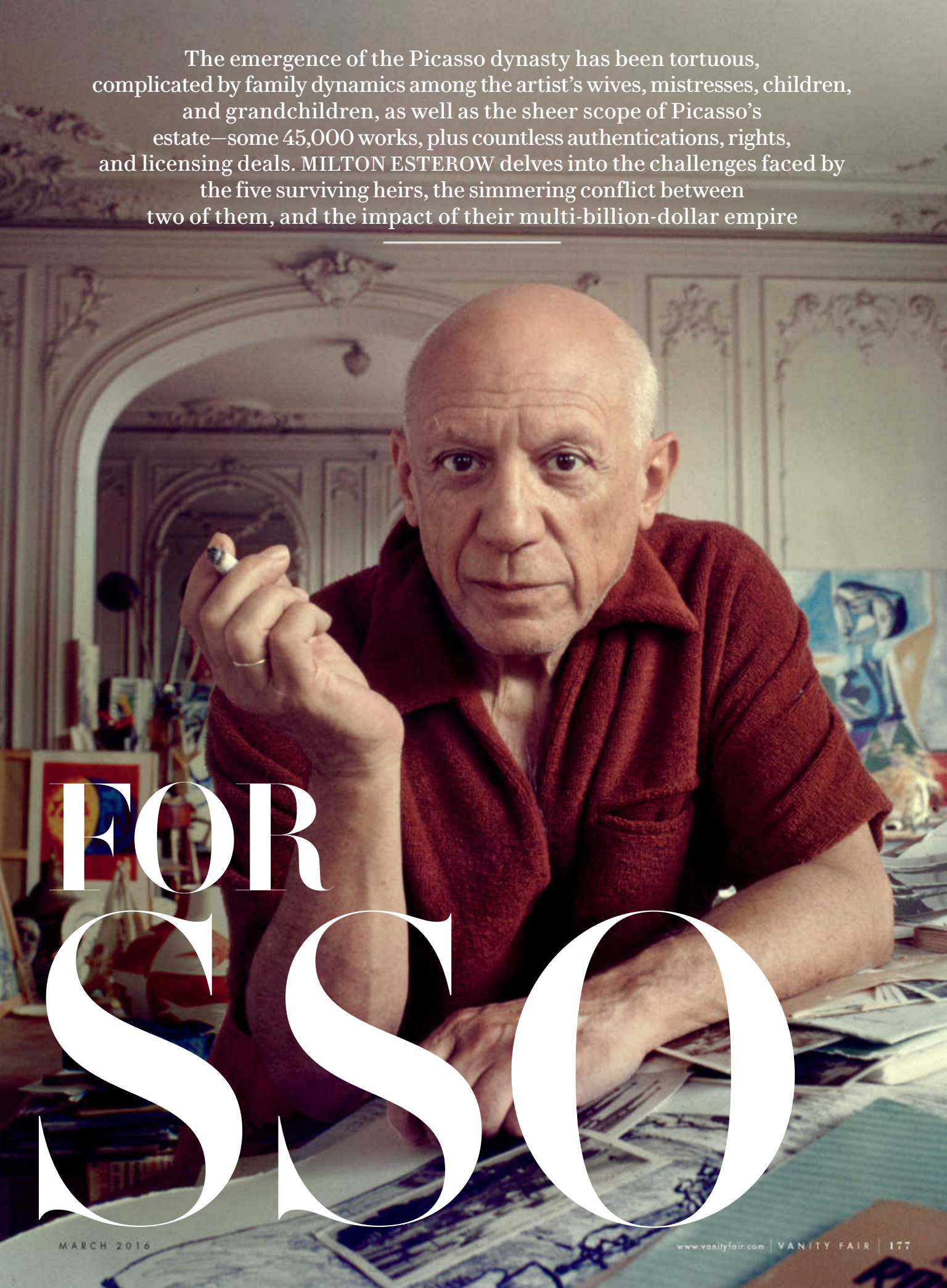


**FACE VALUE**
Pablo Picasso's *Bust of a Woman*, 1931. *Opposite*, the artist in Cannes, September 11, 1956.

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY FRANÇOIS HALARD/THE CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE/© 2016 ESTATE OF PABLO PICASSO/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (A.R.S.), NEW YORK; RIGHT, BY ARNOLD NEWMAN/GETTY IMAGES

# THE BATTLE PICA

The emergence of the Picasso dynasty has been tortuous, complicated by family dynamics among the artist's wives, mistresses, children, and grandchildren, as well as the sheer scope of Picasso's estate—some 45,000 works, plus countless authentications, rights, and licensing deals. MILTON ESTEROW delves into the challenges faced by the five surviving heirs, the simmering conflict between two of them, and the impact of their multi-billion-dollar empire



# FOR $SSO

"I had a papa who painted," Maya Widmaier-Picasso once said when she exhibited some of her father's paintings, drawings, and watercolors that she inherited after he died, in 1973. Her papa was Pablo Picasso. Her mother was Marie-Thérèse Walter, whom Picasso met one evening in 1927, when she was 17 and he was 45. Nine years before, Picasso had married Olga Khokhlova, one of Diaghilev's dancers, with whom he had a son, Paulo, but the marriage was collapsing.

Maya's mother later confided that Picasso had seen her leaving the Paris Métro and said, "You have an interesting face. I would like to do a portrait of you." She had no idea who Picasso was, so he took her to a bookstore to show her a book about himself. Maya's parents had split up when she was about eight, but she spent a great deal of time with her father.

Now 80 years old, she lives in Paris, has three children, and is one of Picasso's five surviving heirs, all of whom have become multi-millionaires. The other heirs are Claude Picasso and his sister, Paloma, the children of Pablo and his mistress Françoise Gilot, the only woman who ever left him; and Marina and Bernard Picasso, the children of Paulo, who died in 1975. Since one of Picasso's paintings, *Les Femmes d'Alger (Version O)* (Maya had watched him paint it), set a record last year for a work sold at auction ($179.4 million), the five Picasso heirs—who control the art world's richest dynasty—are likely to become even richer.

They're also likely to find themselves embroiled in the occasional public drama. In January, Maya emerged as the star, if you can call it that, of an unfolding court saga whose cast includes various super dealers at the highest levels of the art market—Larry Gagosian, Guy Bennett, and the now disbanded art-advisory firm of Connery, Pissarro, Seydoux. The dispute centers upon Picasso's 1931 plaster bust of Marie-Thérèse Walter, a highlight of the Museum of Modern Art's recent "Picasso Sculpture" exhibition. There are allegations that the piece, titled *Bust of a Woman,* was sold nearly simultaneously by Maya's representatives to two buyers: once, in November 2014, to Qatar's Sheikh Jassim bin Abdulaziz al-Thani for $42 million, and then, a few months later, to Gagosian for $105.8 million. Courts in New York, Switzerland, and France are trying to unravel Bustgate and determine the sculpture's rightful owner.

When Picasso died, 43 years ago at the age of 91, he left an astounding number of works—more than 45,000 in all. ("We'd have to rent the Empire State Building to house all the works," Claude Picasso said when the inventory was completed.) There were 1,885 paintings, 1,228 sculptures, 7,089 drawings, 30,000 prints, 150 sketchbooks, and 3,222 ceramic works. There were vast numbers of illustrated books, copperplates, and tapestries. And then there were the two châteaux and three other homes. (Picasso lived in and worked in about 20 places from 1900 to 1973.) According to one person familiar with the estate, there was $4.5 million in cash and $1.3 million in gold. There were also stocks and bonds, the value of which was never made public. In 1980 the Picasso estate was appraised at $250 million, but experts have said the true value was actually in the billions.

Picasso did not leave a will. The division of his holdings took six years, with often bitter negotiations among the heirs. (There were seven then.) The settlement cost $30 million and produced what has been described as a saga worthy of Balzac. The family, writer Deborah Trustman noted at the time, "resembles one of Picasso's Cubist constructions—wives, mistresses, legitimate and illegitimate children (his youngest born 28 years after his oldest), and grandchildren—all strung on an axis like the backbone of a figure with unmatched parts."

Today, the market for Picasso's art is strong and getting stronger, with the emergence of collectors from China, Indonesia, the Middle East, and Russia. Most prefer the late work, from the 1950s and 1960s. The Russians have a thing for Picasso's Blue and Rose Periods. "If Picasso were alive today," Marc Blondeau, a prominent Geneva dealer and former head of Sotheby's France, told me, "he would be one of the 10 wealthiest men in the world."

In 1996, Claude Picasso, who had been named legal administrator of Picasso's estate by a French court, created the Picasso Administration, a Paris-based organization that manages the heirs' jointly owned interests, controls the rights to Picasso reproductions and exhibitions, issues merchandising licenses for everything from dishes and fountain pens to ties and automobiles, and pursues forgeries, stolen works, and illegal use of Picasso's name. During his lifetime, Picasso was the world's most prolific and most photographed artist. In 2016 he is the most reproduced, most widely exhibited, most faked, most stolen, and most pirated artist in the world, one of the hottest commodities in a white-hot art market. "Everyone wants a piece of Picasso," said Eric Mourlot, a dealer whose father and grandfather printed hundreds of Picasso's lithographs.

**ALL HIS CHILDREN**
***Clockwise from top:*** **Paulo, Claude, Françoise Gilot, Paloma, Pablo, and Maya on the Côte d'Azur, 1954; Gilot and Claude at Villa la Galloise, in Vallauris, France, 1948; Jacqueline Roque and Picasso at his Cannes villa, 1956.**

Or, as Claudia Andrieu, the Picasso Administration's head of legal affairs, told me, "Picasso is everywhere."

### Picasso Inc.

Consider: There were 34 Picasso exhibitions last year, in Bulgaria, France, Germany, Japan, Spain, and the United States. There are Picasso Museums in Paris, Barcelona, Antibes, and Málaga, where the artist was born. Companies in Paris and Lyon—with branches in many countries—hold licenses to sell Picasso carpets, trays, handbags, pillows, and other items. Citroën, the French car manufacturer, which acquired the rights to use Picasso's name and signature for a reported $20 million, says it has sold nearly 3.5 million Picasso cars in more than 30 countries since 1999. Citroën pays royalties annually to the Picasso Administration, which retained the

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP AND BOTTOM LEFT, BY EDWARD QUINN/© EDWARDQUINN.COM; BOTTOM RIGHT, BY GJON MILI/*THE LIFE* PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES


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FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 183

**DRAWN FROM LIFE**

**(1)** Gilot at Villa la Galloise, 1948. **(2)** Picasso and first wife Olga Khokhlova, in Paris, 1919. **(3)** Picasso surrounded by family, mid-50s. **(4)** A Picasso tea bag and mug. **(5)** Picasso at Villa la Galloise. **(6)** The artist's *Le Rêve,* 1932. **(7)** The living room at his Cannes villa. **(8)** Marina Picasso and a portrait of her grandmother Olga, Paris, 2002. **(9)** Olga with Picasso works of her, 1921. **(10)** Picasso's Château de Vauvenargues, near Aix-en-Provence, France. **(11)** Picasso's *Paul Drawing,* 1923. **(12)** Picasso drawing with Paloma and Claude at Villa la Galloise, 1953.


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right, as it does with all licenses, to control the advertising campaigns. In 2012, Montblanc received a license to produce limited-edition Picasso fountain pens engraved with comments and sketches from a 1936 Picasso painting, *Portrait de Jeune Fille* (Portrait of a Young Girl). One pen, in an edition of 39, was partly solid gold with a cut diamond and sold for $54,500. Another, in an edition of 91, was partly solid gold and sold for $33,500. (One of them recently showed up on eBay for $80,000.) Another major source of income for the Administration is the Droit de Suite, a royalty on auction and gallery sales of works by artists who are still living or have been dead less than 70 years. Although the Administration does not disclose its annual revenues, the figure, according to some estimates, is around $8 million.

Then there's the Picasso black market, which the Picasso Administration tries to keep up with, often in vain. There are possibly hundreds of illegal brands called "Picasso" around the world, selling everything from fishing hooks and pizza to coffee mugs, shoes, T-shirts, inflatable dolls, and mobile homes, and more seem to pop up every day. For example, the Lane Bryant women's clothing chain, until recently, offered an unlicensed Picasso bra, with matching "boyshort" pantie, but they have since sold out. "We are pursuing the matter," said Theodore Feder, president of the Artists Rights Society, which represents the Administration in the United States. Some years ago, a Spanish company illegally attached Picasso's name to products such as coffee, tea, ice cream, pasta, rice, and toothpaste. It is no longer in business. But a company in Taiwan that sells unauthorized Picasso scarves, watches, socks, and umbrellas still is. "From a legal standpoint," Andrieu said, "it is difficult in many countries to oppose an unauthorized Picasso trademark registration."

Movies have been using Picasso reproductions for years. Most are conscientious about getting rights, but there have been exceptions. When *Titanic* was being filmed, in 1996, James Cameron wanted to show a reproduction of Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* in a scene in which Kate Winslet is seen unpacking it. When the ship goes down, the painting is shown sinking below the waves. The Picasso Administration decided that it could not authorize the inclusion of *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* in the film "because the painting has been on display at the Museum of Modern Art for well over 60 years and certainly did not go down with the ship when the *Titanic* sank," said Feder, who, in addition to his work with the Artists Rights Society, is an art historian who has taught at Columbia University and Queens College. "When I viewed the film several weeks after its opening, I was surprised to discover that the scene depicting the submersion of *Les Demoiselles* was still in it. We negotiated a fee after the fact, which, as one could imagine, included a substantial penalty."

For all its efforts, though, the Administration, which now employs a staff of eight people, gets mixed reviews in the art world. Critics complain that responses to authentication requests are slow, that neither Claude Picasso nor the other heirs are scholars, and that they have not created an advisory committee or made any plans to publish a catalogue raisonné. "It's a pity that one of the world's greatest artists doesn't have a team of experts doing this research," one dealer told me. Claude, for his part, points out that he has been immersed in Picasso since birth. "The heirs have decided not to publish for the time being a catalogue raisonné as objects surface still which were not catalogued," he wrote in an e-mail. Regarding authentication, he said, "the requests are very often not professionally formulated. On the average 900 requests are filed yearly. Verifications of the information provided sometimes can be labor-intensive. Artworks need often to be examined in the flesh."

There have also been complaints about the Administration's licensing policy. When the Citroën deal was announced, in 1998, Jean Clair, then the director of the Picasso Museum in Paris, was outraged, writing in *Libération* that Picasso "has become a brand that can be applied at will to anything produced by contemporary technology." The late photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson, a great friend of the artist's, was also incensed about the car deal. He wrote to Claude and accused him of having "betrayed" Picasso.

That sense of betrayal has also been felt inside the family. "I cannot tolerate that the name of my grandfather . . . be used to sell something as banal as a car," Marina Picasso said at the time. "He was a genius who is now being exploited outrageously." (Marina sold reproduction rights to 1,000 works from her inheritance and agreed to a merchandising plan that sold scarves, ties, dinnerware, and other products to support charity.)

The car naming was the idea of Olivier Widmaier Picasso, Maya's son, who has made documentaries about his grandfather and has advised the Administration on licensing matters. Twenty-five years ago, the major auction houses usually consulted only Maya, a former Christie's official told me. "Then it became confusing," he said. "Claude began to authenticate, and at one time authentication required two signatures. We shuddered at the idea that opinions would differ." Opinions did differ. On a few occasions, one would say a work was original and the other would declare it a forgery.

It became an almost impossible situation that had to be adjusted. In 2012, four of the heirs—Claude, Paloma, Marina, and Bernard—announced, in a letter circulated on the Internet, the creation of a new

PICASSO "HAS BECOME A BRAND THAT CAN BE APPLIED AT WILL TO ANYTHING."



**TEEN SPIRITS**
Richard Avedon's *Claude and Paloma Picasso, Paris, January 25, 1966.*

procedure for authenticating works by Picasso: the letter stated that only Claude's opinions "shall be fully and officially acknowledged by the undersigned." After the announcement, Maya declined to comment as to why her name was missing. "I only found out when a friend told me," she said to George Stolz, of *ARTnews.* "I nearly died."

Claudia Andrieu told me that "Maya is not part of the authentication process, but that does not mean that there is no collaboration between Claude and Maya." She would not elaborate further. Olivier Widmaier Picasso told me that "Maya has shown her active support to the organization on several occasions this year by attending the quarterly meeting with her brother Claude and nephew Bernard and discussing all matters with them." He added that Maya collaborated "on many authentication files and requests" and that she provided "significant information to the Picasso Administration." But a dealer close to the Administration described the current relationship between Claude and Maya as "strained." Another was more blunt. "It's a serious problem between them," he said.

I first met Maya, who is married to a retired French naval officer, at the Pont Royal Hotel, in Paris, in 2004. She was accompanied by her daughter, Diana. A warm, ebullient woman, Maya said she didn't want an article written about her but agreed to tell me some stories about her father. "In 1944," she said, "I was nine years old and my father would pick me up at school and we would walk along the Seine, and he'd pick up little pebbles and make little dolls for me."

Picasso had been designated by the Nazis as a "degenerate artist" in the late 1930s, but he was able to sit out the occupation, near his art, in his studio at Rue des Grands Augustins. "One day," Maya told me, "two weeks after the liberation of Paris, I went to his studio, and he said to me, 'I paint, you paint.' We both painted, and when we stopped, he hung them up next to one another on a clothesline in the studio. So you had Pablo, Maya, Pablo, Maya, Pablo, Maya. Two United States Army colonels came to the studio—they wanted to meet Picasso, and they talked. When they were leaving they saw the watercolors, and one of them asked Picasso if it was all right to take a photograph. Picasso said it was all right, but he didn't say it was 'Pablo, Maya, Pablo, Maya, Pablo, Maya.' A few weeks later, a United States newspaper published a photo with the caption 'This is an exclusive photo of the first works by Pablo Picasso since the liberation.'"

This kind of casual misattribution is an example of what the Picasso Administration—which has offices in a five-story building next to a bistro not far from the Place Vendôme—is up against every day. Quarterly meetings are held with the heirs or their representatives. There is an annual report that usually runs about 300 pages—100 pages of text and 200 pages of documents about court cases that have been settled or are still pending. Profits are distributed twice a year. Occasionally, the heirs will consign some of the Picassos CONTINUED ON PAGE 231

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# Todd Stern

Climate-change negotiations are usually doomed by the sheer scope, complexity, and divisiveness of the issues involved. Which is why the achievement of Todd Stern, U.S. special envoy for climate change and the U.S. representative at last year's Paris summit, is so remarkable, writes his Danish counterpart, BO LIDEGAARD. Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

It was a great achievement when an agreement was reached at the Paris Climate Change Conference, last December, the most complicated and comprehensive climate negotiations ever undertaken. Nearly 200 nations signed on to hold global warming below two degrees Celsius above pre-industrial levels and to submit their national plans for the world to see and review. The U.S. targeted to reduce emissions 26 percent to 28 percent below its 2005 levels over time. Todd Stern, the U.S. special envoy for climate change from the first days of the Obama administration, deserves a huge chunk of the credit for this success.

The architecture of this new climate deal was first discussed at the 2009 Copenhagen Summit, and Stern has pushed for it to be accepted as the basis for a global agreement ever since. He has navigated the tumultuous waters of the negotiations for an international response to climate change with purpose, endurance, and a strong sense of direction. Stern is not a green zealot. He understands that, he says, "to get 196 countries to agree, it goes without saying that everyone has to compromise and no one can secure everything they want," but he has applied his insightful and intelligent mind toward finding a road map for concerted action to halt global warming and the danger it poses to our way of life.

A native of Chicago, Stern, 64, honed his diplomatic skills as a student at Harvard Law School, as the senior White House aide representing Bill Clinton at the U.N. conferences on climate change in Kyoto and Buenos Aires, as a senior fellow at the Center for American Progress, and as a partner in the law firm WilmerHale. These skills have been instrumental in breaking through the long deadlock in climate negotiations—as has his singular determination. He insists that when one possibility is exhausted another has to be developed, and by constantly scoping for new ideas and engaging with a wide range of countries from all parts of the world, he has succeeded in maneuvering the United States from the periphery back to center stage of the international climate negotiations.

Stern is very much a team player, both in terms of his colleagues (he cites both John Kerry's and President Obama's roles as being "extremely important") and his international counterparts, most significantly in China: "China was an historic antagonist," he notes, "but I worked very intensively with my counterpart, Xie Zhenhua, over the past seven years."

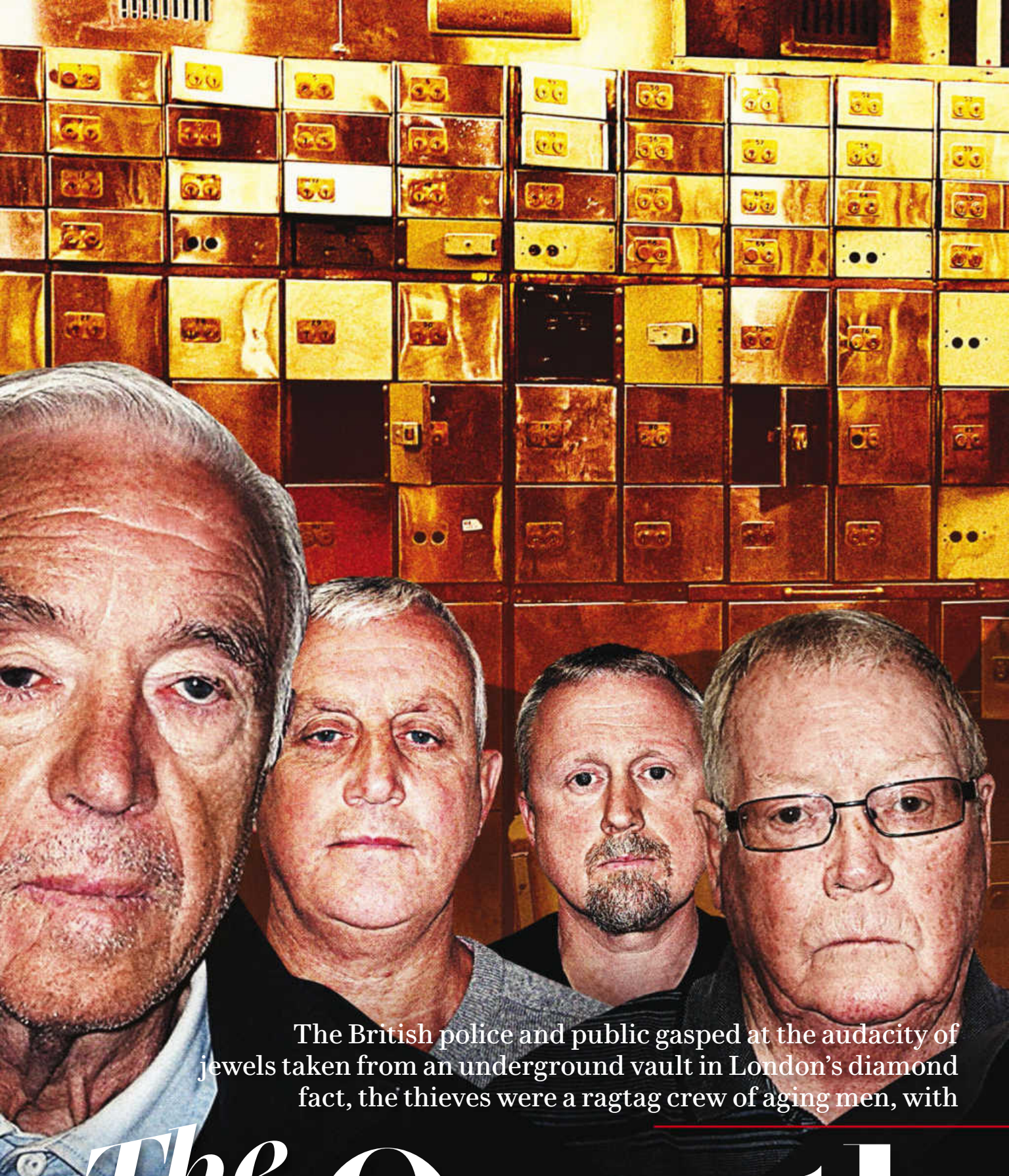
It has been a long journey, and the Paris agreement is far from perfect—as Stern told NPR after the talks: "There's a huge, long way to go now. This is the start. This sets the framework." But getting started makes all the difference, and the United States has been fortunate to have Todd Stern as special envoy, pinning down what's good for the climate and possible for America. □

**WEATHER MAN** Todd Stern, photographed outside the United States Capitol, in Washington, D.C.



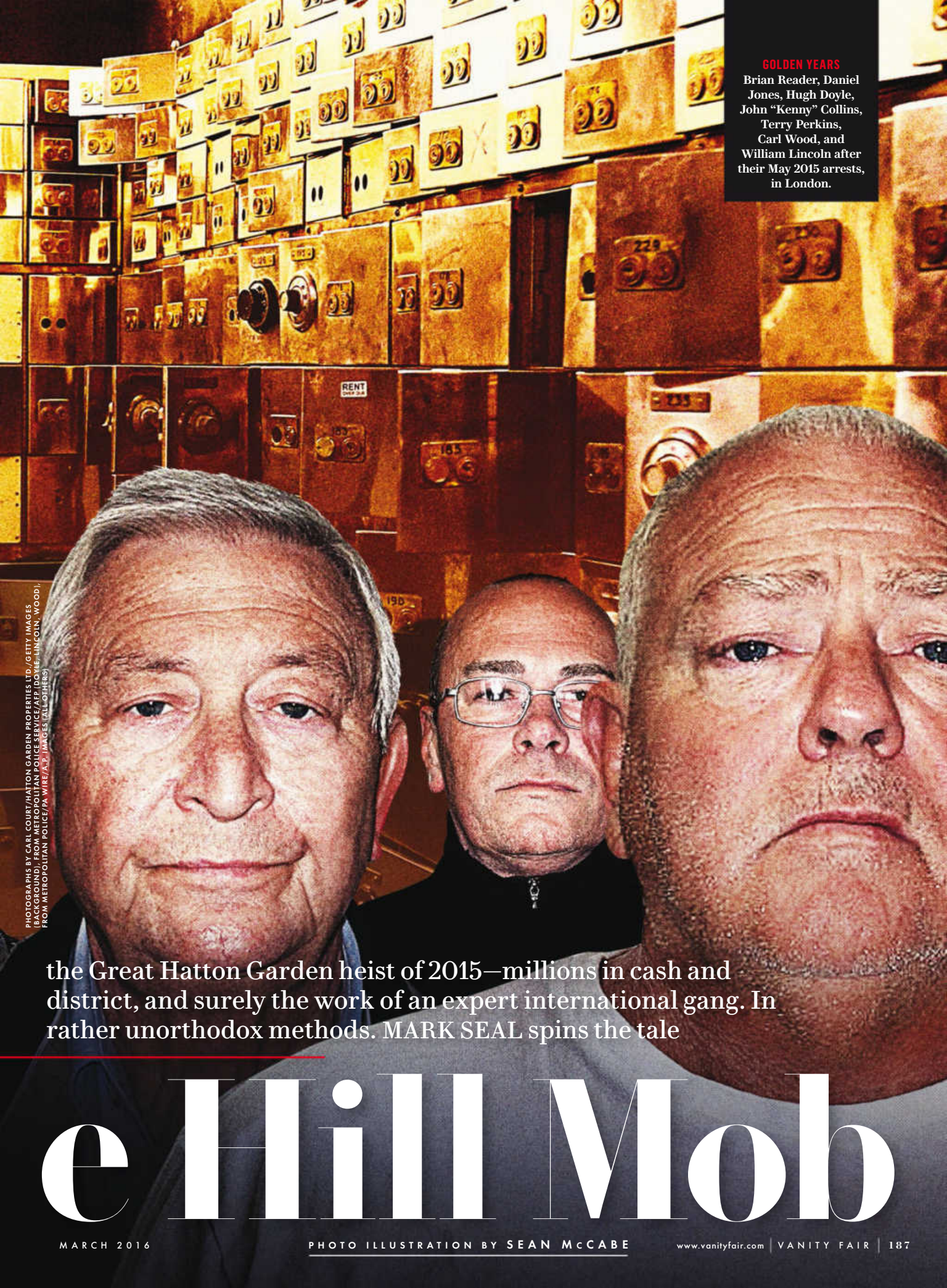
STYLED BY MATTHEW MARDEN; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS





The British police and public gasped at the audacity of jewels taken from an underground vault in London's diamond fact, the thieves were a ragtag crew of aging men, with

# The Over th




**GOLDEN YEARS** Brian Reader, Daniel Jones, Hugh Doyle, John "Kenny" Collins, Terry Perkins, Carl Wood, and William Lincoln after their May 2015 arrests, in London.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL COURT/HATTON GARDEN PROPERTIES LTD./GETTY IMAGES (BACKGROUND); FROM METROPOLITAN POLICE SERVICE/AFP (DOYLE, LINCOLN, WOOD); FROM METROPOLITAN POLICE/PA WIRE/A.P. IMAGES (ALL OTHERS)

the Great Hatton Garden heist of 2015—millions in cash and district, and surely the work of an expert international gang. In rather unorthodox methods. MARK SEAL spins the tale

# e Hill Mob

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN McCABE

## Prologue

"It required a team with diverse skills.... It took ingenuity and brute force," reporter Declan Lawn speculated on BBC television three weeks after what was already being called "the greatest heist in British history," the audacious April 2015 ransacking of safe-deposit boxes in Hatton Garden, London's diamond district. The crime was indeed epic. So much cash, jewelry, and other valuables had been taken that the loot, worth up to $300 million according to estimates at the time, had been hauled out of the vault in giant trash containers on wheels. Lawn demonstrated the acrobatic feats the gang must have used, and London's newspapers were filled with artists' renderings of the heist, featuring hard-bodied burglars in black turtlenecks doing superhuman things. Experts insisted that the heist was the work of a foreign team of navy-SEAL-like professionals, likely from the infamous Pink Panthers, a Serbian gang of master diamond thieves. Retired Scotland Yard detective Barry Phillips believed it was the work of a highly technical team, assembled by a so-called "Draftsman"—who financed the heist and assembled the players, probably from the U.K. He speculated that no member of the gang would have known any of the others, in order to preserve "sterile corridors," making it impossible for any perpetrator to rat out the others.

The thieves had surely divided up the spoils into easily transportable lots once inside "the slaughter," as their hideaway would have been called in London gangster argot. Perhaps they had sneaked the jewels out of the country by stuffing them up the butts of racehorses, the flamboyant villain turned celebrity Dave Courtney theorized on the BBC. The thieves would have been whisked out of Great Britain on a quick ferry trip from Dover to Dunkirk or Calais, from where they could disappear into Europe.

British crime aficionados saw the operation as a refreshing throwback to the meticulously planned, supremely executed jewelry heists of yesteryear, the ones that had inspired such classic crime movies as *To Catch a Thief* and *Topkapi.* Many were calling it "the perfect crime."

But when arrests were made a month later, Great Britain collectively gasped.

### The Villains

Retirement is a bitch.

Your wife has passed away. Most of your mates are in exile, prison, or the grave. Even the cops you once eluded have died, retired, or forgotten you. You skulk around your run-down mansion in the suburbs of London, puttering in your garden, infuriating your neighbors by running a used-car dealership out of your home, and "hobbling over to the news agent," as one neighbor put it, for the daily papers to read about younger men doing what you used to.

This was the life of Brian Reader at 76. "He ain't got no friends no more," a colleague would say of him. "Sitting down there in the café, talks about all their yesterdays," said another. "He was a thief 40 years ago."

*The Guardian*'s veteran crime reporter Duncan Campbell, who met Reader 30 years ago, described him as something of a gent, "an easy-going character, the antithesis of a criminal wide boy, still in touch with his old school friends."

And yet for practically his whole life Reader had exasperated Scotland Yard. First arrested for breaking and entering at age 11, he became associated with the infamous Tommy Adams crime family. He was also allegedly part of the "Millionaire Moles" gang, which burrowed under a leather-goods shop and restaurant to loot 268 safe-deposit boxes in a Lloyds bank vault in London in 1971. "Let Sherlock Holmes try to solve this," the gang reportedly wrote on the vault's wall before escaping with cash and jewels, worth more than $59 million today, and, allegedly, some pretty interesting photographs of Princess Margaret and actor Richard Harris. Reader, in those days, evaded police and went skiing in Méribel or yachting on the "Costa del Crime," in Spain, so called because many British villains, as criminals are called in the U.K., found a safe haven there.

Reader had generally managed to "walk" away until the Brinks-Mat Job, named for the high-security warehouse at Heathrow Airport hit by a group of bandits on November 26, 1983. Aiming to steal at most $4.4 million in cash, they instead stumbled on what today would be worth $145 million in gold bullion. Reader was merely a "soldier" on that job, moving the gold between a "fence" named Kenny Noye, who was supposed to arrange for it to be melted down, and dealers in Hatton Garden. But Reader had the bad luck to be present on the night Noye stabbed a police detective 11 times, after which Reader allegedly kicked the body. Although Reader and Noye were acquitted of murder (arguing self-defense), they were both later found guilty of conspiracy for handling stolen goods; for his part, Reader was sentenced to nine years.

Reader got out of prison in 1994, and it seemed he had put the life of crime behind him. But two decades later, suffering from prostate cancer and other ailments, he decided to get back into the game with his biggest caper yet. He studied books, such as *The Diamond Underworld,* and read diamond-industry magazines. He had diamond testers, scales, gauges, and other paraphernalia, all with an eye toward "one last hurrah," Scotland Yard commander Peter Spindler, who oversaw the London police in investigating the heist, told me. "Someone for drilling, someone for electrics, someone as a lookout—all experienced villains who knew what they were doing." He added that Reader was called "the Gov'nor," the leader in British gangster parlance, who, possibly with associates, "set it up, enlisted the others, and called the job on, to the best of our understanding."

Number two on the heist was Terry Perkins, 67, suffering from diabetes and other health issues, living out his sunset years in an anonymous little house in Enfield. He was a ghost to the neighbors, who had no idea he had once been a ringleader in the largest cash robbery in British history at that time: the 1983 Security Express Job, in which a gang raided a cash depot in East London for $9 million. Perkins was sentenced to 22 years but escaped from Spring Hill prison and went on the lam for 17 years, returning briefly in 2012, to serve out the last of his sentence. Because he and another robber had threatened a bank employee by dousing him with gasoline, then shaking a box of matches in his face, the judge had called Perkins an evil, ruthless man.

But others paint a different picture. He wasn't a known criminal before the Security Express robbery, said retired detective Peter Wilton. "Usually wore a suit and had a portfolio of houses. The day of the 1983 robbery was his birthday, and his wife was surprised [he left] because he usually waited for his children to give him his presents." Instead, Perkins left to become a habitual villain who kept "busy in the heavyweight division of commercial burglary," a defense lawyer would argue, who added that Perkins com-

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, © ANDY RAIN/EPA/CORBIS; BOTTOM, BY JUSTIN TALLIS/AFP/GETTY IMAGES




**WE WAS ROBBED**

***Above,*** **a police officer outside the Hatton Garden Safe Deposit building after the burglary.** ***Below,*** **Detective Chief Inspector Paul Johnson addresses the press, April 9, 2015.**



manded "subservience" from Danny Jones.

Jones, 60, viewed "his profession as a commercial burglar with some enthusiasm," said the lawyer. Extraordinarily fit, with tremendous stamina, he was, according to a friend, a "Walter Mitty" type, who read palms and ran marathons when he wasn't serving more than 20 years in prison. His passions were for the army and crime, and his rap sheet was filled with convictions. He lived in what was called an "opulent" house, where police later found magnification loupes, masks, a walkie-talkie, and the book *Forensics for Dummies*. "Eccentric to [such] extremes that everyone who knew Danny would say he was mad," said Carl Wood, another member of the Hatton Garden team. "He would go to bed in his mother's dressing gown with a fez on." He would sleep in a sleeping bag in his bedroom on the floor, urinate into a bottle, and speak to his terrier, Rocket, as if the dog were human. At five P.M. most days Jones would lock himself away, to "study crime all the time . . . read books, watch films, and go on the Internet," said Wood. For three years, Jones studied the price of gold and diamonds and searched online to learn about diamond-toothed core drills.

Carl Wood, 58, was sentenced to four years in prison in 2002, after being trapped in a police sting in a bugged Surrey hotel room. Wood and his accomplices, who included two corrupt London police detectives, were recorded planning to torture a money-launderer and put his body in a car crusher if he didn't hand over the $850,000 he owed them. "I'll just go smash, hit him straight in the head," Wood was recorded saying as to what he planned to do when the man entered the room. Having no trade, and listing his employment as "retired," Wood would testify he dabbled in "a bit of painting and decorating," and described himself as "just a general dogsbody." More than $12,000 in debt at the time of the Hatton Garden heist, he claimed to have been living on disability payments after being diagnosed with Crohn's disease, an inflammation of the digestive tract. His genial appearance—V-necked sweater, distinguished beard, eyeglasses on a string—belied his criminal nature. He may have been selected for the Hatton Garden Job for his slim physique, which enabled him to crawl into tight spaces.

Driver and lookout man John "Kenny" Collins, 75, was a classic London villain—a "dodgy" but elegant figure in the streets of London with his beloved Staffordshire bull terrier, Dempsey, nipping at his heels. His legitimate business was high-volume fireworks importation. In fact, he was a walking pawnshop. "He'd buy cars, expensive watches . . . and sell it back to you later," said a friend. His rap sheet, stretching back to 1961, included convictions for robbery, burglary, handling stolen goods, and conspiracy to defraud. Diabetes had exiled him into semi-retirement, and he was reportedly growing deafer and more forgetful by the day.

Two peripheral members of the team were Hugh Doyle, 48, a plumber who grew up in Ireland and who was a reader of *The Guardian* and, he told me, a devoted fan of the late *Vanity Fair* columnist Christopher Hitchens; and William Lincoln, 60, who was incontinent. They stored and helped move the stolen treasure.

One member of the team still at large and not yet identified is Basil, as he was called by the other thieves and the police. He was the inside man, who knew the building, disarmed the alarms, and let the others in. There is a $29,000 reward for a tip that leads to his arrest. (Danny Jones has claimed that Basil was an ex-policeman and "the brains" of the operation, but police are dubious.)

The Hatton Garden heist, it turned out, had been the work of this ragtag group of superannuated criminals representing the last of "traditional British villainy," in the words of the police commander, Spindler. Most were in their 60s and 70s—more Lavender Hill Mob than James Bond. "Run? Ah, they can barely walk," Danny Jones wrote to Sky News reporter Martin Brunt from jail. "One has cancer—he's 76. Another, heart condition, 68. Another, 75, can't remember his name. Sixty-year-old with two new hips and knees. Crohn's disease. I won't go on. It's a joke."

Yet they had defied age, physical infirmities, burglar alarms, and even Scotland Yard to power their way through walls of concrete and solid steel and haul away a prize now estimated at more than $20 million—at least $15 million of which is still missing.

### The Job

The vault, belonging to the Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd. (H.G.S.D.), was located at 88–90 Hatton Garden, London. The building is seven stories tall and has around 60 tenants, most of them jewelers. The wooden main door to the building is unlocked between nine A.M. and six P.M., and all the tenants have their own keys for other times. Just behind the main door is a glass door, left unlocked during the day and opened at other times with a four-digit PIN code, which all the tenants know. This leads to an unstaffed lobby. In the 1970s the elevator in the lobby was disabled so it couldn't descend lower than the ground floor, after a robber with a shotgun rode it down to the basement, where the vault is located. Beside the elevator is a door that leads to a flight of stairs to the basement. This door is also unlocked during business hours; during other times it is locked and only a few people, including the two H.G.S.D. security guards and one member of the cleaning staff, have keys. At the bottom of the stairs, to the left, is another wooden door, with a mortise deadlock. This door is also left open during working hours. At other times it is locked, and only two security guards and H.G.S.D. co-owner and manager Manish Bavishi have keys. Once inside the door, you have 60 seconds to deactivate the intruder alarm with a

"THEY WERE ANALOG CRIMINALS OPERATING IN A DIGITAL WORLD."

five-digit code on the alarm box. Directly behind the wooden door is a sliding iron gate, which forms an air lock with a second sliding gate. These are manned by a security guard. To enter the first door you need a four-digit security code for the PIN box; the security guard opens the second gate to let you out the other side. "Significantly," as the prosecutor put it, inside the air lock there are locked shutters, behind which are the doors, no longer used, to the elevator shaft. These shutters are opened only if the shaft is being cleaned or a tenant has dropped his keys or something similar down the shaft.

Astonishingly, there is a much easier way to get to the vault area: a fire exit on Greville Street, from which iron stairs go down to a courtyard adjoining 88–90's basement. Only two businesses have a key to the outside lock on the street-level fire exit: jeweler Lionel Wiffen, whose back office can be accessed from the courtyard, and Hirschfelds antique jewelers, located in 88-90. From the inside, the Greville Street door is locked merely with a hand-operated bolt—no key is required to open it. The Hatton Garden basement is accessed from the courtyard by a door with two sliding-bolt locks, and that door leads to the H.G.S.D. basement foyer. At the far side of the basement foyer is a white door, behind which is the H.G.S.D. air lock.

Strange things began happening starting in January 2015. The jeweler Wiffen felt "uneasy" and believed he and his shop were being watched. A few days before the heist, Katya Lewis, of Deblinger Diamonds, was visiting a diamond firm in 88–90 and had to wait what seemed like forever for the elevator. When it finally arrived, she found a crusty, aging repairman inside, wearing blue coveralls and surrounded by tools and building gear. "He smiled apologetically, because there was no room for her to get in," said the prosecutor, noting that a pair of blue coveralls was later found at the home of Terry Perkins, who had apparently been casing the building.

Then came the fire.

Just after 12:30 P.M. on Wednesday, April 1, a gas main ruptured and slowly leaked gas into the Victorian-era tunnels that now house London's electrical and telecommunications cable networks. Then a spark in an electrical-junction box ignited the gas, causing dark, acrid smoke to billow from manhole covers and flames to shoot up geyser-like from the ground.

Power failed. Gas supplies ceased. Chaos ensued. Judges at the Royal Courts of Justice and students at the London School of Economics were among the thousands evacuated. Performances of West End shows, from *The Lion King* to *Mamma Mia!,* were canceled as dozens of firefighters and police officers dealt with the emergency. It would take nearly two days to bring the situation under control.

This was a fortuitous break for the thieves, entangling the cops and setting off dozens of false alarms.

It was the Thursday before Easter and Passover weekend, and the jewelers of Hatton Garden deposited their goods in their safe-deposit boxes in the vault, believing that their jewels—and their own livelihoods—were safe. The area has more than 300 jewelry-related companies and 60 retail jewelry shops—one of the greatest concentrations of such businesses in the world.

It's a community built on trust, but that trust is constantly tested by crime. "Hatton Garden has a number of people whose history is not exactly squeaky-clean," said the late Hatton Garden jeweler Joel Grunberger in 2003, who consulted with director Guy Ritchie on his 2000 film, *Snatch,* with Brad Pitt and Jason Statham, about a London diamond heist gone wrong. "Honest dealers work cheek by jowl with the villains."

Burglaries, robberies, and heists, one recorded as early as 1876, occurred so often over the years that, in 1946, the Garden's merchants decided to build an impenetrable vault. "Sparkling diamonds—their value running into the millions—are giving Hatton Garden sleepless nights," proclaimed the dramatic voice-over in a film short promoting the opening of Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd., at 88–90 Hatton Garden. "To foil the thieves, Hatton Garden now has its own giant strong room. . . . Constructed at a cost of more than £20,000 [then roughly the equivalent of $81,000], a two-foot-wide bomb-and-burglar-proof door—operated by a combination that has to be worked by at least two men—opens up a labyrinth of safes."

Eventually, however, newer technology and the tenacity of the thieves outpaced the security of the vault. "I had a box there for 35 years and closed it down after the third incident," said jeweler Alan Gard, recalling various robberies in the vault, one involving two security guards who made duplicate keys to boxes in the 1960s, another in which robbers tied up security guards and ransacked boxes in the 1990s, and a 2003 scam by a thief who posed as a jeweler, leased a box, and looted other boxes when no one was looking.

Nevertheless, most of the jewelers still believed the vault to be safe. The owners—for generations British but after multiple sales a family from Sudan—were apparently so confident of its construction that they gave their security guards weekends off. On the Thursday before the Easter/Passover weekend, there was practically a line of people to deposit their valuables. "Four carats, five carats, all shades, brilliant-cut, heart-shaped—a magnificent collection!" one jeweler told me, describing what he had stored in his box that weekend.

At 8:19 P.M. that Thursday, April 2, the staff locked up the vault for the long weekend. About an hour later, a curious sight passed in front of a CCTV camera on Greville Street: a thin man dressed in a blue jacket with a red wig and a flat cap, carrying a black bag on his shoulder, which hid his face from the cameras. This was the villain the police would later call Basil. Responsible for being the advance man, he evidently had keys with which he entered 88–90 through the front door and made his way to the basement fire door. It was his job to disable the alarms and the cameras inside the building, and to let the others in. This he did, making one crucial mistake: he neglected to disable two of the CCTV cameras, one in the fire-exit passage (the camera belonged to Berganza jewelers and was not on the 88–90 system) and another on the second floor of 88–90.

Shortly after Basil appeared, a CCTV camera outside, in the street, showed a white van pulling up to the building's fire-escape entrance and several men unloading tools, bags, and two wheelie bins, in full view of the people strolling home or to the pubs along the dark streets. These men were disguised as municipal workers, wearing reflective yellow vests—one of them bearing the word GAS on the back—hard hats, and white surgical masks.

But who were they really? Brian Reader was in a colorfully striped scarf, brown lace-up shoes, and striped socks; Terry Perkins in a dark sweatshirt, a hard hat, and a neck chain beneath his vest; Danny Jones in a baseball cap, red athletic shoes, and a "Montana 93" hoodie beneath his street-worker disguise.

Basil opened the fire-escape door for them from within, and the men unloaded their gear. Old Kenny Collins, in a green quilted jacket and a flat cabbie's cap, carrying a briefcase, apparently used a key to enter an office building across the street, where he would serve as a lookout, but, instead, according to one of his accomplices, he "sat up there and fell asleep."

It was to be a three-day job, during which they planned to loot all 996 safe-deposit boxes in the vault, as evidenced by diabetic Terry Perkins's bringing three days' worth of insulin. "Sixty-seven," Perkins later lamented of his advanced age. "Fucking 20 pills a day. I had it all with me, my injections. Yeah, if I don't take the insulin for three days you'd a had to carry me out in a wheelie bin."

Once inside the 88–90 fire-door corridor, the men evidently could not breach the white door that led to CONTINUED ON PAGE 226



*Spotlight*

# FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

Chances are you have not seen the 1937 play *Parfumerie,* by Miklós László, but chances are excellent you know the story, since the play inspired not just one but two classic movies: Ernst Lubitsch's *The Shop Around the Corner,* starring Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan, and Nora Ephron's *You've Got Mail,* with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan. The tale—two co-workers who share their mutual antipathy with secret correspondents who turn out to be . . . well, you know the rest—was also transformed into an under-appreciated 1963 Broadway musical, *She Loves Me,* with lyrics by Sheldon Harnick and music by Jerry Bock, just one year before the two of them set an entire shtetl dancing the high-steppe in *Fiddler on the Roof.*

Scott Ellis directed a much-praised revival for New York's Roundabout Theatre Company in 1993, and since great stories never grow stale he is reviving it again on Broadway, this March, to celebrate Roundabout's 50th anniversary. "I initially said no, but then I re-read it and fell in love all over again," Ellis says. This production is freshly staged and choreographed, but the setting remains pre-war Budapest. The romantic leads are Laura Benanti as Amalia and Zachary Levi as Georg, ably aided by Jane Krakowski as Ilona and Gavin Creel as Kodaly. Benanti, who knew exactly what career she wanted after performing in Gilbert and Sullivan at age 13, and who has since amassed four Tony nominations (including a win for *Gypsy* in 2008), thinks the appeal of *She Loves Me* lies in "its mystery, with the audience knowing something that the characters do not." Levi, a TV star (*Chuck, Heroes Reborn*) who started his career in a sixth-grade production of *Grease,* has been on Broadway once before, playing the love-addled Aaron in 2013's *First Date*. "I like Georg because he is like Everyman, earnest and hardworking and caring about people," says Levi, earnestly. And quite a distance from playing a greaser sidekick to Danny Zuko.

—JIM KELLY



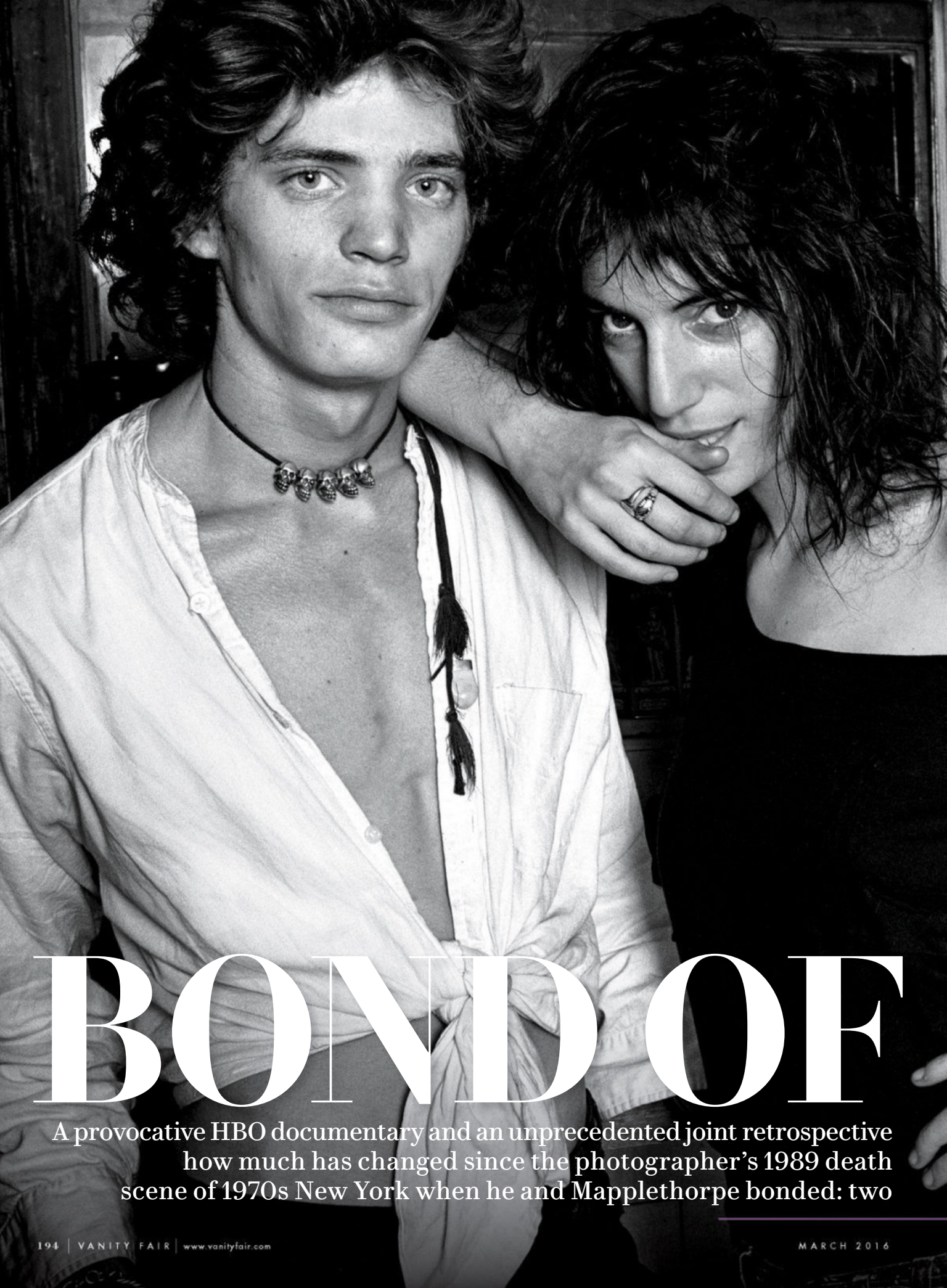
Zachary Levi, Laura Benanti, Gavin Creel, and Jane Krakowski, photographed in New York City.

LEVI WEARS CLOTHING BY RALPH LAUREN. BENANTI WEARS SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK. KRAKOWSKI WEARS SHOES BY SJP BY SARAH JESSICA PARKER. LEVI'S TIE, BENANTI'S DRESS, CREEL'S CLOTHING, AND KRAKOWSKI'S DRESS FROM EARLY HALLOWEEN.

STYLED BY JEFF MAHSHIE; HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE (BENANTI, LEVI) AND PAI-SHAU (CREEL, KRAKOWSKI); MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY EDWARD BESS (BENANTI, LEVI) AND LAURA MERCIER (CREEL, KRAKOWSKI); HAIR BY CHUCK AMOS (BENANTI, LEVI) AND ITALO GREGORIO (CREEL, KRAKOWSKI); MAKEUP BY JOANNE GAIR (BENANTI, LEVI) AND GENEVIEVE (CREEL, KRAKOWSKI); SET DESIGN BY MARY HOWARD STUDIO; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

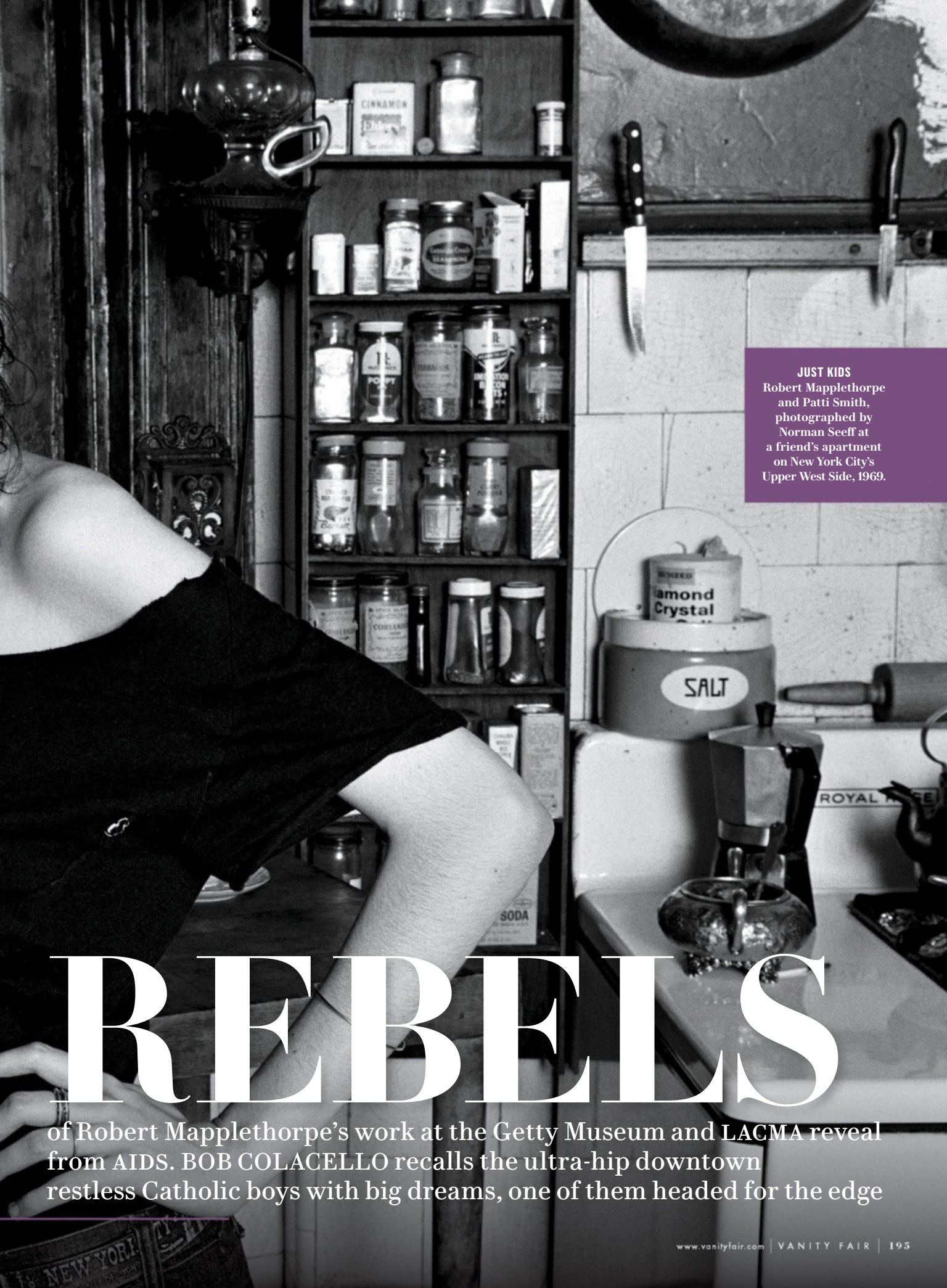


PHOTOGRAPH BY RUVEN AFANADOR



# BOND OF

A provocative HBO documentary and an unprecedented joint retrospective how much has changed since the photographer's 1989 death scene of 1970s New York when he and Mapplethorpe bonded: two




**JUST KIDS**
Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith, photographed by Norman Seeff at a friend's apartment on New York City's Upper West Side, 1969.

# REBELS

of Robert Mapplethorpe's work at the Getty Museum and LACMA reveal from AIDS. BOB COLACELLO recalls the ultra-hip downtown restless Catholic boys with big dreams, one of them headed for the edge

A few days apart in mid-March, the J. Paul Getty Museum and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA) will open their joint retrospective, "Robert Mapplethorpe: The Perfect Medium." This unprecedented double exhibition, which will run until the end of July at both institutions, is all the more remarkable given the controversial—not to say scandalous—radical sadomasochistic content of much of Mapplethorpe's best-known work. One could see it as a sign not only of how far the idea of photography as a fine art form has come over the past four decades but also of how far the boundaries of American culture and taste have been pushed and expanded during that same period.

Both museums will include related works and materials from Mapplethorpe's extensive archive, which they jointly acquired in 2011, largely as a gift from the Robert Mapplethorpe Foundation, but with some support from the David Geffen Foundation and the Getty Trust. In addition, the Getty will exhibit a selection of works from the mammoth photography collection of Sam Wagstaff, Mapplethorpe's patron and lover. Under Mapplethorpe's influence, Wagstaff, a former curator from an old New York family, had voraciously bought up thousands of vintage prints by everyone from Julia Margaret Cameron and Edward Steichen to Diane Arbus and Peter Hujar when the photography market was still in its infancy. He sold his collection to the Getty in 1984, three years before succumbing to AIDS. Mapplethorpe died in 1989, also of AIDS.

As if to enhance the sense of historic occasion surrounding the Getty/LACMA extravaganza, on April 4 HBO will air its highly provocative documentary *Mapplethorpe: Look at the Pictures,* produced by Katharina Otto-Bernstein (whose most recent film was on avant-garde theater guru Robert Wilson). As the directors, Fenton Bailey and Randy Barbato, themselves have made clear, "even his most shocking and forbidden images are included without blurs, without snickers—in other words, exactly as the artist intended." Indeed, after the fourth or fifth appearance of Mapplethorpe's most notorious self-portrait—the one in which he has inserted the bottom end of a leather whip into the rear end of his body—I began to wonder if this is what we really need to see, to contemplate, to memorialize in the age of ISIS.

All this and more was revealed at a lunch in New York last November, hosted by Getty director Timothy Potts and LACMA C.E.O. and director Michael Govan to announce their joint venture. As a large part of the city's art press faced a first course of kale-and-carrot salad in the Martha Washington Hotel Ballroom, Potts declared Mapplethorpe "one of the great artists of the 20th century," whereupon everyone applauded, perhaps none more fervently than the Robert Mapplethorpe Foundation's astute and charming president, Michael Stout. Detailed descriptions of the parallel exhibitions by the Getty's and LACMA's curators of photography, Paul Martineau and Britt Salvesen, respectively, followed in the same reverential mode.

My mind wandered back to the early 1970s, when I came to know Mapplethorpe when he was the literally starving young artist—now undergoing art-world beatification. Of course, Robert would have been thrilled—though not amazed, because his ambition even then was limitless. But I could also imagine him chuckling quietly to himself over the absurdity of it all, the incongruity and officiousness, not to mention the choice of venue for the luncheon. I could envision him looking at me with that glint of mischief in his emerald-green eyes, that facility for complicity that would take him so far up, as well as so far down.

### Scene and Heard

Robert was 24 when I first saw him, in February 1971, at his girlfriend Patti Smith's first public poetry reading, at St. Mark's Church, on East 10th Street. He was slouched against the wall, in a black, belted trench coat, a purple-and-white silk scarf tied around his neck, his hair a crown of angelic Pre-Raphaelite curls. But I realized right away that he wasn't pure angel. He was pretty but tough, androgynous *and* butch. I found it hard not to look at him, even as Patti manically seduced a crowd that included her other boyfriend, the (married) playwright Sam Shepard, and such New York poetry stars as Anne Waldman and Gerard Malanga with her rock-like odes to Bertolt Brecht and James Dean. I was half a year younger than Robert, having been made managing editor of *Interview* magazine (print run 5,000) the previous fall by Paul Morrissey and Andy Warhol, and still very new to the ultra-hip downtown scene. I was also writing film reviews for *The Village Voice,* and, as with so many journalists before and after me, that's how I came to befriend the object of my desire: by writing about him.

That November, the Museum of Modern Art, as part of its Cineprobe underground-film series, screened a short color film directed by Sandy Daley, Robert and Patti's neighbor at the Chelsea Hotel. The title said



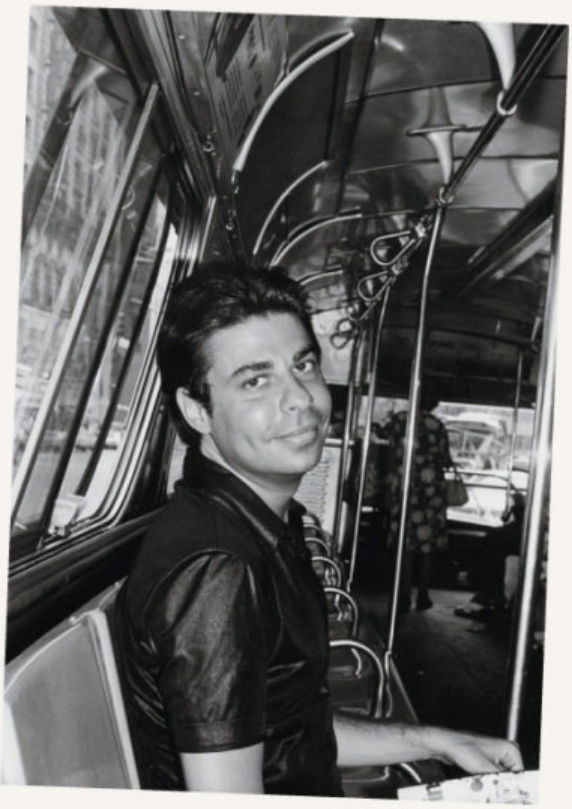


PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HACKETT (AUTHOR); © ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE FOUNDATION. ALL OTHERS: FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

it all: "Robert Having His Nipple Pierced." As Robert, in black leather pants, swooned into the arms of his boyfriend, David Croland, a tall, dark, and sultry fashion illustrator and model, while the delicate operation was performed by the Chelsea's doctor-in-residence, Patti, in her thickest New Jersey accent, explained on the soundtrack why she had mixed feelings about homosexuals: because she felt left out and "they use their assholes." I gave the film a rave and was rewarded with a phone call from its star, proposing we meet for coffee. "I thought your article was funny," he said, "but you got it, too." The *Voice*'s headline was taken from my text, SOME MIGHT CALL IT DEGENERACY.

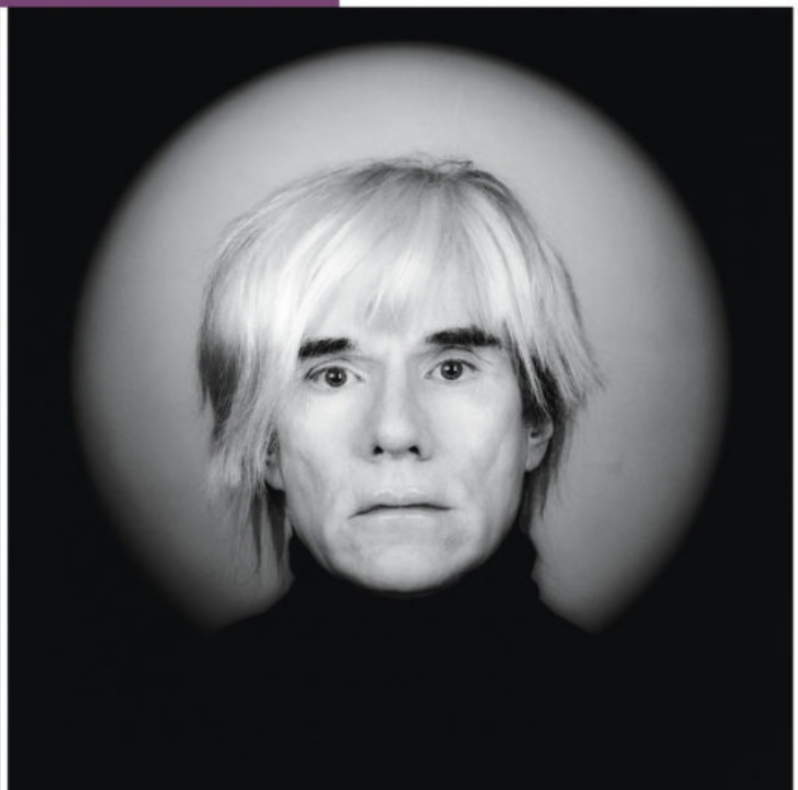
We were two of a kind: rebel Catholic boys who had fled middle-class Long Island suburbs, Robert from Floral Park, on the Queens/Nassau County line, I from nearby Rockville Centre, and come to "the city"—Manhattan—to make it. We started spending long afternoons wandering around the Village, trading childhood stories, sharing dreams of success over endless cups of black coffee in empty tourist cafés. Robert loved hearing about how I spit out my First Communion wafer because the nuns had done such a good job of convincing me that it really was the actual flesh and blood of Jesus. "Protestants believe in *consubstantiation,*" I would intone, mimicking the mother superior who had terrified me, aged seven, in catechism class. "But we believe in *transubstantiation.*" Robert, who had been an altar boy, would giggle and point out that if you grew up in the 1950s the only place you ever saw a naked male body was at Mass: Christ on the Cross, hanging over the altar. "And he had a crown of thorns, and there was blood," he'd say. "No wonder we're perverse." He would listen intently as I held forth on Kierkegaard's belief that the spiritual, aesthetic, and erotic were closely related, one of the few bits of knowledge I retained from the required philosophy courses at the Jesuit Georgetown University. Robert had left Pratt one course short of a B.F.A.; his college education was almost entirely visual, and what he knew of literature came mostly from Patti. Fortuitously, her favorites were also mine: Rimbaud, Cocteau, Genet, William Burroughs. In any case, I talked much more than he did. Like many visual artists I have known, Robert was not loquacious.

Robert didn't consider himself a photographer then, nor did he own a real camera. His very early artworks often used photographic images he culled from gay porn magazines, over which he airbrushed a fine mist of paint, usually lavender or turquoise, transforming the blatantly sexual into something more romantic and mysterious. In 1970,



**HALO EFFECT**
*Clockwise from above:* the author on a bus in New York City, circa 1971; a 1986 Mapplethorpe portrait of Andy Warhol; Mapplethorpe's 1977 portrait of Sam Wagstaff; a 1980 self-portrait.





he had started taking portraits of himself and Patti with Sandy Daley's Polaroid. Robert couldn't afford to buy a camera of his own and scrimped on food to buy the $3-a-pack Polaroid film. Sometimes he would manipulate the developed picture's image, using a Q-tip to lift the emulsion and twist it into curvaceous shapes. He gave me one of those not long after we met: a self-portrait of his crotch in psychedelic bikini briefs. There were other small gifts over the next couple of years, always signed, "To Robert love Robert" in his spidery, barely visible script.

After Robert and I showed up a few times together in the back room of Max's Kansas City, that hotbed of Factory intrigue, Candy Darling, the most bourgeois of Warhol's drag queens, warned me not to get romantically involved with him. "Everyone knows he's a sicko," she said. Andy started giving me a hard time, too. "You don't have a crush on Robert Mapplethorpe, do you? He's so dirty. His feet smell. He has no money . . . " For his part, Robert was both fascinated by and afraid of Warhol. Robert thought Warhol was the most important artist of our time, but he was wary of getting caught up in Andy's entourage and losing his creative identity, which he felt I was in danger of doing.

Things came to a head one day in May 1972, when I brought Robert along with Andy and me to see Rudolf Nureyev rehearse with the Royal Ballet at Lincoln Center. The cab ride uptown was agony, as neither Andy nor Robert uttered a word, because, each told me later, he didn't want to have his ideas stolen by the other. The scene that followed was a kind of duel by Polaroid as Andy and Robert took competing pictures of Nureyev in action, and Nureyev grabbed the pictures from their hands and tore them to pieces, declaring that he hadn't agreed to a press conference. Andy was on the phone that night, berating me: "We would have got a real interview out of Nureyev if you hadn't brought that awful Robert Mapplethorpe along." "But Nureyev asked me to bring him," I countered. "But it's your fault they even met, because you got him invited to Sam Green's dinner for Nureyev. Robert's just using you, Bob. Did you ever think of that?"

### Camera Man

Robert was definitely interested in the glamorous social life that came with my job as editor of Andy Warhol's magazine, both as a means of career advancement and because he was attracted to the world of fashionable society, as was I, to be honest. One of our favorite afternoon pastimes was to make guest lists for his first gallery exhibition and my first book party, including socialites and stars we had met or hoped to meet, though neither event was about to happen anytime soon. He had already made inroads into that world through David Croland, who had introduced him to Loulou de la Falaise, the Yves Saint Laurent muse and daughter of Maxime de la Falaise, whose second husband, John McKendry, was curator of prints and photography at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The McKendrys lived in a sprawling pre-war apartment on Riverside Drive at 91st Street, where they frequently held dinners mixing the beau monde and demimonde, the Rayners and Erteguns with Factory transvestites and Halston mannequins. In fact, Maxime was the star of *Vivian's Girls,* a combination soap opera/talk show directed by Factory kid Vincent Fremont and Andy in one of his first attempts at, as he put it, "doing something peculiar with video."

John McKendry was madly and unrequitedly in love with Robert, and Maxime played along because it added to their bohemian, bisexual image. ("Bi" was much more "in" than gay or straight among this group.) She hosted a tea for Loulou's girlfriends—Marisa and Berry Berenson, Marina Schiano, Pat Ast—to meet Robert and buy the jewelry he was making out of black string, blue and purple glass beads, and rabbits' feet bound in black mesh, which he sold for $50 apiece. I also remember a Patti Smith reading in the McKendrys' exotic lair of a living room that did not go over so well with the Kempners and de la Rentas, though Kenny Lane thought the proto-punk performer was onto something. No matter, through the besotted Met curator, Robert was getting to know influential art-world figures, including David Hockney and Henry Geldzahler. And when Robert and Patti were flat broke, not an unusual situation, John and Maxime would send a taxi downtown with a $20 bill in an envelope so that they could eat for a few days. The fall before I met Robert, John had invited him to London, where he had been taken up by the most far-out branch of the English aristocracy, including the Tennants, Guinnesses, and Lambtons, all of whom were also very friendly with Andy and his Anglophile business manager, Fred Hughes.

Our friendship, which took off in early January 1972, continued apace into the spring and early summer, when I was diagnosed with severe anemia, the result of burning my candle at both ends. After securing my first commissioned portrait for Andy, of the wife of the Italian ambassador in Mexico City, I decided to take a month's vacation in Puerto Vallarta. Upon returning to New York, Robert was the first person I called after Andy. I told him I was continuing my recuperation at the farm CONTINUED ON PAGE 233



**IN FOCUS**
Mapplethorpe at the opening of his 1988 Whitney Museum of American Art exhibition, photographed by Jonathan Becker.





Chiara Ferragni, photographed in the Paul Williams Suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

FERRAGNI WEARS SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN; GLASSES BY OLIVER PEOPLES; JEWELRY BY CHANEL FINE JEWELRY.

*It Girl*

# AU NATUREL BLONDE

## Chiara Ferragni has built her blog, the Blonde Salad, into a mini fashion empire

It wasn't so long ago that "blogger" was a dirty word, a derogatory term used to describe overdressed young people who swarmed outside fashion shows hoping and praying someone would take their picture. Chiara Ferragni, star of the Blonde



STYLED BY SCIASCIA GAMBACCINI; HAIR PRODUCTS BY LEONOR GREYL; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY DIOR; NAIL ENAMEL BY ZOYA; HAIR BY JOHNNIE SAPONG; MAKEUP BY AMBER DREADON; MANICURE BY ELISA WISHAN; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY PRIME PICTURES; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Salad, a blog she founded in 2009, was always aware of the connotation, but she says she was never bothered by it. "Some loved me, some hated me—but they all followed me."

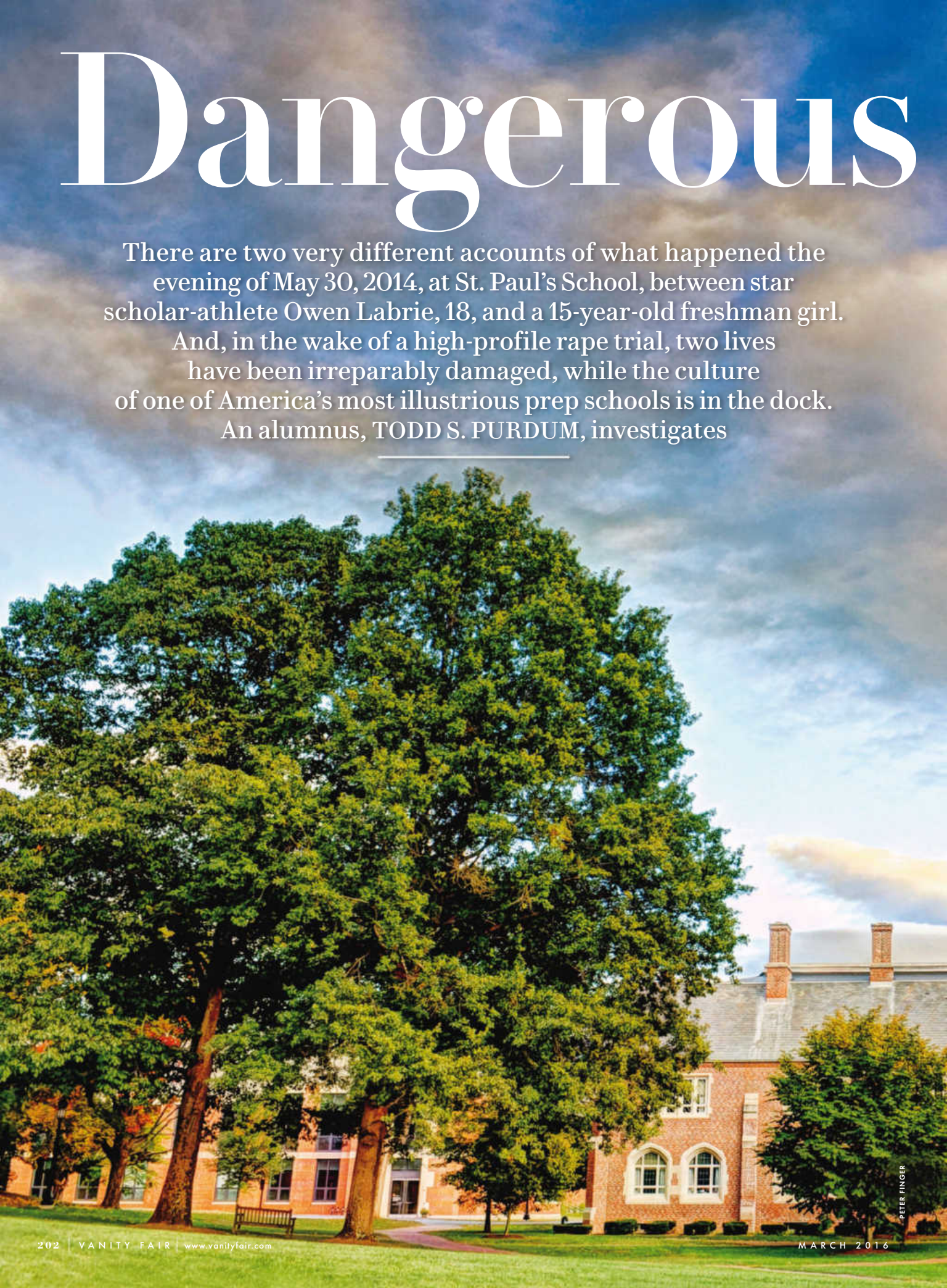
Behold the 28-year-old's current statistics: 5.4 million followers on Instagram, more than 14 million page views per month on her Web site, a staff of 20, and, according to her manager, more than $10 million made in 2015 from Web-site advertising, brand partnerships, and an eponymous shoe line. It's no wonder she was the first-ever blogger to be the focus of a Harvard Business School case study. When the project was presented in Boston last January, Ferragni made sure she was in the audience.

Ferragni grew up in Milan, and her mother worked in the showroom of the Italian fashion label Blumarine. Like many fashion-conscious millennials, she documented her outfits on Flickr. In 2010, when she was 23, she received a standing-room ticket for a Roberto Cavalli show. Two years later, she had a seat at Chanel. "That was the dream—the golden ticket!" Today, she runs an online empire between homes in Beverly Hills and Milan. The majority of her staff are women under the age of 30. "It's surreal [to me] that I can give so many people jobs based on my passion," says Ferragni. She's also just been named a global ambassador for Pantene.

And, in case anyone wonders where her site's name originated, she explains, "I was at lunch with some friends one day and we looked down at our table—blond pasta, blond pizza—and then someone joked, 'Blonde salad,' and it stuck." —DEREK BLASBERG

# Dangerous

**There are two very different accounts of what happened the evening of May 30, 2014, at St. Paul's School, between star scholar-athlete Owen Labrie, 18, and a 15-year-old freshman girl. And, in the wake of a high-profile rape trial, two lives have been irreparably damaged, while the culture of one of America's most illustrious prep schools is in the dock. An alumnus, TODD S. PURDUM, investigates**



PETER FINGER

# Privilege



**IF WALLS COULD TALK** The Schoolhouse building, at the heart of the 2,000-acre campus of St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire.

*Grant, O Lord,*
*That in all the joys of life we may never forget to be kind.*
*Help us to be unselfish in friendship,*
*Thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves,*
*And eager to bear the burdens of others*
*Through Jesus Christ our Savior.*
*Amen.*
—St. Paul's School Prayer.

## I. One Night in May

He was 18, a scholarship boy from a bitterly broken home, a star scholar-athlete—captain of the varsity soccer team—who had won full-ride admission to Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, Duke, Stanford, Middlebury, and the University of Virginia, and two days later would be the winner of the headmaster's award for "selfless devotion to School activities."

She was 15, a privileged second-generation preppy who had been raised in Asia and whose older sister had briefly dated the boy and advised her to steer clear of him; by all accounts a naïve and impressionable freshman both flattered and flummoxed by the insistent e-mail entreaties of one of the most popular boys at St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire.

On the evening of Friday, May 30, 2014, Owen Labrie, carrying a backpack, a blanket, and a key that he himself acknowledged was stolen, took the girl to a dark attic mechanical room, in the $50 million math-and-science building named for the old New York family that produced Mayor John V. Lindsay, for an encounter that turned sexual.

This is the beginning—and virtually the end—of agreement about what happened between two young people that night. Like a Rashomon episode of Showtime's *The Affair,* almost everything else depends on the protagonists' divergent perspectives, dueling recollections, and diametrically opposed interpretations of intent.

He says her underwear never came off. She says she held her underwear up tightly with both hands but that he moved the front aside. He says they never had sex. She says he raped her, with both of his hands visible above her waist. He says she giggled and seemed to enjoy their kissing, caressing, and rolling around—an assessment she does not dispute. She says she said "no" three times. He says he got up to retrieve a condom from his shorts and suddenly realized that "it wouldn't have been a good move to—it wouldn't have been a good move to have sex with this girl." DNA from his skin cells was found in the inside panel of her underwear, as was semen that could not be definitively linked to him.

In the aftermath of their encounter, they exchanged tender e-mails referring to each other as angels—and anxious Facebook messages about her lost earring, and whether he'd used a condom. When the girl's older sister learned of the encounter, she smacked the boy in the face, giving him a shiner for his graduation that Sunday. In the small hours of the following Tuesday morning, the girl finally telephoned her mother. The school then reported the case to the local authorities as required by law. The resulting whirlwind has consumed the rarefied world of St. Paul's, made front-page news across the country, inspired an episode of *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit,* and sparked fresh debate about the meaning of sexual consent and about teenage hookup culture in the age of social media.

At his trial, last summer, the prosecution alleged, and the avail-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER (DINING HALL, DORMITORY); JIM COLE/A.P. IMAGES (LABRIE); PETER FINGER (CHAPEL, POND)

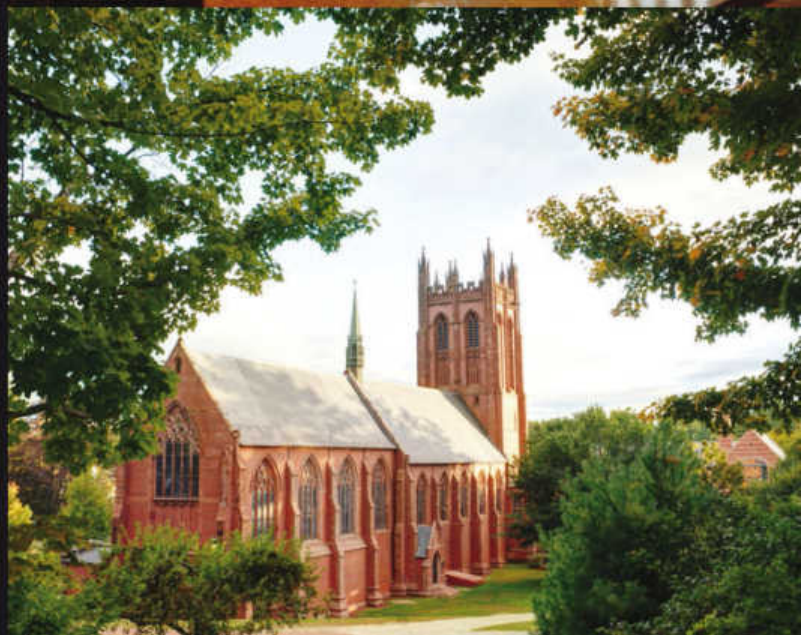








**SACRED GROUNDS**
*Clockwise from top left:* students make their way to Coit Dormitory, named for the first rector at St. Paul's; the Library Pond; the Coit Upper Dining Hall; the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul; Owen Labrie, charged with felony sexual assault, during his trial, in Concord, August 2015.



able evidence strongly suggests, that Labrie seduced the girl as part of an organized ritual—a competition with other boys to see who could "slay" the greatest number of younger girls in the weeks leading to graduation.

In August, a jury acquitted Labrie on the charge of forcible felony rape but convicted him on three misdemeanor counts of statutory rape—penetration of his under-age victim with his hands, tongue, and penis—and on a felony charge of using a computer to lure a minor for sex, an offense that requires him to register as a sex offender for life. In October, he was sentenced to a year in jail, five years of probation, and lifetime registry. He remains free while he appeals the convictions, with a legal team led by the former president of the New Hampshire Bar Association and with a likely assist from Alan Dershowitz, who is himself in the midst of vigorously disputing allegations that he had sex with an under-age girl. In the meantime, the victim's family has said it may sue St. Paul's in an effort to force changes in discipline and governance and ensure greater supervision of the 541 students who now have wide run of the bucolic 2,000-acre campus.



**AWAITING APPEAL** Labrie with his father in Vershire, Vermont, November 2015. *Opposite,* in his bedroom at his mother's house, in nearby Tunbridge, the same month.

### II. "Statch"

Disclosure: I am an alumnus of St. Paul's, from the class, or "form," of 1978. The school transformed the life of the small-town midwestern boy I was. At my graduation, I won the same prize that Labrie won at his—the Rector's Award, given by the headmaster to one who has "enhanced our lives and improved the community." Four years ago, when Labrie was a student, I was a visiting lecturer. Over the years, I have been active as a representative of my class and as a member of the alumni magazine's advisory board, and have edited a book of writings by a former rector, as St. Paul's headmasters are known. My classmates include parents of current and recent students, some of whom knew Labrie well.

Before receiving this assignment, I had corresponded with the rector, Michael Hirschfeld—himself from the St. Paul's form of 1985—expressing misgivings about the school's public statements and its handling of the case. When I began my reporting, Hirschfeld expressed a willingness to talk, but he and the school's lawyer and the president of the board of trustees repeatedly deferred or delayed requests for interviews before finally issuing a formal statement and answering some written questions. The account that follows is based on that information and on interviews with faculty, staff, parents, alumni, and students (all of whom consider themselves friends of the school); with a senior law-enforcement official involved in the case; with representatives of the families of Owen Labrie and the victim (whose identity *Vanity Fair* is shielding in conformity with standard practice in cases of sexual crimes involving under-age persons); and with the father of the victim. I have also spoken with Owen Labrie and his father. What I've learned has made me as sorry as if I were covering a crisis in my own family—which, in a sense, I am.

In public statements, St. Paul's and many of its students, alumni, and friends have insisted that what happened in this case was not representative of the broader culture of an institution that, since its founding, in 1856, has educated the cream of the American aristocracy. Its distinguished alumni include the novelists Owen Wister and Rick Moody; the diplomats John Gilbert Winant and John F. Kerry; Senator Sheldon Whitehouse; the actors Judd Nelson (my classmate) and Catherine Oxenberg; plus Garry Trudeau and a passel of Pillsburys, Chubbs, Reids, Rutherfurds, and Wilmerdings, along with the worthy heirs of clergymen, diplomats, teachers, and other promising scholarship kids like Labrie.

The school's lush grounds—a wonderland in winter; a lilac-scented Arden in the spring—are the envy of many a small college. All students and faculty are required to live "on grounds." The master plan for its interlocking network of ponds, waterfalls, and pathways was laid out by the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of New York's Central Park. Watergate special prosecutor Archibald Cox, class of 1930, took a head-clearing walk around the Lower School Pond during the crisis over his subpoena of Richard Nixon's White House tapes.

Defenders of St. Paul's point to its curriculum on "Living in Community." In line with its tenets, students are taught "self-awareness, self-management, social awareness, relationship building and positive decision-making." As a prefect, or dorm leader, Labrie had received explicit training in the definition of statutory rape—"statch," as students call it—and responsible sexual conduct, and signed a statement affirming his special obligation to follow the rules. The school prayer beseeches God to "grant that in all the joys of life, we may never forget to be kind." The school's secular credo—coined by Hirschfeld when he was director of admissions—is "Freedom with Responsibility," a concept now under debate.

Yet it is hard to avoid the conclusion that something has gone badly awry at the school. About every 10 years since the mid-1990s, St. Paul's has been consumed by scandal: one rector resigned after a no-confidence vote by the faculty; a second was forced to resign after a state investigation into his compensation; and now there is the Labrie affair. The common thread? A rotating cadre of circle-the-wagons trustees and administrators who would defend the school's reputation in the face of damning facts and obvious misconduct.

While evidence suggests that the term "senior salute"—in which 12th-grade students of either gender in their last months at school reached out to younger students of the opposite sex—had not existed for more than two or three years, the practice of "scoring," or "secret scoring," in which students kept track of their romantic

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COREY HENDRICKSON/GETTY IMAGES ASSIGNMENT




or sexual conquests, had existed for much longer, as had the ritual of upper-class boys' "ranking" younger girls' attractiveness as the boys sat in a common room outside the main dining hall after meals. In a 2013 essay in the school newspaper, *The Pelican,* Labrie himself had written about the practice. "Is secret scoring in dirty Schoolhouse closets the key to happiness?" he asked. "Anyone who has a sweet relationship can tell you it is not." In a speech to the student body last spring, Hirschfeld recalled having heard both male and female students use the words "slay" and "slayer" in references to sexual relationships. "These words made me uncomfortable, as I suspect they did many other people," the rector said. "While these words made me uneasy, I did nothing as the head of the School to address their use nor, to my knowledge, did anyone else. Why was that? Are these words and what they suggest a part of our air? We should be asking these questions." Hirschfeld's remarks have since been removed from the school Web site.

Faculty, alumni, and parents with whom I have talked reported that the ritual of "senior salute" could involve everything from holding hands to a walk to the school boat docks to sexual intercourse, while the definition of "scoring" was said to be similarly vague. But there is no disputing that school officials were aware of a "scoring wall" behind a washing machine in an upper-class dormitory, where an interlocking diagram of hookups had been logged for years. The school kept painting over it, only to have the list repeatedly reappear. The rise of social media has exacerbated the situation and driven such behavior underground to adult-free cyberspace.

According to one former longtime faculty member, Hirschfeld himself first heard the term "senior salute" in the spring of 2013—a full year before the Labrie case—when a student in Labrie's dormitory accidentally left his computer logged on and a dormmate punked him by sending a message to the rector's wife, Liesbeth, asking "Senior salute?" But the school year was ending and no one seems to have run the meaning of the term to ground, or ascertained the prevalence of the practice.

"I don't understand the culture of some of the adults there," another longtime former faculty member told me. "Somebody should have said, 'Senior salute? Not in our school.'"

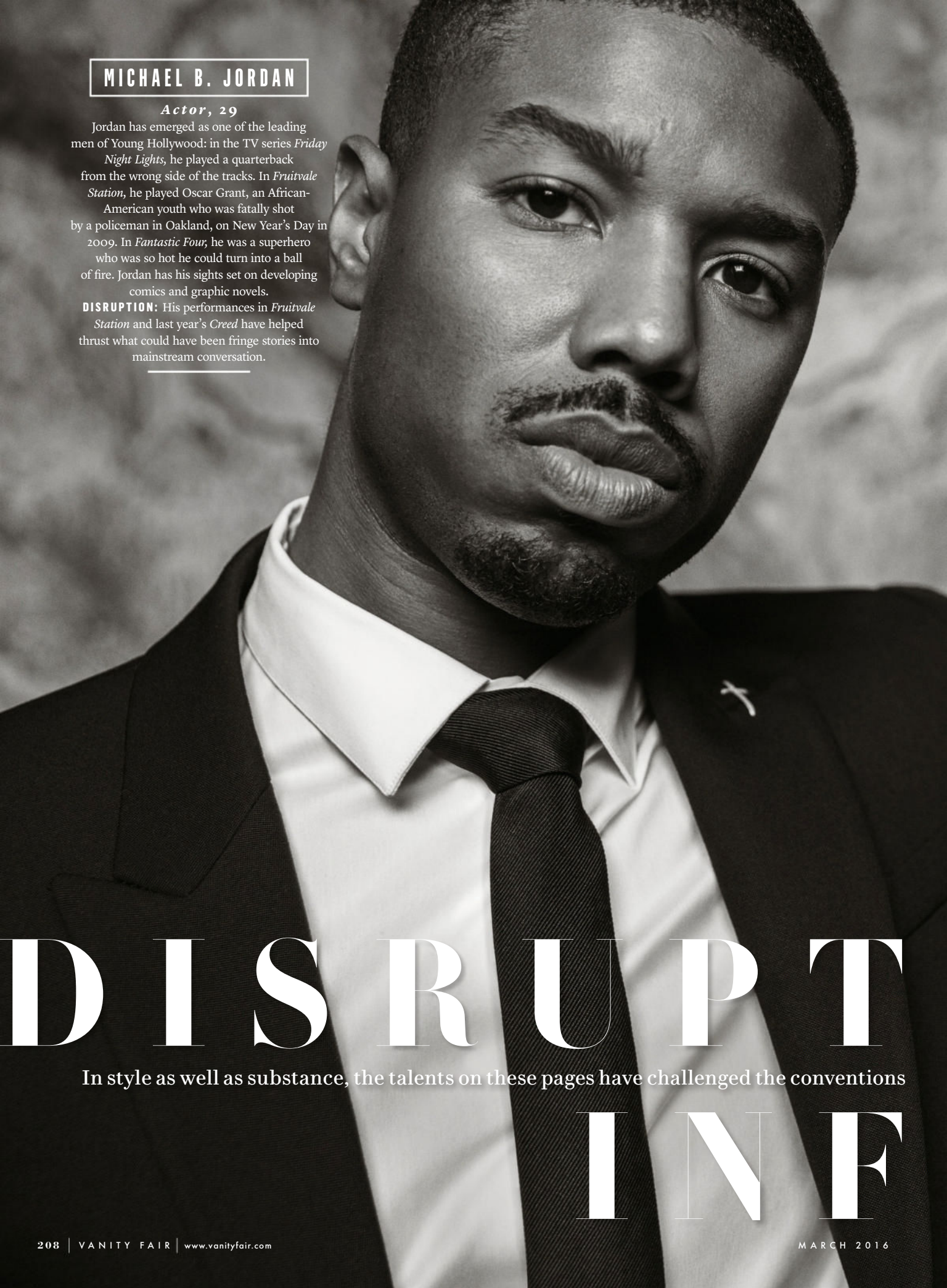
In the spring of 2014, one faculty member, a housemaster in a girls' dorm, complained in an e-mail to senior administrators about senior boys trolling for under-age girls. The teacher involved declined to comment, citing school policy, but others with knowledge of the situation told me that the boys were given a talking-to by their faculty advisers and made to apologize to the housemaster but were not otherwise disciplined. (Labrie was not one of the boys.)

What is perhaps most depressing from the trial testimony, and documents submitted by the prosecution at the time of Labrie's sentencing, is that the rite in which Labrie participated was not the province of disaffected or marginalized students who were known rule breakers. Instead it involved some acknowledged leaders of the school: the captain of the soccer team; editors of the newspaper; a class officer of the grade behind Labrie. They shared stolen keys not just to the science-building mechanical room but to other private spaces on the grounds. They shared e-mail templates for inviting girls to a salute and passed around a papier-mâché "slay" mask that amounted to a kind of trophy. This all apparently came as a shock to faculty and administrators—including Hirschfeld, a onetime scholarship kid and athlete, who is said to have seen in Labrie something of himself, the very model of a St. Paul's student, the kind of person that the school's diploma would have called in my day a "*juvenis optimae spei,*" a youth of brightest hope.

### III. Bucket List

Owen Labrie (pronounced Luh-*bree*) lives in rural Vermont, in the town of Tunbridge. His parents are Cannon Labrie and Denise Holland. They divorced when Owen was two—in a bitter custody and child-support battle that, court records show, included his mother's accusing his father of sexually abusing the boy, an accusation that Cannon Labrie denied and Vermont authorities could not substantiate.

Cannon Labrie is a graduate of Andover with a Ph.D. from Brown, a onetime college instructor, an editor at Chelsea Green Publishing, and a sometime amateur musician. He now works mostly as a landscaper. Denise Holland is a public-school teacher CONTINUED ON PAGE 229



## MICHAEL B. JORDAN

***Actor*, 29**

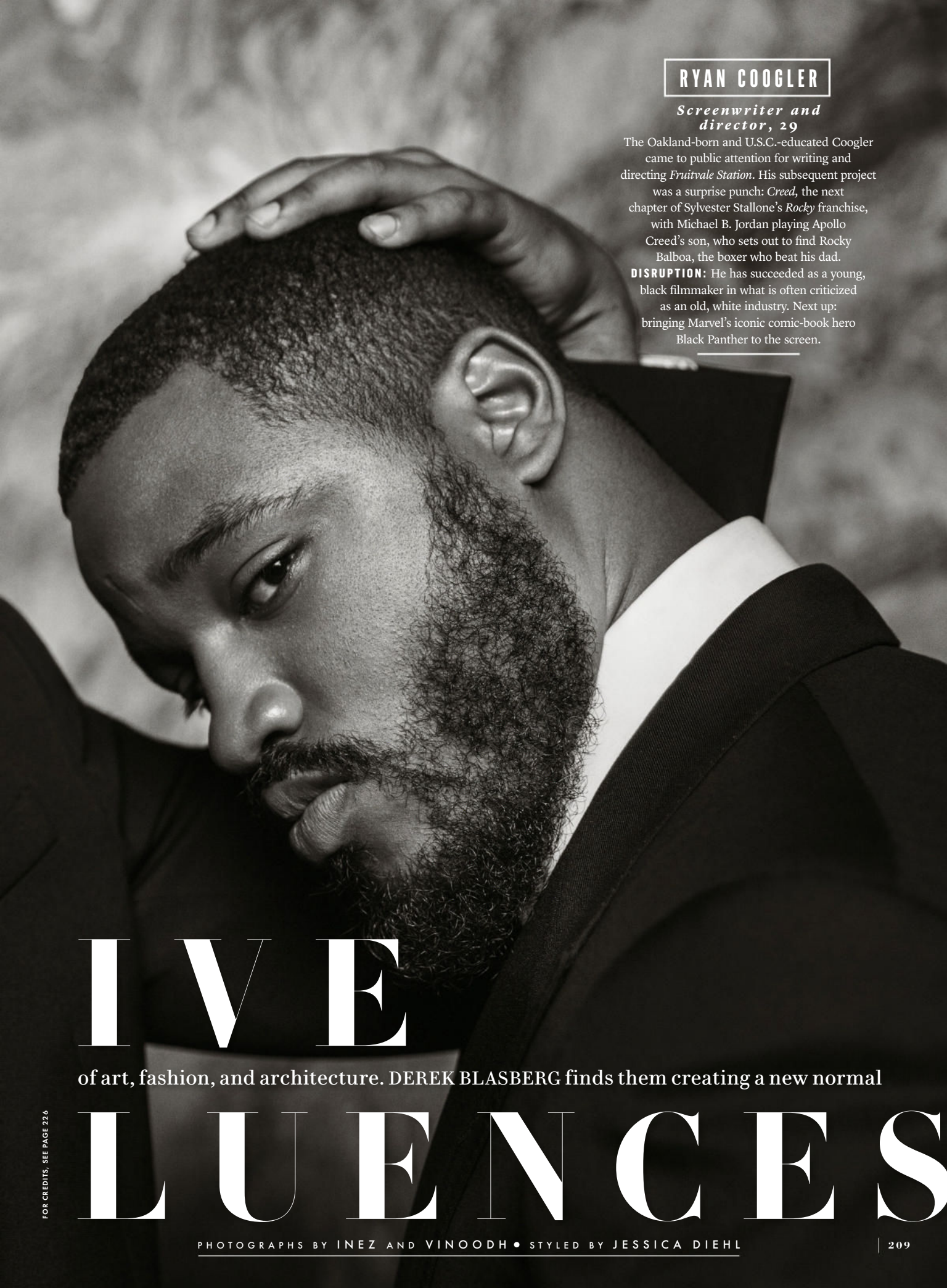
Jordan has emerged as one of the leading men of Young Hollywood: in the TV series *Friday Night Lights,* he played a quarterback from the wrong side of the tracks. In *Fruitvale Station,* he played Oscar Grant, an African-American youth who was fatally shot by a policeman in Oakland, on New Year's Day in 2009. In *Fantastic Four,* he was a superhero who was so hot he could turn into a ball of fire. Jordan has his sights set on developing comics and graphic novels.

**DISRUPTION:** His performances in *Fruitvale Station* and last year's *Creed* have helped thrust what could have been fringe stories into mainstream conversation.

# DISRUPT

In style as well as substance, the talents on these pages have challenged the conventions

# INF



## RYAN COOGLER

***Screenwriter and director, 29***

The Oakland-born and U.S.C.-educated Coogler came to public attention for writing and directing *Fruitvale Station*. His subsequent project was a surprise punch: *Creed,* the next chapter of Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky* franchise, with Michael B. Jordan playing Apollo Creed's son, who sets out to find Rocky Balboa, the boxer who beat his dad.

**DISRUPTION:** He has succeeded as a young, black filmmaker in what is often criticized as an old, white industry. Next up: bringing Marvel's iconic comic-book hero Black Panther to the screen.

# IVE LUENCES

of art, fashion, and architecture. DEREK BLASBERG finds them creating a new normal

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY INEZ AND VINOODH • STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL

# Disrupter:

The newest term to invade pop culture's lexicon. It's up there with "selfie" or "kale," a word du jour that rolls off the tongue of tech investors, music execs, and magazine editors when they want to describe a trend in the creative arts. "Disruption in art is necessary," says filmmaker Sean Baker, who is included in the portfolio. "It allows you to take a step forward." Herein lies the crux of our portfolio. Not only has this crop of people used forward-thinking instincts to challenge and provoke the way that art, fashion, and architecture are created, but they have done it with personal flair. The recording artist Grimes recalls wearing girlie, hot-pink dresses to punk clubs early in her career because looking as if she cared about her appearance was the ultimate rebellion. So how do you know when the dust has settled from a disruption? "When the abnormal becomes normal," says the transgender actress and model Hari Nef.



## KELELA

***Musician*, 32**

Kelela calls her sound "left-of-center black electronica." Her voice is influenced by jazz, her beats by R&B and underground club music. She's still honing one skill, however: "I haven't mastered the stiletto-run-around-onstage routine yet. I have to get my Beyoncé on and get back to you."

**DISRUPTION:** "Blurring lines is my business right now. Actually, that's always been my business, but now I get paid for it."

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226



## TAVI GEVINSON

***Actress, writer, and editor, 19***

As a pre-teen, Gevinson wrote a blog from her suburban-Chicago bedroom called Style Rookie, which captivated the fashion world with its mature language and insightful observations. Her first disruption? The time she wore an oversize bow hat to a Dior fashion show in Paris and the editors sitting behind her complained. (She was 13.) Lately she's been working as a stage actress, currently starring alongside Saoirse Ronan in a revival of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* on Broadway.

**DISRUPTION:** "Sometimes I think a lack of experience helps people do what they want to do."



## GRIMES

***Producer, singer-songwriter, and artist, 27***

L.A.-based, Grimes began her career as a sort of mythical musical illusion in Canada. She mixed her own music on a laptop, and she even did D.I.Y. music videos in public places. Her 2012 video, "Oblivion," with its pop sound and powerful lyrics, has 22 million views and counting. She's become a muse of fashion houses such as Louis Vuitton and Chanel, which in her world is as punk as it can get. "At a point, when it's cool to be so anti-aesthetic, it becomes radical to start caring."

**DISRUPTION:** She realized that the most disruptive thing to do in alternative culture is embrace Pop culture.

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226



## SPIKE JONZE

***Writer and director, 46***

Jonze's uncanny ability to tap into the cool kids' *Zeitgeist* has helped him to assemble an impressive résumé, which includes an Oscar for best original screenplay, for *Her,* the 2014 movie about a man who falls in love with his operating system. His new role is as the co-president of Viceland, the Vice media empire's own cable network. "I hope it's a conversation between us and the viewers. It's like the beginning of a group mural that many voices will add to."

**DISRUPTION:** "It's simple: we're trying to make things that we are excited about, or confused about, or [that we think] are funny."

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226



## DAKOTA JOHNSON

***Actress*, 26**

While taking off her clothes in *Fifty Shades of Grey* may have helped make her famous, it's what she's been putting on that's influencing her style status. The daughter of 1980s icons Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson, and the granddaughter of one of Hitchcock's muses, Tippi Hedren, she can be seen in the comedy *How to Be Single* and the provocative thriller *A Bigger Splash*.

**DISRUPTION:** A coterie of international fashion designers are clamoring to dress her. "I want to feel like the most elegant version of myself when I have the opportunity to wear beautiful gowns. Because at some point they come off and my real clothes go back on."

## KATE YOUNG

***Fashion stylist*, 40**

Young started her career as a wild child in London's fashion scene in the 1990s before moving to New York and working as Anna Wintour's assistant at *Vogue*. Her editorial career flourished, but she hit her stride with styling for celebrity clients such as Michelle Williams, Sienna Miller, Rachel Weisz, and Selena Gomez. And, of course, it was Young who orchestrated Dakota Johnson's well-edited international fashion tour this past fall.

**DISRUPTION:** "Simplicity is refreshing. A dress should say something about the person who's wearing it. Not the other way around."



## MELINA MATSOUKAS

***Music-video and commercial director, 34***

Matsoukas's devotion to aesthetics has created a long list of devoted fans, including Beyoncé, Jay Z, Snoop Dogg, and Jennifer Lopez. The music video she directed for Rihanna's hit "We Found Love" earned her a 2013 Grammy and MTV's Video of the Year. **DISRUPTION:** More than one billion people have viewed her work on YouTube. "Style is another form of artistry."



## LUCY CHADWICK

***Gallerist, 35***

Chadwick's full-time job is as the director of the art gallery Gavin Brown's enterprise. But her unofficial, part-time job is as a street-style star. She favors bold, textural, and architectural pieces, much like the artwork found in her gallery. "The fashion peacocking circus is a fascinating cacophony of visual delights." **DISRUPTION:** "You want to disturb, but not distract. Progression feeds off disruption."

## BJARKE INGELS

***Architect, 41***

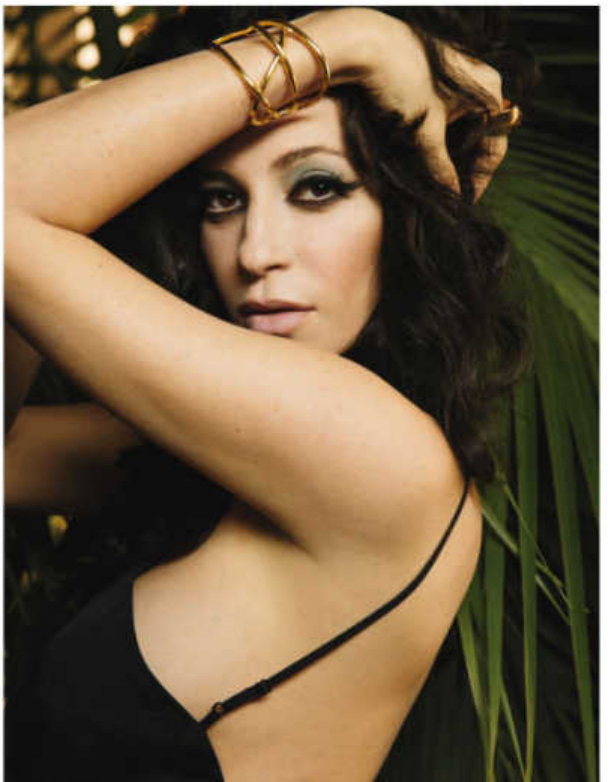
Ingels is one of the architects behind New York's Big U, a structure off the southern tip of Manhattan designed to protect against rising sea levels and hurricanes. He is also involved with VIA, on West 57th Street, which looks like a breaking wave with its slanted roofs allowing sunlight to flood its courtyard. **DISRUPTION:** "I want to find shapes and designs we haven't discovered before."

## YAEL AFLALO

***Founder and C.E.O. of Reformation, 38***

In 2008, Aflalo visited factories in China and was shocked to observe the pollution resulting from fashion production. The following year, she founded the American-made clothing company Reformation, which adheres to sustainable business practices, including recycling existing fabrics. **DISRUPTION:** "We make sustainable clothes and we genuinely care about the environment."





FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226



## LINEISY MONTERO

***Model*, 19**

Montero's first fashion show was an exclusive appearance in Prada's fall 2015 collection. Her defining characteristic is a closely shorn Afro, a hairstyle she started wearing as a young girl in the Dominican Republic. "Now I really love it natural, it's my staple look." **DISRUPTION:** At a time of questionable fashion diversity, Montero's domination of the runways is a breath of fresh air.



## HARI NEF

***Actress and model*, 23**

Last year was a busy one for Nef. She graduated from Columbia, scored a role on Amazon TV's series *Transparent,* and became modeling powerhouse IMG's first-ever transgender model with a global contract. **DISRUPTION:** "I feel like the people who are most disruptive are just trying to be really casual about something that's not casual for other people. Normal is the new abnormal."

## GEORGE BAMFORD

***Founder of Bamford Watch Department*, 35**

When Bamford arrived at a dinner party to show off his Rolex Daytona, he was crestfallen to discover everyone else wearing the same watch. "I felt like a lady who turned up at the Oscars wearing the same dress as someone else," he says. The result was a customization service for top-tier men's watches. **DISRUPTION:** "'Why aren't I doing it my way?'"

## NICK WOOSTER

***Designer and "free agent,"* 55**

Wooster began his fashion career at 16, working at a shop in his Kansas hometown. In the next four decades, his career took him through the ranks at Barneys, Bergdorf Goodman, and Neiman Marcus. Street style is his latest act. "I believe in the sartorial mullet: classic on top, avant-garde on bottom." **DISRUPTION:** "If you were doing it five years ago, you're doing the wrong thing."







## A$AP ROCKY

***Recording artist,* 27**

Following his instincts has paid off for rapper and hip-hop heartthrob A$AP Rocky, who made this year's Forbes 30 Under 30 list. And his two most recent records—*Long.Live.A$AP,* in 2013, and 2015's *At.Long.Last.A$AP*—both debuted at No. 1 on the Billboard 200 list. "The kids, they don't know, so it's my duty as A$AP Rocky to re-introduce some of these things," he says of his collaboration with Guess Originals on their 1990s hip-hop-inspired collection.

**DISRUPTION:** Fans come to the rapper for sick beats, aggressive lyrics, and strong swagger. Fashion brands embrace him for his cool factor. A$AP has an insatiable curiosity and creative unpredictability that always yield the same results—$$.



## ALESSANDRO MICHELE

***Creative director at Gucci, 43***

"I tried to cause a little revolution at Gucci," coos the 95-year-old label's creative director. What happened after he presented his first men's-wear show, in January 2015, which he put together in just five days? *Vive la rivoluzione.* Michele's gender-bending, pansexual prints and silhouettes gave a high-fashion look to pop culture's conversation about identity, heaping new praise—and sales—on the fashion house. "I am an anarchist, a free spirit. Freedom is a founding principle, and it also means dressing oneself freely without its being dictated by gender."

**DISRUPTION:** "I do not have a strategy. I'm guided by my instincts and by what I like."

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226

## SEAN BAKER

***Writer and director, 45***

Baker's 2015 film, *Tangerine*, was made with the tools of modern culture's connectivity: he cast off Vine; he culled the soundtrack from YouTube and Soundcloud; and he shot the entire movie on an iPhone.

**DISRUPTION:** "We turned to these things to find inspiration," he says. "But don't we turn to the Internet nowadays for everything?"





## ALISON MOSSHART

***Musician and artist, 37***

Mosshart admits to having a split personality: in private, she's soft-spoken and quiet. Onstage, when headlining for either the Kills (which she founded with Jamie Hince in 2000) or the Dead Weather (formed from a friendship with Jack White in 2009), she's a jumping, sweating, screaming animal.

**DISRUPTION:** She has repelled and embraced music's tech advances and in the process created her own folksy electronica. "I think, when I force myself back into that Stone Age realm, I actually do better work because I'm less distracted by the buzz of today's heavy fog of impatience. I'm thankful for invention and high-speed everything, but I'm just as high-speed without it."

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## KENDALL JENNER

***Model and reality-TV star, 20***

The fifth of Kris Jenner's six children and the elder of the two she has with Caitlyn Jenner, Kendall is the top of a crop of "social-media supermodels," a handful of women (including Cara Delevingne and Gigi Hadid) who are the darlings of both high fashion and publicly followed social-media accounts. In 2015, Jenner made it onto the *Forbes* list of the highest-paid models, scored four international *Vogue* covers, and signed a deal with Calvin Klein, all on top of her existing lucrative cosmetics contract with Estée Lauder.

**DISRUPTION:** Single-handedly proved that it's possible to keep up with the Kardashians—and also Karl Lagerfeld. She closed last season's Chanel haute couture show in Paris.

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## ST. VINCENT

***Musician, 33***

Early in her career, St. Vincent, whose real name is Annie Clark, performed in a choral rock band before honing what is now an entirely original experimental sound. She was awarded the Grammy for best alternative-music album in 2015. She has a Bowie-like quality: "I wear costumes onstage because it's about a different reality," she says. And she also happens to be dating model-of-the-moment Cara Delevingne.

**DISRUPTION:** She has released four solo records and is the first female to have won the alternative-album Grammy in two decades.

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 226



## CARY JOJI FUKUNAGA

***Writer, director, and cinematographer, 38***

Fukunaga directed the first season of HBO's *True Detective* and helped to establish the show's cult status. When his *Beasts of No Nation,* which follows a young boy's survival through the atrocious civil wars in West Africa, was released on Netflix and in theaters simultaneously, Hollywood's concept of feature-film distribution was redefined.

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**PAGES 208–25:** Hair products by Bumble and Bumble and Kiehl's; makeup products by Clinique, Estée Lauder, and MAC; grooming products by Jack Black; nail enamel by Deborah Lippmann, Essie, and Estée Lauder; hair by Christiaan; makeup by Yadim; grooming by Carola Gonzalez (Coogler, Jordan); manicures by Deborah Lippmann and Michelle Saunders; set design by Marla Weinhoff; produced on location by GE Projects, Los Angeles, and VLM Productions, New York City. Special thanks to the End of History, Michael Pashby Antiques, and Orange.
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## London Diamond Heist




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 191 the H.G.S.D. basement foyer and the vault. But they had planned a more ingenious way to get in—one that presupposed deep inside knowledge of the building's layout. They walked up to the second floor and called the elevator, which they disabled, then returned to the ground floor, and pried open the elevator doors to the open shaft. Then one or more of them dropped down the 12 to 14 feet in the shaft from the ground floor to the basement. Once there they pried open the flimsy steel shutter covering the disused basement elevator door and entered the air lock. They managed to only partially disable the alarm by cutting the telephone cable and breaking off the G.P.S. aerial so that its signal range was compromised—but not quite compromised enough, it turned out. A short time later a text alert was sent to the monitoring company, which then contacted Alok Bavishi, another of the H.G.S.D. owners.

The phone rang in the Canary Wharf apartment of Kelvin Stockwell, chief custodian guard of the Hatton Garden Safety Deposit vault since 1995. He arrived shortly after one A.M. to find no sign of forced entry on the front door to the building or the fire exit. Nothing seemed amiss.

"It's all locked up," Stockwell told Bavishi, who was five minutes away in his car, so Bavishi turned his car around and headed home, leaving Stockwell to meet with the police. The police also dismissed the incident, concluding that "no police response was deemed to be required," according to police reports.

Meanwhile, the team pulled the second air-lock iron gate open. They were in!

But still nearly two feet and an eternity from the safe-deposit boxes, which lay within a Chubb safe embedded in a nearly 20-inch-thick solid concrete wall. The wall would have been impenetrable to a drill in 1946, when the vault was constructed, but it was child's play to the thieves' Hilti DD350 diamond coring drill, a 77-pound, $5,200 circular monster.

Now, at last, Danny Jones was able to apply what he'd spent so many nights studying on YouTube. Anchoring the Hilti drill to the floor and concrete wall, and connecting it to a water hose for cooling and reducing the amount of dust, they began boring through the concrete. The DD350 made only a quiet, water-splattering hum as it breached the concrete wall.

Within two and a half hours, three overlapping circular holes had been cut through the concrete. It should have been cause for celebration. But, instead, as Terry Perkins might have put it, "fuck me." The thieves stared through the holes not into the diamond-filled vault but at a wall of solid steel: the rear of a cabinet of safe-deposit boxes. Unmovable. Bolted to the ceiling and floor.

They had a Clarke pump and hose with a 10-ton hydraulic ram, strong enough to force the doors off of almost anything. But the pump broke. The steel cabinet stood firm.

"Carl, do something for fuck sake," Danny Jones said to Carl Wood, who was "walking around in circles."

Around eight A.M. on Friday, April 3, they temporarily surrendered, leaving the vault—but in a move that shocked the others, one of them left for good: the ringleader, Brian Reader. He was convinced that to return would mean certain capture. He made his way to the London Bridge subway station, where he returned home the same way he had come.

Jones and Collins didn't walk away, though. Instead they went shopping—Collins driving, Jones buying—at two machinery-equipment shops in the London suburb of Twickenham, just two guys shopping for Saturday tools. At Machine Mart, Jones paid nearly $140 for another fire-red Clarke pump ram and hose, using the name "V. Jones" (after Vinnie Jones, the actor from the 1998 heist movie *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*?) and his street address on the receipt.

They returned around 10 P.M. on April 4. But, finding the fire-escape door locked, Carl Wood followed Brian Reader's lead and quit.

"His arsehole went and he thought we would never get in," recalled Kenny Collins later. "The cunt. I said, 'Give it another half-hour.' [And he said], 'Fuck, we've done everything we can do.... If we can't get in, we won't be able to get in, will we?'"

"And we did," declared Perkins after Basil finally let them in again.

Collins returned to his post as lookout, while Perkins, Basil, and Jones went in with the new pump ram in its red box. Back at the vault, they used the metal joists they'd brought in earlier to anchor the new pump and hose to the wall opposite the vault, and 10 tons of pressure went to work.

"It was hissing, that pump, bang, didn't it? [That's] all I could hear, bang, and I thought for fuck sake, I had a headache," said Jones.

Then Perkins exclaimed, "We're in! We're in!" And there it lay: the perfect score.

They could see the bounty beckoning. But they were still not inside the vault. Now at least one of them had to slither through the three overlapping concrete holes, a tiny opening measuring 10 by 18 inches across.

This ruled out the stocky Terry Perkins, who would later say he wished, as a sort of "fuck you" to Brian Reader, that he'd taken a selfie of himself as the goods were being ferried out to him. Inside the vault, fitness enthusiast Danny Jones and the slim Basil were busting open the old but still-sturdy metal deposit boxes with sledgehammers, crowbars, and angle grinders. Since they were now two burglars short, they were able to ransack only 73 of the 996 boxes, but it was enough, a vast array of loose diamonds and other stones, jewelry, and cash—stacks of it! There was also gold and platinum bullion.

The burglars felt they were stealing from the rich, including the Hatton Garden jewelers who, Perkins later said, had ripped off his daughter by using a fake stone in her engagement ring. "They deserve all they get, Dad," his daughter reportedly told him. "They are all riffraff down there," Jones told Perkins.

"I'll tell you what he lost, shall I?" said Jones, counting the proceeds from one box alone. "[$2.3] million worth of gold he lost, plus [$102,000] in notes."

"I feel a bit sorry, don't you?" asked Perkins.

"Give it back to him," said Jones, laughing.

Around 5:45 A.M. on Easter Sunday, April 5, after they worked through the night, the job was done: the empty metal carcasses of the boxes were strewn across the floor, along with the drill and broken jack, but no DNA evidence, thanks to the thieves' careful study of *Forensics for Dummies.* Jones came up the stairs from the vault to the fire escape with the pump ram, with Perkins following soon after, and they both hauled up a wheelie bin so heavy Perkins had to stop at the top of the stairs, visibly gasping.

Collins drove them away in his Mercedes, dropping the burglars off at their various homes. Within 36 hours, the loot was divided up among them.

"I think we've been burgled," Kelvin Stockwell recalled being told by his associate guard on Tuesday morning, when he arrived at work.

"I went downstairs, and I saw the top lock of the door was missing," Stockwell told me. He peered through the hole where the lock should have been and saw "drills, cutting tools, pipes—chaos," he said. "I called the police. Fifteen, 20 minutes [later] they turned up. They looked through the door. We went inside. It was like a bomb had hit the place."

Along with the police came the boxholders, and by 10 A.M. the street in front of the vault was filled with misery. "I was sitting at home enjoying an afternoon cup of coffee, a piece of Passover cake, when I heard my children speaking of a big robbery," said a diamond dealer, who claimed he had more than $720,000 worth of diamonds in his box. "I didn't take notice, because there are robberies all of the time. Then, after a half-hour, one of my children said, 'It's the Hatton Garden Safe Deposit.'

"I heard that, and I've never felt anything like it," he continued. "If you had said to me, 'Jump out of a 20-story building onto a mattress in the street,' that's what you feel. Everything you worked for . . . gone!"

He joined the fray on the street, where emotional dealers were barred from entering the building. The media soon arrived, along with insurance adjusters. Then came the excruciating wait—three, four, and, in some cases, five or more days—as the police sorted through the rubble. The calls from police to the victims began on Thursday.

*Give us a list of what's in your box.*

It was a seemingly simple request of the police to the victims. But some couldn't say with certainty, and others wouldn't say. Did their boxes contain contraband, possibly stolen goods and cash that hadn't been declared to the British tax authority, Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs?

"That is why we will never know how much was actually stolen—because safety-deposit boxes are used for a number of reasons, and one of them is anonymity," said former senior detective Barry Phillips.

As the heist dominated the British media, and the CCTV video of the masked marauders leaked to the *Mirror* newspaper and was aired on television and Web sites, the public seemed to be rooting for the daring, dexterous, still-at-large diamond thieves, while blaming the victims and the police, who had failed to respond to the burglar alarm.

For six weeks after the heist, the burglars sat in the suburbs of London, reveling in their rewards and reliving their crime. Old age and infirmities be damned—they were full-on thieves again, back in their old haunts, the cafés and the Castle pub, where they had spent three years researching and planning the heist, full of beer, fish-and-chips, and bravado. They had a source in Scotland Yard, Jones told Perkins, and the Yard was "fucked."

"Ain't you caught them yet, the big heist?" Jones said, quoting what his source had asked a detective, and the cop answered no. That was because the chumps thought it was an inside job, Perkins said, that the Sudanese owners of the vault had ripped off their own business. "If they think it's an inside job, they will not put 100 percent into it," Perkins told Jones. "They'll think, You mugging us off, you cunts. You want us running all around London when it's fucking from inside."

"No comment," Perkins said of what he planned to say in the unlikely event the police ever bumbled into arresting him for the job. "I'll say, 'What? You dopey cunt, I can't even fucking walk.'"

### The New "Sweeney"

The Flying Squad, the elite investigative unit within London's Metropolitan Police department, was formed in 1919 and named for its ability to "fly" across London without regard to districts. Its detectives call themselves "thief takers." Once renowned for their contacts within London's criminal underworld, they have solved some of the biggest and most famous cases in Britain.

I met the two lead detectives in the Hatton Garden case in a conference room in the multistory New Scotland Yard building, in central London: Paul Johnson, 54, a tall, chiseled Clint Eastwood type, and his bright and intense deputy, Jamie Day, 43. Both wore business suits and ties bearing the squad's descending-eagle logo. But beneath their affable, professional demeanor they undoubtedly embody the Scotland Yard legacy of being implacable when it comes to getting their man.

"I'm senior investigating officer, so I sort of direct it and manage, and Jamie and the team does all the work," said Johnson, whose 31 years on the force have involved many "high-risk things like armed robberies, dynamic crimes in action like that."

"I'm the case officer," explained Day, 20 years a London cop, 7 on the Flying Squad. He was the first detective through the vault's door on the morning after the burglary.

The team on the Hatton Garden heist consisted of most of the 50 or so officers in the western unit of the two-unit Flying Squad. "[The Hatton Garden case] is not usually what the Flying Squad would take, per se," said Johnson, because no one was physically injured and none of the perpetrators appeared to have carried guns. "But obviously there was the magnitude of it and the detail that the gang had gone to to get themselves in. Clearly, we'd have to take it."

The two detectives seemed a far cry from the fabled 1960s and 1970s Flying Squad sleuths known as "the Sweeney" and depicted in books, movies, and on television. (The expression is Cockney rhyming slang derived from the name of the murderous barber of Fleet Street, "Sweeney Todd.") Back then they were rough-hewn Sherlocks in fast cars and shady bars. "Oh, the Sweeney?" said Paul Johnson of the old era. "It has moved on. It has to move on. We haven't got a Granada or Cortina [the cars in which the old squad would chase their prey]. But it's the same commitment to getting results. You've got this legacy over the years: Brinks-Mat, Millennium Dome, Graff, the Great Train Robbery [all among England's biggest, most infamous heists] from years ago. You want to make sure you perpetuate that legacy. . . . There's a pride. We all like to wear our ties with the eagle." He lifted his and showed it off to me, the screaming eagle landing on its victims.

The Hatton Garden investigative teams were overseen by Peter Spindler, who, like the thieves, was approaching retirement. Working around the clock on the streets and in a field office in Putney, in southwest London, officers and detectives deciphered more than 350 pieces of evidence. Most important, Spindler said, they "trawled" through days of CCTV footage collected from the 120-plus cameras in and around Hatton Garden. The evidence was producing results, but "you want to keep all the cards close to your chest," said Johnson, who was under extreme pressure from the media to solve the case.

Early on in the investigation, a young member of the CCTV team spotted the Flying Squad's first big break: a white Mercedes E200 with a black roof and alloy rims. It had passed through Hatton Garden multiple times prior to the Easter/Passover weekend.

"All the imagery is quite murky," said John-

son. "The CCTV team had to get all the angles on it.... So it was piecing together the jigsaw of all the different [camera] angles you can get." The Mercedes, they would quickly learn, belonged to an ex-con: Kenny Collins. "When they went down initially they had the white van.... That was a car that they bought months ago and wasn't attributable to anybody," said Johnson. "So they could quite safely drive down there, drive away in that on the first night, because it's never going to raise any suspicion. If anybody checked on that van, it wouldn't mean anything to anybody. On the second time they come down, what they don't know is 'Has that van been seen? Has the burglary been discovered? Has there been a report on that [van]?' So they couldn't come down in that van."

But using the easily traceable Mercedes instead was a major screwup. Through automatic license-plate recognition the police traced it to John Collins's home and tracked the car's movements from there to the store in Twickenham where Danny Jones bought the replacement hydraulic pump.

Just as foolhardy, the burglars, while using walkie-talkies during the actual heist, used their own cell phones before and after the burglary. "Researching cell phones and call-data analysis, we started building a picture," recalled Spindler. Then they set about connecting the digital dots—cars, cell phones, CCTV footage—and it was more than enough to get special approval for Scotland Yard's Specialist Crime & Operations 11 Surveillance Command team to plant listening devices (which are reserved in the U.K. for only the highest-level organized-crime and terrorism cases) in Kenny Collins's Mercedes and in Terry Perkins's Citroën Saxo. Still, it wasn't enough to arrest.

"They can meet people all day long," explained Johnson, but meetings alone mean little.

So they began to bug their cars. How? "Surveillance pixies," Johnson said, laughing. "Surveillance teams," explains Day. "They follow people around on and off for about seven or eight weeks without being compromised, and that's not an easy thing to do."

The thieves were trailed by detectives, observed by lip-readers, bugged for many days and nights in their cars, and videotaped in their favorite bars, and the Flying Squad was astounded by what they heard. Three of the thieves—Perkins, Jones, and Collins—were recorded bragging about how they did the heist, what they stole, how they were going to dispose of the goods. "The biggest robbery in the fucking world . . . we was on," said Terry Perkins in just one of many endlessly incriminating statements.

Brian Reader was snared by the surveillance detectives one evening in May, a month after the heist, when the Flying Squad dispatched an operative with a hidden video camera to the Castle pub, where Reader sat drinking with Perkins and Collins. In the middle of the pub, Perkins pantomimed for Reader the moment that Danny Jones and his 10-ton hydraulic pump knocked over the massive wall of safe-deposit boxes to allow them entry into the vault. "Boom!" Perkins exclaimed, according to a lip-reader, who deciphered the conversation.

According to Johnson, Jamie Day "spent hours and hours" transcribing recordings and unraveling the East London dialect and slang. A lawyer at the trial compared the work of deciphering their conversations to the work done by Shakespearean scholars.

Damning as the recordings were, it *still* wasn't enough to arrest.

"It obviously is good," said Paul Johnson. "But you have to say to yourself, 'What would happen if we lost this [evidence]? We've still got to have a case without it.' You've still got to work your way through everything else and make sure you've got enough to corroborate what they're saying. If you don't, they would have an option of saying that 'we're just a bunch of elderly fantasists who were talking a lot of old nonsense in the car.' So we've got to prove that that's not the case."

They had to catch them with the goods.

Once the heat died down, the thieves planned to sell their haul for cash, provide for family members, and fund their pensions. But by this time people were talking and other villains seemed to know about the heist. Danny Jones, who had hidden some of his share beneath family graves in a cemetery, exited his house one morning at four A.M. to find waiting for him a villain, who then asked him questions about the deal. It was imperative that they consolidate everything and sell it off fast.

Their mistake was letting the increasingly careless Kenny Collins handle the logistics. The day after the burglary, Collins hid some of his loot in casserole dishes in his kitchen cupboard, but gave most of it for safekeeping to "Billy the Fish" Lincoln, the brother of Collins's longtime girlfriend. "I said to Brian [Reader], I said, 'ere, how does this fucking Bill know about anything?" recalled Perkins. "Bill, [Reader] said. [Who's] Bill? I said, the fucking geezer round Kenny's.... I went upstairs to have a shower, right, and when I came down there was a bloke there who I never knew, which was Bill, and Kenny had told him everything. I said, 'cos Bill has wound up with the fucking gear."

At 60, Bill Lincoln was nobody's idea of the ideal bagman. He suffered from incontinence, sleep apnea, and a recent double hip replacement. He lived in Bethnal Green, in East London, a breeding ground for wanton criminals and once the home turf of the infamous gangsters the Kray twins. Lincoln had convictions for attempted theft, burglary, and battery. He duped his nephew Jon Harbinson, 43, a London taxi driver (who was eventually acquitted of having any part in the crimes), into transporting the goods from his house to a handover point. *Because who would suspect that the proceeds from the great diamond heist would be carried in a London taxicab?* Even more reckless was Collins's choice of the handover point: a public parking lot in the borough of Enfield, under CCTV surveillance, beside the workshop of plumber Hugh Doyle, who would be charged and convicted as an accessory, despite testifying, "I had no knowledge of what was taking place. It was a public car park covered by CCTV. No way in a million years was this a good place to do something this stupid."

No, it wasn't, but, yes, they did. At 9:44 A.M. on Tuesday, May 19, in full view of the CCTV camera and with the Flying Squad monitoring their every move, the burglars transferred three canvas holdalls filled with jewels from the taxi to Collins's Mercedes. The police already knew the location of the "slaughter" because Perkins and Jones had previously revealed the address in conversations recorded in their car.

The Flying Squad was ready to descend. "I was sitting in my office with our lawyer and our press officers and staff officer, getting text-message updates, and it was very gripping," said Commander Peter Spindler, of the moment when the burglars and their valuables entered a house belonging to Terry Perkins's daughter, on Sterling Road, in Enfield.

At that same moment, just after 10 A.M. on May 19, almost six weeks after the heist, the Flying Squad stormed 12 addresses, surrounding them front, back, and sides, and hitting them all simultaneously so no one could escape. From Enfield to Bethnal Green to the suburb of Dartford, more than 200 officers, some in riot gear, battered through doors and dragged out the suspected burglars and their accomplices. Lincoln was stopped in his car; later at the police station he wet his pants. Reader was escorted from his old mansion "a little unsteady on his legs and clutching his heart," said a neighbor.

On Sterling Road, Terry Perkins, Danny Jones, and Kenny Collins were at the dining-room table, on which a smelter had been set up to melt between $2.9 million and $4.4 million worth of precious metals that lay in holdalls, when officers burst through the front door wearing riot helmets and flame-proof overalls, and carrying what's called a "commissioner's key," a battering ram.

"Collins and Perkins were placed onto the sofa, while Jones tried to run out the back door, but only made it a few yards into the garden," recalled Jamie Day.

Even then the thieves thought they could outsmart Scotland Yard. Once in custody, they pretended they didn't know one another. "They're old, experienced criminals, obviously, so the drill if you're an older criminal is not to say anything, keep your mouth shut, and just see what opportunities there are to get out of it," said Johnson.

But then each of the primary suspects was played segments of the audio recordings, in which he admitted a great deal and incriminated the others. Upon hearing evidence against him, Kenny Collins didn't even ask for bail. "Collins said, 'I'd rather have a cup of tea,'" recalled Johnson. "He knew he was never going to get bail."

"When you listen to them discussing it, I think, they're quite comfortable in the fact that they're in their older years, white-haired old men—nobody's going to look at them," said Jamie Day. *We're driving around in a little car here, two old boys. Who is going to stop us? The police aren't looking for us. They're looking for the fit, able people who have committed this.*

"Tom Cruise abseiling down a lift shaft," added Johnson.

But, presented with the recordings, the CCTV footage, and other digital evidence, Reader, Perkins, Jones, and Collins felt they had no choice but to plead guilty. The others charged in the heist—Carl Wood, Hugh Doyle, and William Lincoln—were found guilty at trial in January. As of this writing, the seven were set to be sentenced on March 7. Hatton Garden Safe Deposit, Ltd., went into liquidation in September, unable to recover from its damaged reputation.

As for the mysterious Basil, he is still at large, along with two-thirds of the haul, worth more than $15 million.

The thieves were able to steal the CCTV cameras inside the actual building and its basement vault. "What they forgot, or didn't know," said the prosecutor, "was that one little camera in that walkway outside the back of [one jeweler] was still working and recording what they were doing." Said Peter Spindler, "They were analog criminals operating in a digital world, and no match for digital detectives." □

## St. Paul's




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207 in Vermont. In a letter submitted to the trial judge at the time of Owen's sentencing, she claims to have raised Owen mostly as a single parent, often with child-support payments in arrears—a contention that Cannon Labrie disputes.

In that letter, Denise Holland said that she runs a rescue shelter for Labrador retrievers in her home and that Owen sometimes falls asleep on the floor comforting the dogs. She described Owen's construction of a small wooden chapel on his father's property last year as a "service project." On her advice, after being questioned by police, Owen deleted some 119 Facebook messages relating to the senior salute and his interaction with girls at school. The prosecution was able to recover these messages but could not ascertain the date of their deletion, and is thus undecided about whether to file a destruction-of-evidence charge against Labrie.

Labrie was recruited by St. Paul's as a 10th-grader to play soccer, and a condition of his full-scholarship admission was that he repeat the grade. While St. Paul's has long prided itself on not accepting so-called postgraduate students—at other, less posh prep schools, typically fifth-year high-school jocks brought in to round out varsity teams—it has in recent years increasingly accepted promising athletes in 9th, 10th, and even 11th grade, and then made them repeat a year, as Labrie did, so that some seniors wind up being a year older than the normal age of their classmates. The result is that 18- and 19-year-olds are on the same campus with students as young as 14.

Hardly alone among teenagers, Labrie presented a radically different persona to adults than he did to his fellow students. A father of a recent graduate, who questioned his son about the prosecution's evidence that Labrie had kept a list of girls he wanted to "slay," told me that his son had reported, "Dad, if this guy was going to do it, he was the type that would make a list." By all accounts, Labrie was super-competitive, always eager to prove his worth among the group of mostly wealthy, well-connected kids who were his best friends.

Social-media and yearbook photos of Labrie often show a handsome, suntanned, windblown frat-boy-in-training—a marked contrast to the horn-rimmed Harry Potter persona he presented at trial. Labrie's documented statements about women and sex have a dark undertone. In a poem he published in the school literary magazine in the fall of 2013, Labrie wrote of a "lonely gynecologist" sitting in a greasy-spoon diner in Michigan, "mulling over the undeniably miserable and miserably undeniable fact that his vast knowledge of the vagina had never, not even once, been of practical use."

Some of the most damning evidence against Labrie was not introduced at trial. New Hampshire state-superior-court judge Larry Smukler ruled that nothing prejudicial to the defendant could be admitted. But in its sentencing memo after Labrie's conviction, the prosecution cited various electronic communications revealing Labrie's unvarnished views. After one girl had rejected his advances, for example, Labrie variously wrote: "she turned me down . . . fucking hate forbidden fruit . . . fuckin girls so much." He quotes from a comedian's routine: "another dumb cum-bucket struck from my nut sucking, suck it slut, slut fucking bucket list." Writing to friends, Labrie said his style with women was to "feign intimacy . . . then stab them in the back. throw em in the dumpster. . . . I lie in bed with them . . . and pretend like I'm in love."

### IV. Shunned

Labrie's victim is the middle daughter of a 1980s-era graduate of St. Paul's. He attended the school with the help of scholarship aid and went on to a successful career in international finance, based for many years in Tokyo, where the victim attended Catholic elementary school. Her older sister enrolled at St. Paul's in Labrie's class in the fall of 2011, and the victim herself joined her at St. Paul's in the fall of 2013.

By all accounts, the sisters are extremely close, with the younger all but idolizing the older. But the father of one of the victim's contemporaries at St. Paul's told me that the younger girl also struggled at times "with her identity in competition with her sister." The victim testified at trial that she took daily medication for anxiety and depression, and the evidence shows that from the outset she was ambivalent—alternately curious and wary—about a potential encounter with Labrie, whom she had known only casually through her sister, who had broken off a brief relationship with him.

The victim initially rejected Labrie's flirtatious invitation to climb "hidden steps" to a door whose hinges had suddenly "swung open in my hands." But after the intercession of a fellow ninth-grader—a dorm-mate of Labrie's, now a varsity hockey player, still at the school—she relented. "He's the big man on campus, and he asked her," the contemporary's father said. "'Nuff said? That's not enough. There's a complex set of human things going on." The girl was particularly intent that the encounter remain a secret, though she would later tell Labrie that he could count it toward "the numbers" of the senior salute. Just what the victim expected of the rendezvous is unclear. She acknowledged at trial that she had shaved her pubic hair in advance, and her closest friend told the police that the girl had said she was probably willing to let Labrie finger her vagina, and to fellate him, though she herself testified that she did not recall saying this.

What she got was something else: a physical encounter that, she testified, quickly escalated beyond her comfort. She acknowledged being excited as she and Labrie kissed in the dark against a wall, then sank to the floor. She lifted her hips to help him slip off her shorts. But when he tried to remove her bra and underwear, she testified, she stopped him and said "no" three times. She said he bit her breasts through the bra, hard enough to hurt her. And

when she felt something inside her that she knew could not be his hands—since she could see them above her waist—she froze.

Labrie told the police that in a moment of "divine inspiration" he had stopped short of intercourse. At the trial—after he knew that his DNA had been found in the victim's underwear—he was more specific, recounting for the first time how he might have prematurely ejaculated during "dry humping" in a way that left semen on his boxer shorts or her underwear. As he finally moved to put on a condom, he said, he had begun to lose his erection, was embarrassed, and brought the encounter to an awkward end. The pair left the Lindsay building separately. The first person the victim saw was a classmate, who happened to be the son of the rector. "I think," she told him, "I just had sex with Owen Labrie."

When Labrie returned to his dorm, he told dorm-mates, who proffered high-fives—and friends with whom he later exchanged electronic messages—that he had, in fact, had sex with the girl. At trial, he insisted he had done so only to avoid confessing the fumbling details of a make-out session gone sour.

The victim testified that she returned to her own dorm in a state of confusion, offering the same half-giddy, half-stunned confession—"I think I just had sex with Owen Labrie"—to her friends. When Labrie soon e-mailed her, "You're an angel," she replied—with the help of her friends—"You're quite an angel yourself, but would you mind keeping the sequence of events to yourself for now?" As the night wore on, the exchange of electronic messages continued, punctuated on the victim's end by repeated "ha-ha-ha"s and light badinage.

Labrie's lawyer offered these messages as proof that the victim had not just undergone a traumatic experience—and perhaps had not even had sex at all—while the prosecution explained them as the reverse: a textbook example of a date-rape victim's efforts to placate and pacify her assailant. Her sister's graduation was looming, her parents were in town, and the last thing she wanted, she testified, was to make any trouble or have the word get out. By Sunday morning, again at the urging of her friends, she was worried enough about a possible pregnancy that she went to the infirmary and asked for a "Plan B" contraception pill, but told the nurse on duty that she'd had consensual sex. Late Monday night, when a dorm master found her in tears, the teacher told her to call her mother, who drove to school the next morning.

It is, of course, impossible to reconstruct the girl's precise state of mind in the aftermath of these events, but her family and law-enforcement officials say that the more she thought about the encounter the surer she became that she had been the victim of a crime. This, too, is far from unusual for victims of acquaintance rape. "I don't think she saw this coming," one law-enforcement official involved in the case told me. "She did say no. She held on to her underpants with both hands. She didn't know how hard to press. Compliance began to look like consent." As Judge Smukler noted at Labrie's sentencing hearing, compliance and consent are not the same thing. Because the jury acquitted Labrie of forcible rape, Smukler said, "does not mean the victim consented to the sexual penetration, and indeed it is clear from the impact of this crime that she did not."

In the fall 2014, the victim returned to school, after assurances from Hirschfeld that she would be safe. She re-entered the same dorm, with the same group of friends, most of whom now shunned her, according to her family. They say some of her volleyball teammates declined to eat with her the first night back and that members of the men's hockey team stood up and pointed at her as she walked down the street. Finally, that December, she gave up and asked to go home. She is now in a private day school in the distant state where the family lives.

But the reverberations continue. At one point in the trial, the girl's name was inadvertently broadcast, subjecting her and her family to Internet harassment and a smear campaign of the most vicious sort. In all these months, the victim's father told me, the family has not received a single supportive phone call from another St. Paul's parent.

The girl's family is wealthy. Money is not the principal object of its potential lawsuit against the school, which has brought on Michael Delaney, a former New Hampshire attorney general, as its lawyer. The family has hired Steven Kelly, of Baltimore, a nationally known lawyer in sexual-assault and -abuse cases, to use the leverage of a suit to force the school to adopt changes in training and discipline for students and faculty. "This is going to be a soapbox issue for the rest of my life," the father says.

### V. Another Shoe

Owen Labrie's life is also in shambles. His offer of admission to Harvard—and his full scholarship—was withdrawn in the wake of his arrest. He hired and fired three lawyers and, whether out of ignorance or arrogance or wishful thinking, rejected more than one proposed plea bargain that would have involved minimal jail time and no registration as a sex offender. He finally settled on J. W. Carney, a prominent Boston defense lawyer who has also represented the mobster Whitey Bulger, retaining his services with $100,000 raised from several St. Paul's families. Labrie had solicited the defense fund in a letter that the prosecution contended violated the terms of his pre-trial release, which barred him from contacting the victim or her family or anyone associated with St. Paul's, but since he was in the process of firing his lawyer at the time, prosecutors conceded he might not have been aware of the conditions.

There has been much hand-wringing about whether Labrie's felony conviction for using a computer to lure a minor was warranted, since the impetus for the law under which he was charged was to stop adults from preying on under-age victims, not to police teenage behavior. Much less noticed is the fact that the trial judge's split-the-difference sentence of a year in jail was more lenient than the penalty recommended by the pre-sentencing investigation requested by Labrie's own defense counsel. This evaluation, conducted by a probation officer, concluded that Labrie had not been truthful about several matters—a contention Labrie's lawyers dispute. The report recommended that Labrie undergo a rigorous course of sex-offender treatment while confined to state prison—not jail—and should not be eligible for parole until he had completed that program. Judge Smukler did not adopt that recommendation but instead ordered a new "psycho-sexual evaluation" of Labrie to determine the appropriate course, and that evaluation—and any potential treatment—is on hold pending Labrie's appeal.

A senior law-enforcement official involved in the case told me that if at any point in the long investigation Labrie had acknowledged wrongdoing and expressed regret, the case could probably have been resolved without even a conviction, by sending Labrie to a sex-offender diversion program. Instead, Labrie has chosen to go for broke, filing a kitchen-sink notice of appeal, preserving his options for contesting the guilty verdicts on multiple grounds. His appeals lawyer, Jaye Rancourt, has said the ultimate goal is to overturn the felony conviction or get a new trial on all the charges, in which he might yet be acquitted. At this point, Dershowitz's involvement is more theoretical than practical, but Rancourt told me that Dershowitz has, in fact, offered his services in drafting the appeal. Labrie is now back in Vermont with his mother and spending time with his father, who lives about 10 miles away. He has given one on-the-record interview, to *Newsweek,* which portrayed him sympathetically as a young man whose ambitions to join the ministry have been derailed by a youthful indiscretion and a murkiness in the law. The article left the victim's family angry and distraught, they say.

The one sentiment that unites the families of Labrie and the victim is outrage at St. Paul's. Labrie's camp complains that the school named and shamed him in public letters to parents and alumni, revoked his Rector's Award, and banned him from campus even before the trial, much less the verdict. The victim's family says the school betrayed its promises to guarantee her safe and successful return to campus, and allowed a student culture to flourish in which teachers and administrators—cowed by rich and powerful parents—allowed the inmates to run the asylum.

For its part, the school has been hamstrung by legal constraints and fears of the victim's lawsuit. Its statements about the case have been so heavily lawyered as to lack proper nouns, action verbs, even palpable sadness.

In his statement to *V.F.,* Hirschfeld acknowledged that "the last 19 months have been heartbreaking for the School community, no more so than for the survivor and her family," and outlined various initiatives that St. Paul's has undertaken, including a comprehensive review of the school's safety and reporting procedures; the creation of the new post of vice-rector for school life to oversee the health center and chaplaincy; the clarification of school rules to make "participation in games or competitions of a sexual nature" grounds for expulsion; enhanced training in anti-bullying techniques; and creation of a "bystander intervention program" in which students are taught not to remain passive in the face of misbehavior by their peers.

As for Labrie himself, Hirschfeld says, he was "profoundly disappointed to learn of his participation in such contemptible behaviors," and like others "felt betrayed by the duality of his life here and disheartened by his continued failure to own any part of his behavior."

Meantime, some prominent alumni and parents have rallied around the school, or around Labrie, or both. A group of recent graduates wrote a letter to *The Boston Globe* last September, insisting that the case was not representative of student life at St. Paul's. Their message was somewhat undercut by the fact that one of the signers, now a freshman at Princeton, is identified in court documents as having received stolen keys from Labrie. (He declined a request for comment from *V.F.*)

At a weekend symposium for alumni volunteers last fall, attendees told me, a student panel explained that, in recent years, traditional dating relationships had become the exception at St. Paul's. Short-term sexual encounters were the norm. The students said this seems to be changing in the aftermath of the Labrie case. Hypersexualized behavior among teenagers is not unique to St. Paul's. But the Labrie case shows that there may be aspects of life in the privileged—and highly independent—atmosphere of an elite boarding school that allowed an Owen Labrie to flourish undetected. Parents paying $54,290 a year in tuition to get their children into top colleges don't like hearing news of misbehavior by their kids—and so misbehavior is sometimes overlooked. And students, frantic to get into the best colleges themselves, can't stand the prospect of making the kinds of mistakes they might actually learn from.

There is at least one more very heavy shoe to drop. Last fall, the authorities in New Hampshire charged Donald Levesque, a former teacher's assistant at a nearby day school, with luring two of his former students—an 18-year-old girl and an under-age boy—in December 2013 for a mutual sexual encounter in his home, and with repeatedly abusing the boy over several months. Public records and local media reports in Concord have identified the girl as a St. Paul's senior at the time; the boy is understood to be the son of a St. Paul's staff member. A date has not yet been set for trial, but a public airing of the sordid details of the case would only bring more scrutiny to the school and raise new questions about Hirschfeld's leadership.

In its most recent accreditation of St. Paul's, in 2007, the New England Association of Schools and Colleges recommended that the school "review the balance between student freedom and institutional responsibility," particularly "with respect to safety and supervision in the evening hours." In 2010, the school responded in a self-evaluation, noting that dorm check-in hours had been moved up half an hour in the fall and winter to 10 P.M.; school buildings were locked at 10 P.M.; faculty were encouraged to walk around the dorms after hours; theater practices were moved from evening hours to afternoons. It would not be unreasonable to imagine that much more could be done.

All of this makes me sad. Forty years ago, when I arrived at the school, co-education was still a novelty. St. Paul's certainly had its problems. There was serious drug and alcohol abuse by students (and, in the case of alcohol, by some teachers), and these issues were dealt with inconsistently. There were sexual predators among the faculty, and they were allowed to skate by. But there were no locks on doors, and there was a pervasive attitude of mutual trust. Every other Saturday night, my friends and I were quietly allowed to stay in the school newspaper's basement offices until one or two A.M. in order to work on it, creeping back to our dorm through the dew unafraid. Now key cards are required at all hours to gain entry even to classroom buildings, and a peaceable kingdom seems an impossible dream.

"Freedom with responsibility?" a recently retired faculty member said of Mike Hirschfeld's motto. "Completely asinine, and not in tune with any teenager's reality. Freedom with responsibility? How about accountability?" In its school prayer, St. Paul's asks divine help to "bear the burdens of others." Its own burdens are the ones that need attention now. □

## Battle for Picasso




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183 they inherited to auction houses and dealers.

"Everything about the Picasso Administration is complicated," Andrieu said when I met her at the Administration office in Paris not long ago. "We have many issues—the works, the rights, the authentication, protecting the reputation of the artist. In a way, the Administration is a fighting machine protecting Picasso." The Algerian-born Andrieu, who is in her mid-50s, has been working for the Administration since it started, in 1996. "We have representatives in about 20 countries that handle copyrights and licenses that allow the use of Picasso's name, signature, and artworks," she went on. "We have granted about 30 licenses but have never had more than 10 licenses at a time. When you have people violating the rights every minute of the day you have to fight them and put them out of business. You have to make people know that if they want to use Picasso's name they have to ask permission. You have to fight, but to fight is very expensive. Our legal bills are sometimes more than a million dollars a year. You can't open thousands of court suits—only in your dreams. You would need a thousand lawyers."

And then there are the requests for authentication, which come from all over the world. "In the last five years," Andrieu said, "we have seen a lot of works—about 500—that are unknown, undocumented, never exhibited, never listed, coming from the United States, Spain, Switzerland, France, and other countries. We're hoping to get the truth someday."

Andrieu found the truth about a lithograph hanging on a wall near her desk. It is a small rendition of Picasso's painting *Le Rêve* (The Dream). "This is an unauthorized reproduction," she said with a smile.

The story of the actual painting is a saga in itself. Steve Wynn, the Las Vegas casino mogul, bought it in 2001 from an anonymous collector who had bought it at auction in 1997 for $48.4 million. In 2006, Wynn was showing the 1932 painting of Marie-Thérèse Walter to several friends in his office when he accidentally poked a hole in the canvas with his elbow. (Wynn suffers from an eye disease that affects his peripheral vision.) He had agreed to sell the painting to hedge-fund manager Steve Cohen for $139 million but then changed his mind. He finally sold it to Cohen in 2013 for a reported $155 million—one of the most lucrative private art sales ever made—after repairing it at a cost of $85,000.

A few days after Wynn damaged the painting, Diana Widmaier Picasso, Maya's daughter, sent me an e-mail. She is an art historian, is working on a catalogue raisonné of her grandfather's sculptures, and was one of the curators of the recent "Picasso Mania" show at the Grand Palais, in Paris. "I wish my mother Maya owned *Le Rêve* today," she wrote, saying that Maya had tried desperately to get the painting back into the family, even offering the owner, Victor Ganz, who had bought the

painting in 1941 for $7,000, a magnificent Picasso from 1939 in exchange, to no avail. "My mother loved *Le Rêve* so much," Diana told me, "not only, I think, because it represents her mother, Marie-Thérèse, in all her beauty and in her happiest days with Pablo, but also because it is such an iconic picture about love. With her wonderful sense of humor, she suggested that Victor and herself would both get a divorce and marry each other so that they can live together with the two paintings."

The *Le Rêve* reproduction is one tiny part of the Administration's fakes problem. There are entire categories of fakes: outright copies, reworkings of Picasso's themes in his style, works whose provenance is questionable, and reproductions. Jean-Jacques Neuer, the Administration's attorney, said that there has been a significant rise in forgeries in recent years as the price for authentic Picassos continues to skyrocket. He also mentioned another issue the Administration has to cope with: theft. One recent case involved a retired electrician and his wife, who hid 271 Picasso works in their garage.

Occasionally, authentic Picassos can cause headaches, too, as in the recent sale of the bust of Maya's mother, Marie-Thérèse Walter.

Gagosian claims in court papers that he bought the sculpture from Maya for $105.8 million last May. He then sold it to the New York collector Leon Black. But Pelham Holdings, an advisory firm owned by the former Christie's powerhouse Guy Bennett, says it secured an agreement in November 2014 to buy the sculpture from Maya for about $42 million for Sheikh al-Thani. The sheikh is the husband of the 33-year-old Sheikha al-Mayassa bint Hamad bin Khalifa al-Thani, the sister of the emir of Qatar, the chairwoman of the Qatar Museums (which have reportedly spent billions on art), and, according to *Forbes,* "the undisputed queen of the art world."

The now disbanded (and short-lived) advisory firm of Connery, Pissarro, Seydoux acted as intermediary for Pelham. When the firm was formed, in 2012, it was viewed as a jaw-dropping development for the international art market since it involved veterans of the rival auction houses. Stephane C. Connery, the son of the actor Sean Connery, had been the head of Impressionist and modern-art private sales at Sotheby's. Thomas Seydoux had the same job at Christie's, where he worked with Bennett. Connery and Seydoux were joined by Lionel Pissarro, a great-grandson of the artist Camille Pissarro, along with his wife, Sandrine.

The Qataris had paid about $6.5 million toward the sale, but before they could take delivery, Maya's daughter, Diana, appointed by her mother and two brothers to pursue the sale to Gagosian, stepped in. According to Gagosian's papers, Diana alerted her mother to other offers in excess of $100 million. Maya then contested the Qatari sale as "null and void" and returned the $6.5 million. (Traditionally, most art sales are considered final when payment is made in full.)

Gagosian, in court papers, questioned how Pelham Holdings—which named Gagosian, Diana, and Leon Black in its counterclaim—was able to get Maya's "supposed consent to such an unreasonably low price," a point reiterated in a statement from Maya and Diana's lawyer, which slammed Pelham's attempt "to obtain a Picasso masterpiece from an elderly and convalescent Maya Widmaier Picasso for only $40 million, when its real value is over $106 million." In response to what they claim to have been intimations, from Diana's representatives, about Maya's alleged mental incapacity, Pelham stated that the Qatari purchase was, in fact, negotiated by Maya's son, Olivier, "whom no one contends was ever cognitively impaired or had any interest other than negotiating a fair market value for the sculpture." As of this writing, Gagosian claims to have paid 75 percent of the purchase price for the bust. Both parties have agreed that the bust will go to one of Gagosian's New York galleries when "Picasso Sculpture" closes and remain there until the case is settled.

### Family Values

Despite the criticism that has been leveled at him for his handling of the Administration, Claude Picasso today is considered a strong and efficient manager. He is now 68, is married, has two sons, and lives in Geneva. He was an assistant to Richard Avedon and lived in New York from 1967 to 1974. He attended the Actors Studio, in New York, made a documentary about the sculptor Richard Serra, and designed carpets with Picasso-style designs. "Claude has grown," a dealer told me. "He is a good manager, has good assistants, and can, at times, be a tough manager. You have to be tough because today's art world is a tough business. He can also be mercurial, depending on which day you get him." Indeed, after I had been told that he would see me to discuss the workings of the Picasso Administration, Claude Picasso ultimately declined to meet.

His mother, Françoise Gilot, left Picasso after 10 years, when Claude was six and Paloma was four. (She later married Dr. Jonas Salk and, at age 94, lives in New York.) Her 1964 book, *Life with Picasso,* infuriated the artist, and he sought unsuccessfully to have the book banned. From then on he barred Claude and Paloma from his home and barely saw them again. Claude and Paloma—who is now 66 and has designed jewelry for Tiffany & Co. since 1980—have said that Jacqueline Picasso (née Roque), the artist's second wife, whom he married in 1961, used the book to incite Pablo to cut off relations with his children. (Jacqueline committed suicide in 1986, at the age of 60.)

Claude Picasso and the Administration have long been accustomed to the family's fractiousness, and observers say it is one aspect of the Picasso legacy that lingers. After Picasso died, in 1973, the heirs met about 60 times. (Only Jacqueline and his son Paulo attended the funeral. The rest of the family was barred from the ceremony.) During a deadlocked meeting, one of his children said to another, "It's impossible we had the same father." Dividing the assets required legal maneuvers by more than 50 people, including attorneys, appraisers, cataloguers, officials of several government agencies, and the president of France, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who agreed to accept works of art in lieu of estate taxes. The French government received 203 paintings, 158 sculptures, 88 ceramics, nearly 1,500 drawings, more than 1,600 prints, and 33 sketchbooks, which formed the collection of the Picasso Museum in Paris.

But the heirs, despite their differences, have collectively shown extraordinary generosity. Without fanfare, they have donated Picassos to museums in several countries and have sold pieces by him to support charities. Marina Picasso, who is 65, recently sold Picasso works at Sotheby's London to fund various charities and to "arrange for the future of my family," as she told me. She has five children, three of them adopted from Vietnam, and two grandchildren, and lives most of the time in Geneva and occasionally at La Californie, Picasso's villa in Cannes, which she inherited. Marina has said she rarely saw her grandfather and once claimed that hers was "an inheritance without love." One of the first things she did at the villa after her grandfather died was to turn all of his paintings to face the wall. "But they are not back to the wall anymore," she told me, denying reports that she is estranged from her family. "I have contact with my Uncle Claude and my stepbrother, Bernard Picasso," she said.

The 56-year-old Bernard is the son Paulo had with his second wife, Christine. Bernard and his wife, Almine Rech, an art dealer, run the Fundación Almine y Bernard Ruiz-Picasso Para el Arte, or FABA, an organization that functions as an educational archive for the works he inherited from his grandfather. (He is also the president of the board of the Picasso Museum in Málaga, which he founded with his mother in 2003.) Jacqueline Picasso's daughter from a previous marriage, Catherine Hutin-Blay, now 65, inherited her mother's collection of Picasso works and owns the Château de Vauvenargues, near Aix-en-Provence, where Picasso and Jacqueline are buried. She has donated works to the Picasso Museum in Paris and has occasionally opened the château to visitors. And, last year, Maya and her children created the Maya Picasso Foundation for Arts Education. The organization is planning to open Pablo Picasso's studio, at 7 Rue des Grands Augustins, in Paris, as a research and educational center for historians and students in 2017. Olivier Widmaier Picasso, Maya's son,

told me that the foundation "will focus on our mother's impressive archives, including photographic material and a large library."

The studio—where Picasso painted *Guernica*—has been classified as a historical monument. It is where Maya and her father painted together back in the 1940s. When I ventured to ask Olivier whether he knew if any of his mother's watercolors were still out there, with owners proudly showing them off as Picassos, he mentioned one watercolor that Sotheby's had brought before Maya for authentication. "The auction house was hoping for an original of Pablo's work," he said, but his mother pointed out the inscription on the back of the picture: "por Maria de la Concepción"—by Maria de la Concepción, Maya's baptism name. "The artwork was removed from the auction sale," Olivier added.

Under international law, the estate's rights belong to the heirs until 2043, the 70th anniversary of Picasso's death. (There appears to be no speculation as to who will succeed Claude Picasso, and he has not indicated whether or when he plans to retire.) "They will survive without those rights," a dealer told me. "There are enough assets for the next two generations." The dynasty will only grow, along with the market for all things Picasso—whether real, fake, licensed, or unlicensed.

It's a situation that the artist himself might have appreciated. The late Pierre Daix, his friend and biographer, once told me about a day he and Picasso—no stranger to mischief—spent on the beach at Cannes. A very obese man walked over to Picasso and asked if he could buy a drawing. "Picasso waved his hand and told the man to go away," Daix said. "The next morning on the beach the man came over again and Pablo waved him away again. This went on for four days. On the fifth morning, as the man came over, Pablo asked him, 'Do you still want a drawing?' 'Yes, yes, yes,' the man replied. Pablo then walked over to a young woman sunbathing and asked if he could borrow her tube of lipstick. Then, with the lipstick, Pablo went over to the man and made a drawing on the man's belly." □

## Mapplethorpe




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198 of Peter Beard's rich uncle in Bridgehampton, and invited him out for the weekend. I remember sitting in my guest room on our twin beds that first night as Robert told me that he found himself increasingly attracted to the downtown S&M club scene, where he would meet men, who, among other things, would beg him to lead them around on a dog's leash. "It's kind of weird," he explained, "but I can get into it. It's sort of like theater—or Mass. It's not really real, but at the same time it is."

That was the summer Robert met Sam Wagstaff and fell in love with his good looks, charisma, intelligence, lineage, and money. By October, Sam had bought him a large loft on Bond Street, where he lived and worked. We continued to be friendly, but mostly on a professional level. I asked Robert to contribute a picture to *Interview*'s November 1975 "PHOTO ISSUE" and he sent over a sharply focused, black-and-white close-up of a banana with a leather key chain hanging from it—an S&M twist on Andy's famous banana album cover for the Velvet Underground. The following year, Robert told me that he had been invited to Mustique by Colin Tennant, the owner of the small Caribbean island, for his "Gold-on-Gold" birthday party, which would be attended by Princess Margaret and Mick Jagger, among others. I suggested he photograph the festivities for *Interview* and we ran two of his pictures. On a previous trip to Mustique, he flew on the same private plane as Reinaldo and Carolina Herrera, who found him, in her words, "beautiful, charming, and with such good manners." The Herreras agreed to sit for their portraits after returning to New York, Reinaldo wrapped in a cape, Carolina in a hat with a veil.

Every so often Robert would call and invite me to his loft to see "the new pictures I've been making." He'd start by offering me a few lines of cocaine in the offhand way art and fashion people did in the late 1970s. Then he'd show me some things he knew I'd like: portraits of socialites, artists, and actors; exquisitely sensuous close-ups of orchids and lilies; black male nudes in the manner of Ingres. Finally, he would bring out the hard-core stuff, most unforgettably the "X Portfolio," a set of 13 formally impeccable black-and-white photographs documenting the gruesome sexual practices of what by then had become a flourishing far West Village saturnalia, centered on such all-night leather bars as the Anvil, the Toilet, and the Mineshaft. It was as if in the course of an hour Cecil Beaton had metamorphosed into Tom of Finland—and kept going.

Both sides of Robert's personality and art were on view at parallel 1977 exhibitions in two SoHo galleries, "Portraits" at Holly Solomon and "Erotic Pictures" at the Kitchen. The first featured the Archbishop of Canterbury, Princess Diane de Beauvau-Craon, Lady Anne Lambton, Philip Glass, and David Hockney, among others. The second focused exclusively on sex acts, mostly of the bondage-and-discipline school. I tape-recorded Robert for *Interview,* asking him why he chose such sexual subject matter. "Because I think it's the hardest thing to do, to make pornography into art and still keep it sexy." We ran four pages of his photographs, all from the portraits show.

As Robert's prices climbed, and his rich lover Sam's collection grew, Andy's attitude toward the boy he used to call a creep softened considerably. In the 1980s they did each other's portrait. Robert turned Andy into a saint, his white wig encircled by a glowing halo cutout. Andy was not as nice: his off-register black-and-white silkscreen suggested the fleeting glamour of a fallen angel blitzed on coke.

The last time I saw Robert was at his Whitney Museum retrospective, in 1988. He was in a wheelchair, holding a gold-topped cane like a scepter. He was wearing a tuxedo with a broken-collar formal shirt; his hair was slicked back, his temples and cheeks sunken, a living *memento mori.* "Hi, Robert," he said. He hated the nickname Bob. "Hi, Robert," I said. □

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PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE

# Sally FIELD

The actress, whose career has spanned more than five decades, is back on screens this spring in *Hello, My Name Is Doris.* Here she teaches us some new vocabulary and reveals her secret wish—to be the center of attention



**What is your idea of perfect happiness?** Being inside and watching really bad weather outside . . . and, if it's after 5:30 P.M., with a glass of Chardonnay in hand. **What is your greatest fear?** A bumpy flight . . . or driving with my son Sam, who drives great, but I still can't believe he's old enough. **Which living person do you most admire?** Malala Yousafzai, Martina Navratilova, Misty Copeland, and Hillary Clinton. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** Overall I'd have to say my earnestness. **What is your favorite journey?** The 1995 trip my son Eli and I took to the Fourth World Conference on Women, in Beijing, was life-altering, but I'm going to say one of the hut trips in Aspen in the middle of winter with all my sons. **What do you consider the most overrated virtue?** Patience. **On what occasion do you lie?** As often as necessary and without hesitation. **What do you dislike most about your appearance?** It keeps changing. It used to be my thighs, and now they're the least of my problems. **Which living person do you most despise?** All those associated or affiliated with the National Rifle Association. **Which words or phrases do you most overuse?** "Ishmagiggle." "Doolywacker." "Motherfucker." And "Oh, am I too early?" **What is your greatest regret?** That I didn't . . . that I didn't . . . that I didn't . . . I forgot—what was the question? **What or who is the greatest love of your life?** My children and their children. **When and where were you happiest?** Every time I step foot on terra firma after a bumpy motherfucking flight. **What is your current state of mind?** Annoyed, frustrated, pissed off, exasperated, irritated, fed up, and other than that just swell. **What is your most marked characteristic?** My sweetness. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** I'd be more patient, which I didn't consider a virtue until right this moment. **If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?** They would all want to get together in a big sappy family celebration much more often . . . with games to play and pre-written toasts to give. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** That I had any kind of a career after *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure.* **If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?** An owl. Don't ask me why. **What is your most treasured possession?** My memories. **Where would you like to live?** New York and Los Angeles . . . and I do. **What is the quality you most like in a man?** I'll let you know when I find it. **What is the quality you most like in a woman?** Honesty and sense of humor. **What do you most value in your friends?** That they won't let me hide. **Who are your heroes in real life?** Any really good teacher. **What is it that you most dislike?** Gefilte fish. **How would you like to die?** When I'm extremely old during a huge family celebration where everyone is playing games and giving pre-written toasts . . . to me. **What is your motto?** Either "It's never too late to be what you might have been" or "Surely, this must be the finale."

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